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A FAGGOT OF FRENCH STICKS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

'BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNEN OF NASSAU.'

38136

"as I pursu'd my journey,
I spy'd a wrinkled Hag, with Age grown double,
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to herself."

OTWAY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

NEARLY forty years ago I happened to be in Paris for three or four months. Lately, on a very short notice, I had occasion to go to it again. Being detained there rather more than three weeks by an oculist whose prescriptions confined me to the house several hours a day, I eked out the rest of my time by taking a few notes.

In passing through London I had hastily obtained eight or ten letters of introduction; but as on reading Galignani's excellent guide-book, I found that everything I could reasonably desire to see would, on application in writing, or on the production of my passport, be thrown open to me—with almost a single exception—I

returned the whole of them, preferring to throw myself on the hospitality of the public authorities of Paris, rather than be indebted to, and probably embarrassed by, private favours.

During my brief residence in the French metropolis, excepting three days, I dined and breakfasted by myself. I never entered a theatre; only once a café. I neither paid nor received visits. In short, I totally abstained from any other society than that which I had the happiness to enjoy in the public streets.

My amusements solely consisted in collecting literary sticks, picked up exactly in the order and state in which I chanced to find them. They are thin, short, dry, sapless, crooked, headless, and pointless. In the depth of winter, however, a faggot of real French Sticks—although of little intrinsic value—may possibly enliven for a few moments an English Fireside. I therefore with great diffidence offer them to my readers, and, hoping the fuel I have col-

lected for them may be deemed worth burning, I beg leave most cordially to wish them

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

N.B. As the foot-notes in these volumes contain nothing but translations—for the assistance of those who do not understand French—of the sentences to which they refer, the general reader may ride over them without notice.

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A FAGGOT OF FRENCH STICKS.

THE START.

At eleven o'clock of the night of the 29th of April, A. D. 1851, the London train, after two or three rejoicing whistles, reached Dover, and, in a few minutes, I was on the threshold of one —I know not which — of that long list of "excellent hotels" whose names, the instant I stepped out of the train, had been simultaneously dinned into my ear by every description of voice, from squeaking treble, apparently just weaned, to a gruff hoarse double-bass, compounded in about equal parts of chronic cough, chronic cold, chronic sore throat, gin, rum, hollands, bitters, brandy, hot water, and filberts.

The narrow outline of the house-lad who, walking backwards, had been elastically alluring me onwards, and the bent head of the sturdy house-porter, who, with my portmanteau on his back and my blue writing-box pendant in his right hand, was following me, so clearly

explained my predicament, that, on entering a large coffee-room full of square and oblong mahogany tables, an over-tired waiter, in a white neckcloth, dozing in an arm-chair, no sooner caught a glimpse of the approaching group, than with the alacrity with which Isaac Walton would have twitched at his rod the instant his coloured goose-quill bobbed under water, whirling a white napkin under his left arm, he shuffled on his heels towards a large tawdry chandelier, twisted with his right hand three or four gaslights to their maximum flare, and then, with the jabber of a monkey, repeating to me the surnames of a variety of joints of cold meat, he ended by asking me "What I would please to take?" In reply to his comprehensive question, I desired him to screw back all those lamps which were nearly blinding me, and, as soon as I had returned to the enjoyment of comparative darkness sufficient to be able to look calmly at his jaded face, in three words I withered all his hopes by quietly asking him for the very thing in creation which of all others he would have plucked from my mind—"a bedroom candle."

After turning on his heels and walking like a bankrupt towards the door, without the addition or subtraction of a single letter he tele-

graphically repeated my words; and accordingly in less than a minute a very ordinary sort of a chambermaid, with a face and brass candlestick shining at each other, conducted me up two or three steps, then up about half a dozen more—of the exact number in both instances she carefully admonished me—then along a carpeted passage that sounded hollow as I trod upon it, then sharp to the left, and eventually, after all this magnificent peroration, into a very little room, almost entirely occupied by a large family four-post bed, the convex appearance of which corroborated what was verbally explained to me—that the feathers were uppermost. As soon as my conductress had deposited her candle on a little table, which, excepting a tiny washing-stand in the corner, was the only companion in the way of furniture the bed had in the room, she wished me good night; in reply to which I asked her to promise me most faithfully that I should be called in time to "cross" by the first packet. "I will go and put it down on the slate, Sir!" she rêplied; and as she seemed to have implicit confidence as to the result, I soon divested my mind and its body of all unnecessary incumbrances, and, in a few minutes, lost to the world and to myself, I sank into oblivion and feathers.

I had been dead and buried for an unknown period, when I was gradually and rather uncomfortably awaked by the repetition of an unpleasant noise, which, on opening my ears and eyes, I discovered to be the pronunciation at intervals, from the mouth of a short, thin, pale, wiry young man, on whose pensive face, jacket, and trowsers were various little spots of blacking, of the words "Four o'clock, Sir!"

As the packet was not to sail till five, I had plenty of time to prepare, and yet I should have preferred to have been more hurried. As long as I was employed in washing I got on very well; but when in my secluded little aërial chamber I sat down to whet my razor, soap my chin, brush it, turn it all white, and then look at it in a small swing-glass, I could not help feeling that the next time those serious operations were performed, I should be out of old England, vagabondizing in a foreign land!

It was as dull a morning as I ever remember to have beheld, and everything seemed to be conspiring to make it so. From the chimneys of the diminutive houses that appeared before me—one, if possible, more insignificant-looking than the other—there exuded no smoke. At the Custom-house there was nothing to cheer or

excite me; nothing in my baggage that elicited the smallest remark. The searcher looked as if he knew it would be perfectly uninteresting, and it was so. There was no sunshine, rain, hail, or sleet; only a very little wind, and that foul.

On stepping on board the packet, the deck of which having been just washed was shining with wet, I found it contained four passengers besides myself. There was no calling, hallooing, taking leave, or crying, but at a few minutes past five the paddles began to move slowly; revolve; splash. Without any one to watch us, follow us, or even from a little window wave a handkerchief at us, we glided away from the little houses, through the little harbour, alongside of the little pier—at the end of which stood a little man with a large spy-glass under his arm—and thus, taking leave of Great Britain, in a few minutes we were in the Channel.

The water and the clouds were slate-colour; there were no waves, no white breakers, no sign of life in the sea except a sort of snoring heaving movement, as if, under the influence of chloroform, it were in a deep lethargic sleep. My fellow passengers, I saw at a glance, were nothing in the whole world but two married couples; and as I paced up and down the deck, while, on the

contrary, they took up positions from which during the passage they never moved, I vibrated between them. One young woman, apparently the wife of a London tradesman, sat on the wrong side of the vessel in the wrong place. Her little husband kept very kindly advising her to move away from the sprinkling of the paddle-wheel. She would catch cold;—she would get her bonnet wet;—she would be more comfortable if she would sit anywhere else. She looked him full in the face, listened to every letter, every syllable, every word as he pronounced it: but no, there she sat, with red cheeks, bright eyes, and curly hair, as inanimate as a doll. My other compagnons de voyage were a pair of well-dressed young persons of rank, apparently but lately married. On all subjects they seemed to think exactly alike, and on none more so than in being both equally uncomfortably affected by some slight smells and movements which assailed them. For a short time the young bride sat up,—then reclined a little,—then a very little more,—then —with a carpet-bag as a pillow—lay almost flat on the bench; her well-formed features gradually losing colour until, shrouded by a large blue cloth cloak, for the rest of the passage they disappeared altogether from view. The husband

in mute silence sat sentinel over her; but, long before her face had been hid, not only had his mustachios assumed a very mournful look, but his face had become a mixture of pipe-clay and tallow.

As, without a human being to converse with, I continued walking backwards and forwards—a small circular space round the engine was the only dry spot on the deck—assailed sometimes by a hot puff, then by a cold one, then by a smoky one, and then by one rather warm and greasy, I observed, lying perfectly idle and close to the cabin stairs, a pile of about a dozen white washhand-basins, one placidly resting in the other. Pointing to them, I thought it but kind inquisitively to look at the young sentinel; and although with a slight bow he faintly and apparently rather gratefully shook his head, there was legibly imprinted on his countenance the answer which, in the Arabian Nights, the slave Morgiana gave to the question of the forty thieves—"Not yet, but presently."

In the brief fleeting space of three-quarters of an hour, diversified only by the few events I have recorded, we had quietly scuffled as nearly as possible half way across the defensive ditch on which Old England so insecurely rests for protection from invasion. Our course was here

enlivened by small flights of wild fowl flying but a few inches above the water, with necks outstretched, as stiff as if they had been spitted; indeed, so straight was their course and so regular was the flapping of their wings, that a tiny column of smoke from each would have given them the appearance of flying by steam.

The little low sand-hills which, in contradistinction to the chalky cliffs of Albion, form the maritime boundary of France, were now clearly delineated. In about ten minutes the church and lighthouse of Calais became visible, and in a few more we approached the extreme point of the long pier. On entering the harbour we passed a few soldiers and pedestrians so rapidly that, as they dropped astern, they appeared, although evidently leaning forwards, to be in fact stepping backwards. The steep roofs and upper windows of houses were now to be seen peeping over the green ramparts that surrounded them; and I had hardly time to look at them, and at the picturesque costumes, strange uniforms, and foreign faces above us, when the words were given—"Ease her—stop her—back her;" a rope coiled in the hand of one of our sailors was heaved aloft, secured round a post, and thus in exactly one hour and forty-five minutes we made our passage from the pier of Dover to that from whence

a number of bearded and smooth-chinned faces were looking down upon us. Although some twenty feet beneath them, it is the property of an Englishman, as it is that of water, to find his own level, and, accordingly, no sooner was a long wooden staircase lowered from the pier to the deck, than I slowly ascended, until I found first one foot and then the other firmly planted on the continent of Europe and in the republic of France.

I was returning as well as I could the momentary glance of a great variety of eyes, and was trying to satiate my curiosity by looking at them all at once, when I observed approaching me a venerable-looking gentleman, as grey-headed as myself, who, in a confidential tone of voice, amounting almost to a whisper, delivered himself of a speech which, coming out of him with the utmost fluency, appeared to explain most clearly the innumerable little advantages I should derive by giving over to him immediately, all my English gold in exchange for French money.

The bold comprehensive view he took of the whole subject was quite unanswerable. There was, however, uppermost in my mind, an antagonist idea, as vigorous, as self-interested, and, if possible, as incontrovertible, as that which

had just given locomotion to his legs and movement to his lips. In answer, therefore, to his auriferous and argentine proposals, I eagerly, and I fear rather greedily, asked him in about half a dozen words where I could get some breakfast? With great politeness he kindly pointed to the railway station close before us, and, with a continuation of the smile which had adorned his countenance from the first moment he had addressed me, he was resuming his speech on the currency question, when away I hurried on the scent on which he had laid me, and in about half a minute found myself in a room which evidently contained all the things in this world I most wanted.

As I had slightly interested myself in England on the subject of railway management, I should, I feel quite certain, if I had had time, have observed with considerable curiosity the interesting details of the scene before me. The wolf within me was, however, growling so fiercely, scratching with its fore paws so violently, biting and gnawing so voraciously, and behaving altogether so unmannerly, that with a faint glimmering of a kind excellent lady seated between an assortment of bottles as elegant if possible as herself, I have a distinct recollection of nothing but —I think I see them now—two very nice light

rolls, a miserable insufficiency of exceedingly sweet butter, and a thick white china cup brim-full of café au lait.

I remember quite well, on the sudden ringing of a bell, throwing on the table two English shillings; then, as I was hurrying and munching along a platform, depositing in my coat pocket half a handful of copper coin of odd-looking sizes; then the purchase of a ticket to Paris; then an assurance in French from several mouths all at once that I need not think about my baggage, that it had not even been at the Douane, that it would not be examined till I got to Paris, that I had better take my seat; and I had scarcely done so, when a bell took up the lecture, rang farewell,—bonjour,—adieu;—at last the engine finished it by exclaiming, by one very loud whistle in plain English, "Hold on, my lads, for we're off!.... blow me!"

The day, which had promised nothing, turned out most beautiful. The sunshine gave to every object its most cheerful colours, and for many years of my life I do not remember to have had more placid enjoyment than I experienced in viewing and reviewing the objects that appeared to be successively flying past me, and which had a double attraction, first from their novelty,

and then from the series of recollections they awakened from the grave of oblivion, in which for nearly forty years they had lain buried.

After quitting Calais, for many leagues the country was not only flat, but appeared as if in a few hours it could all be put under water; and as we flew along I observed, running at right angles to our course, and at intervals seldom exceeding 100 yards, a series of ditches from 4 to 10 and 12 feet broad, the water in each of which flashed in the sun as we crossed it.

At most of the towns and even villages we passed, ages ago I had either been quartered or for a night or two had been billeted. Some I had entirely forgotten, others I remembered more or less vividly. All of a sudden the innumerable windmills around Lille,—which on horseback I had often in vain endeavoured to count and which I had never since thought of—appeared before me grinding, revolving, and competing one against another, just as they used to do, and so they vanished. Next came flitting by the fortifications of Douay I had so often inspected. From the department of the Pas de Calais to Paris, excepting a few trees that appeared to encircle every town and village, the whole country is totally unenclosed, exactly as it was when I

used to hunt and course over it without a single impediment for a horse even to look at, excepting now and then a few hollow roads, which I now beheld again meandering through the interminable landscape just as they used to do.

On the surface of the republic not an animal of any sort was to be seen at liberty. In the vicinity even of every cow that was grazing there was, if one would but take the trouble to look for it, somewhere or other to be discovered a dark-coloured lump on the ground—the little girl, woman, or boy that was not only guarding it, but sometimes tethered to it. On land on which there seemed nothing to eat, sheep, as in old times, were browsing close to rich crops of clover, &c., whose only boundary was a temporary fence composed of two or three lean dogs that kept running backwards and forwards at right angles to each other. Herds of half-starved pigs were guarded in the same way. Indeed the only animal that had not at least one human or canine attendant was a goat, occasionally to be seen by itself—tethered.

As we proceeded, I was surprised to observe into what a series of very small fields the ocean of country through which the train was flying had, since I last beheld it, by the operation of the late laws of France against primogeniture,

been subdivided. It appeared as if I was travelling through Lilliput, or through a region of charitable allotments for children; and when I considered that the legal security of these little properties has diminished with their dimensions, I could not help feeling that, if poor Goldsmith had been in the train, he would have admitted the fallacy of those beautiful lines—

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Excepting occasionally a slated high-roofed château, in bad repair, and now and then a picturesque cemetery, the whole population appeared to present one uniform character. Everybody — men, women, and children, whether riding, walking, ploughing, harrowing, digging, washing, or doing nothing — were all dressed in blue; and yet this single colour, representing human nature, was everywhere contrasted with bright yellow rape in blossom, beautiful greens of various shades, patches of glittering water, and here and there diminutive rectangular spaces of brown fallow land. It was a peaceful placid scene; nevertheless I could not help every now and then involuntarily recollecting the fair surface of France a battle-field, leaving around, before, behind it, and

especially on both sides of the great pavés, broad furrows of desolation and of trampled crops, such as had marked the retreat of the French, and the advance of the allied army, from Waterloo to Paris.

After flying along for about 200 miles through a uniform but highly interesting picture, there began to appear in the fields, like brilliant flowers, women, young and old, dressed in pink or crimson bodices. They were weeding, and even digging; in fact, they were at what might truly be called hard labour. The train, however, as it passed, seemed beneficently to emancipate them; and thus for many seconds, with scorched sunburnt faces, and with the implements of husbandry in their hands, they stood, for as long as we could see them, gazing at it, in various attitudes of repose.

At about ten leagues from Paris we rapidly passed the remains of a railway-station that had been burnt in the revolution of 1848; and again, in about four leagues more, the black charred ruins of the station at Pontoise. That the conflagration had not attained its object, namely, liberty, equality, and fraternity, was strikingly illustrated to my mind, by the appearance, in the middle of a field, of a woman working hard with a pickaxe!

Throughout the region of little fields I had traversed, it was, however, but too evident that equality had very nearly been attained; or, in other words, that everybody had succeeded in preventing any one from possessing much more than was necessary for bare existence, thereby excluding those fine reaping-machines, ploughing-machines, and other economical mechanical powers which Science is gradually introducing, and which our Socialists, Red-Republicans, and ultra-levellers would do well to recollect can only be applied to farms covering a great breadth of land, and worked by considerable capital; and I was moreover reflecting on the intellectual poverty of such a state of rural existence, and, morally speaking, how true was the observation that "Paris is France," when a young man with mustachios, who had entered the carriage at the last station, politely offered me "Le National" newspaper of that morning. The important subject before my mind, and the real scene before my eyes, were so much more interesting than anything I could read in print, that I would willingly have declined his offer. I, however, did not like to do so, and accordingly, still ruminating on the picture I had witnessed, of an agricultural population living from hand to mouth, with probably no better instructor than

the village curé, I opened the newspaper, and read as follows:—

Translation.—"The vacation (Easter holidays) of the National Assembly terminates to-day. A great number of the representatives of the Majority have profited by the congé which has just expired to visit their departments, where they have been able to consult the spirit (*l'esprit*) and the desire of the population."

The newspaper, of course, proceeded to state that "the desire of the population" was "in favour of universal suffrage, and the non-eligibility of the President."

With the newspaper in my hand, and with my hand resting on my knee, I was calmly reflecting on what I had just read, when a slight movement among my fellow travellers, who all at once began to take down their hats from the roof, and their sticks and umbrellas from a neat little dormitory in which they had been consigned, announced to me we were near our terminus; and accordingly, shaking off my reverie, I had scarcely followed their example when the speed of the train began evidently to relax, and in a few minutes, passing close to the Barrière St. Denis, we went slower, slower, slower still, and the delightful little paragraph of my journey had scarcely ended—as all paragraphs ought to do—by a full stop, when the noise of opening doors and of feet descending, and

then hurriedly trampling along a wooden platform, joyfully informed me that although the sun, which had risen while I was fast asleep in a fourpost bed in Dover, was still three or four hours high above the western horizon, I was safe and sound in Paris!

The duty that majestically arose rather than rushed uppermost in my mind was to obtain my portmanteau; however, trusting—as in such cases I always like to do—implicitly to its honour, I felt confident it would find *me* out, and accordingly, banishing it entirely from my thoughts, and submitting myself to an apparently very well arranged little system of martial law, I with great pleasure marched here,—halted there,—turned to my left,—marched,—until halting again I found myself deployed into line with my fellow travellers, standing before a long table on which, sure enough, I beheld the pieces of red string I had tied round both handles of my property for the purpose of readily recognising it.

On the production of my "billet de bagage," and of my key, it was, pro formâ, opened, re-locked, and finally carried by a porter into a square full of omnibuses and carriages of all descriptions. To what part of Paris it was to go, it of course did not know, nor

did I; and as I bashfully felt rather unwilling to disclose this fact, I very readily nodded assent to the conducteur of a neat looking omnibus on which was inscribed "Hôtel de Meurice."

"I know we shall be well off there," said I, partly to myself and partly to my portmanteau, "and at our leisure we can at any moment better ourselves if we should desire to do so." It appeared that a great many other people, and a great many other portmanteaus, and other articles of baggage, thought exactly as we did, for I and my property had scarcely taken our respective places inside and out, when various lumping sounds on the roof, and various ascending feet on the steps, continued to follow each other in quick succession, until in a few minutes the interior, and I believe exterior, of the carriage were stuffed as full as ever they could hold, and then away we all rolled and rumbled.

Between the hats, bonnets, and shoulders of the row of people who sat before me in mute silence, I occasionally caught a glimpse, sometimes of something yellow,—then of something green,—then of a pane of glass or two,—then of a portion of a shop window,—then of part of the head of a gentleman on horseback; but when, driving under an archway, we entered the

little yard of the hôtel de Meurice, with becoming modesty I frankly acknowledged to myself, that although in a handsome carriage I had just driven through the noblest, the finest, the most magnificent, and, in ancient and modern history, the most celebrated streets, boulevards, and "places" of Paris, I was unable to impart, either verbally or in writing, much information on the subject.

"With the assistance of a little time and reflection I hope to do better!" and suiting my action to the words of my thoughts, I was just going, as I got out of the 'bus, to look once around me to observe what the yard might contain, when I found myself surrounded and addressed by two or three waiters, who, with some fine bows, informed me, in French, that the table d'hôte had just been served, and that if I would like to dine there I could at once take my place.

"Oh, Do!" whispered a well-known voice within me, and accordingly, influenced by it, following one of the "garçons" into a large, long, handsome room, I glided behind the backs, chairs, and bent heads of one row of people, and before the faces, glasses, tumblers, bottles of wine, knives, forks, and deep plates of another row of ladies and gentlemen, each of whom was

more or less intently occupied in sipping or supping out of a silver spoon—soup. At the further end of this hospital of patients, all obediently taking the same medicine, were a few vacant chairs, which, almost before I could sit down, were filled by my fellow travellers.

As soon as the well-arranged feast was over, several persons arose from their chairs, and, joyfully following their example, I recovered possession of my hat and stick, and then, escaping into the yard, and walking out of the Porte-cochère, I became in one moment what, during almost the whole of the repast, I had been yearning to be—an atom of the gay, thoughtless, happy crowd that in every direction were swarming along the streets of Paris.

It would, no doubt, have been correct and proper that, regardless of the vain occupations of man, or of the ephemeral fashions of the day, I should have commenced my observation of the city of Paris by a calm, philosophical comparison between its architectural formation six-and-thirty years ago, and its present structure. I had fully intended to do so; but my eyes would not allow my mind to reflect for a moment on any subject, and accordingly I had hardly proceeded ten yards before, I am ashamed to acknowledge, I found myself gaping into a shop-window at a

large doll, with a white handkerchief in her hand, and on her lap a paper, on which was written,—

"MA TÊTE EST EN PORCELAINE:
J'AI DES SŒURS DE TOUTES GRANDEURS." [1]

Within, seated at a table, were three young women, very well dressed, never looking towards the street, but talking to each other, and sewing for their very lives. Beside me stood gaping, like myself, an old woman holding in her hand a roll nearly three feet long, and a soldier with a parcel in the folded sleeve of his one-armed uniform coat.

On leaving the window, my attention was attracted by light green, dark green, light yellow, dark yellow, blue, and parti-coloured omnibuses, driven by coachmen sometimes in bright yellow, sometimes in pea-green hats, and in clothes of such brilliant colours that the equipages, as they successively passed, reminded me of the plumages of various descriptions of gaudy parrots, which in southern latitudes I had seen flying from tree to tree. Then there passed a paysanne on horseback, with her little daughter behind her, both wearing handkerchiefs round their heads, the miserable horse also carrying

[1] My head is made of china:
I have sisters of all sizes.

two panniers full of sticks and other purchases he was evidently taking back to the country; then came rumbling by, driven by two soldiers in undress uniform, a rattling, badly painted, small low waggon, on which was inscribed,—

"TRÉSOR PUBLIC."[1]

Then passed, very slowly I thought, a "Hansom's cab," improved into a neat light chariot; then approached a waggon drawn by four horses, in light-coloured harness, with scarlet tufts hanging from each side of the brow-band of the bridles, also dotted along the crupper, their collars, as also the wooden wings affixed to them, being covered with a deep dark-blue shaggy rug. Close behind this vehicle I observed, on extraordinary high wheels, a one-horse cart, marked "Roulage," with shafts 25 feet long! then rolled by, as if from another world, a sort of devil-may-care old-fashioned diligence, having on its top, in charge of a rude, undigested, and undigestible mass of baggage, a sandy-coloured, cock-eared dog, stamping with its fore-feet, and barking most furiously at everybody and at everything that moved.

As I was advancing with one crowd, and at the same time meeting another, all, like myself,

[1] Public treasure.

sauntering about for amusement, I saw in a shop a watchmaker earnestly looking through a magnifying glass, stuck before his right eye, at the glittering works of a watch, on which his black beard was resting like a brush. In another window were several double sets of pink gums, that, by clockwork, kept slowly opening and shutting. In each, teeth, here and there moving from their sockets, went down the throats of their respective owners, leaving serrated gaps. In a short time up they slowly came again, resuming their places so accurately that it was impossible to see joint or crevice of any sort. To any gentleman or lady who had happened to lose a front tooth, the moral was of course self-evident.

Within a handsome shop, over which was inscribed "Café et Glaces,"[1] I observed seated at an exalted bar,—on which appeared a large basin full of lumps of ice, a quantity of lemons in silver-mounted stands, and a double row of bottles containing fluids of various colours,—two young ladies, who, according to the fashion of the day, were not attired alike. Both were intently sewing. Before them were about thirty little marble tables, round, square, and oblong. At one a man, and apparently his old wife,

[1] Coffee and ices.

seated opposite to each other, were playing together at dominoes, some of which were lying with their speckled faces uppermost, the rest on their white edges waiting to be played. Beside this happy couple sat, watching the game, an old gentleman with—for some reason or other—a toothpick sticking out of his mouth, and, for some other very good and glorious reason, a red ribbon in one of his button-holes.

In several windows were advertisements, addressed apparently to people of large appetites and small fortunes. For instance, in one I observed—

"DEJEUNERS À 25 SOUS PAR TETE. ON A DEUX PLATS AU CHOIX, UNE DEMI-BOUTEILLE DE VIN, UN DESSERT, ET PAIN À DISCRETION."[1]

In others were notices exclusively addressed to the British people, such as—in one

"L'OMBRELLES."[2]

in another

"BOTTES CONFORTABLES."[3]

A little shop, selling a few faded vegetables and seeds, had magnificently entitled itself—

"HERBORISTERIE."[4]

[1] Breakfasts at 25 sous a-head. Two dishes at choice, half a bottle of wine, a dessert, and as much bread as is desired.
[2] Umbrellas. [3] Comfortable Boots.
[4] An Herboristery.

On strolling to the Boulevards, which appeared to be a region of beards black, white, brown, sandy, foxy, red, long, short, sharp-pointed, round, —in short, it was evident that the beards of no two male members of the republic had been "born alike,"—I came to a large "CAFÉ," before which were seated on chairs, twisted into various groups, a mass of men, enjoying the inestimable luxury of placidly puffing away half an hour or so of their existence. Some were reading, or rather —half mesmerized—were pretending to read a newspaper, which, in a different attitude, each held before his eyes or prostrate on his knees, by a mahogany stick, in which the intelligence, &c., was securely affixed. Among all these indolent-looking men I observed very busily worming her way, a quietly-dressed, plump, pretty, modest-looking girl of about seventeen, supporting in her left arm a basketful of small bouquets, very tastefully arranged. Without the smallest attempt to extol her goods, and evidently without the slightest desire either to speak to or to be spoken to by any of the occupiers of the chairs, she quietly as she passed along put into the button-hole of the coat or waistcoat of each, a blooming flower, which, without application for payment, she left in the breast of man to vegetate and

grow into a penny,—two pence,—three pence,—or to fade into nothing at all, as it might think proper, or rather, according to the soil on which it fell. For some time I thought her speculation a complete failure. At last an old gentleman slowly raised his hand, and, on her approaching it, I perceived that from a variety of fingers of all ages there dropped into her basket a copper harvest.

After wandering homewards for some little time, I read on the corner of a street into which I entered, "Rue du 29 Juillet,"[1] which I was pleased to find was, as I expected, close to the point from which I had started, and accordingly, entering Meurice's hotel, I ascended a staircase, —was conducted into the room that had been allotted for me,—and in a few minutes dropped off to sleep.

[1] 29th of July Street.

THE STROLL.

THE next morning, after an early breakfast, and afterwards writing a few letters, I sallied forth from beneath my archway, to enjoy the harmless liberty of looking about me; but although the city had not yet awakened either to business or to pleasure, and although, from its streets being comparatively empty, I had full opportunity for observation, and even for contemplation,—I must own that, had I not known I was in Paris, I should not have been informed of the fact by my memory. For the picture had not only, by the chemical process of Time, been dissolved, but, excepting the old sky,—which the artist probably felt he could not very much improve,—he had re-painted and re-covered the whole of the canvas with new objects. For instance, with infinite labour, he had everywhere rubbed out that picturesque line of large, frail, creaky, cranky, crazy-looking lanterns, which—suspended over the middle of every street, were lowered to be lighted—used always to be seen dangling over the roofs of the carriages that

rolled beneath them; and in lieu thereof had substituted a double side series of beautiful gas lamps. Again, with great labour, he had not only scratched up and out that rude ill-constructed pavement of round stones for carriages, horses, and foot-passengers, which, inclining from the houses on each side, used—in the middle even of the gayest thoroughfares—to form a dirty gutter, which, in heavy rain, looked like a little trout-stream; but instead of this concave surface he had substituted a beautiful convex road, bounded on each side by a white, clean foot-pavement. The frontage of the shops he had also completely altered; but the greatest liberty he had taken—and when a young enthusiastic artist has a brush in his hand, there is scarcely any liberty that he will *not* take—was, that he had actually filled up the foreground of his fine new picture of Paris, by crowding the streets with *French* people! whereas, all the time *I* saw the city, I can faithfully declare that the only human beings one ever looked at were Russians, Prussians, Austrians, Hanoverians, Belgians, British, and wild-looking Cossacks, carrying, on starved little horses, lances so disproportionately long that they looked as if they had Quixotically come from an immense distance, and from an uncivilised region, to fight against the stars in

the firmament of heaven; in short, a nation of brave men, who, single-handed, had conquered the armies of almost every nation in Europe, were, from the insatiable ambition of one man, overwhelmed by the just and well-arranged union of half-a-dozen powerful nations, united together to wage war, not against France, but against the unrelenting enemy of mankind!

I was enjoying this mixture of feelings, and, without having reflected where I would go, or what I would do with myself, I was looking at everything at once, and especially at the variety of moving objects around me, when there drove by a gaudy omnibus, on the back of which, among several other names, I observed inscribed the word "PASSY." It was the little village about a league off at which I had last been quartered; and although I had since scarcely ever thought of it, in one second I recollected the happy group among which I had lived an "enfant de famille." "The good old people will long ago have vanished; the young ones will probably be grandmothers; however (waving my stick), I will, at all events, once again beat up their quarters."

In compliance with my signal, the 'bus stopped; and as it happened to be one of the few that carry passengers outside, in a few

seconds I found myself seated by the coachman. "C'est la maison du Président,"[1] said he to me, pointing with his whip to the trees of the Elysée; thus evidently showing that before I had opened my mouth he was aware I was a raw stranger. As we were driving up the avenue of the Champs Elysées I had an opportunity—in the preparations for the approaching fête of the republic—of witnessing the latest improved method of making great men. On the summit of each of a series of lofty plaster pedestals, of elegant form, distant about 80 yards from each other, there had been inserted a sort of telegraphic signal, composed sometimes of a single beam, placed vertically, sometimes of a huge representation of the letter A, terminating in the letter I, sometimes of the letter X, sometimes of the letter Y, sometimes of the letter V. These pieces of stout timber were to form the legs, backbones, and occasionally extended arms of heroes or of statesmen; and as the artists had not all commenced together, and as some had evidently more assistants than others, the statues, in different stages of progression, beautifully explained the secrets of their art. On one pedestal, excepting the wooden symbols I have described, appeared nothing but a pair of

[1] That is the house of the President.

milk-white military jack-boots, about six inches higher than the top of the head of the workman who was making them. On the ground, lay the gigantic head with mustachios, looking at his boots; in short, calmly watching all that was doing. On the summit of the wooden hieroglyphic on another pedestal I observed an orator's head, beneath which the artist was very cleverly arranging a quantity of straw to bolster out some ribs and a large stomach that lay on the earth beneath. On another pedestal the powerful head, arms, breast covered with well-earned medals, crosses, &c., and back of a maréchal of France, suddenly ended in a sort of kilt of rushes, which the artist, with the assistance of ropes, cord, packthread, and large bags of white plaster, which hardened almost as fast as it was applied, was modelling, with great success, into the upper portion of a pair of magnificent pantaloons.

On all the statues the drapery was very ingeniously and successfully created by swaddling the lofty statues in old pliable canvas, no sooner bent and tastefully adjusted into elegant folds, than it was saturated with liquid cement, which almost immediately gave not only solidity to the mass, but the appearance of having been sculptured out of stone.

Although in the fabrication of these various statues it was occasionally almost impossible to help smiling at the contrast between the work completed and in embryo, yet it may truly be said that the workmanship exceeded the materials. The attitudes of the several statues, as we passed them, appeared not only to be admirably devised, but to be executed with that fine taste and real talent which distinguish the French people, and which it is pleasing to observe all classes of their community are competent to appreciate. Indeed it was with gratification, astonishment, and profit, I often afterwards for a few moments listened to the criticisms and observations of men in blouses, who, although in humble life, might, from their remarks, have passed for brother artists of him who, unaware even of their presence, was intently modelling over their uplifted faces.

After receiving from my intelligent companion a few words of voluntary information on almost everything and everybody we passed, my attention was directed to the animals that were drawing us. They were a pair of small, powerful, short-legged, white entire horses, with thick crests and very small heads, somewhat resembling that of an Arab. They were as sleek in the coat and as fleshy as moles; and although

according to English notions they were altogether disproportioned to the long lofty carriage they were drawing up the inclined plain of the Champs Elysées, it appeared to follow them from goodwill almost of its own accord. In their harness they had plenty of room to work; could approach or recede sideways from the pole, as they felt disposed; and although, when necessary, they were guided with great precision, the reins, generally speaking, were dangling on their backs. Now and then, as we were jogging along, on the approach of another omnibus, carriage, or cart, and occasionally for no apparent cause whatever, sometimes one and sometimes both of the little greys would cock their ears, give a violent neigh, and in the same space of ground take about twice as many steps as before. Indeed, instead of being, as might be expected, tired to death of the Champs Elysées, they appeared as much pleased with everything that passed as I was. The coachman told me these horses belonged to a company, and that one of their principal stables was within a hundred yards of the Barrière de Neuilly we were then passing. He advised me to go and look at them; and accordingly, with many thanks bidding him adieu, I proceeded on foot along the boulevard on my left, for about a hundred

yards, to a gate, at which I found a concierge in a white cap, of whom I inquired, as I had been directed by the coachman, for "le piqueur."[1]

"Entrez, monsieur!" she replied, "il est là en bas."[2]

Proceeding into a large barrack-square, I was looking at innumerable sets of harness hanging beneath a long shed outside a range of stables, when I was accosted by a well-dressed gentleman, with large mustachios, who asked me very civilly what was my business?

I at once told him my story, such as it was; to which he replied that no one could visit the establishment without an order, which, he added with a slight bow, "No doubt Monsieur would instantly obtain;" and to assist me in doing so, he very kindly wrote in my memorandum book, "M. Moreau, Chastone, Administrateur-Général de l'Entreprise des Omnibus, Avenue des Champs Elysées, 68, de midi à quatre heures."[3]

As it was only eleven o'clock, and as it appeared M. Moreau was to be invisible till

[1] The foreman.

[2] Walk in, Sir! he is there below.

[3] General-Superintendant of the Company of Omnibuses, No. 68, Avenue of the Champs Elysées. From 12 to 4 o'clock.

twelve, I strolled to the grand Arc de Triomphe, ascended some steps, through a door, and then, proceeding upwards, walked round and round for a considerable time. When nearly at the top I entered a feebly-lighted, low-looking prison, with a groined roof supported by six arches, four of which were closed by strong iron bars.

At each of the two ends of this dismal chamber there appeared a stout barrier of iron railings, and I was fancying that by some mistake I had got into a sort of cul-de-sac, when beneath the sixth arch I perceived a passage, and then, ascending for some time in total darkness, I at last arrived in the fresh, warm, open air, upon an exalted platform 150 feet in length by 23 in breadth, from which there suddenly flashed upon my eyes, or rather upon my mind, one of the most magnificent views I have ever beheld, the characteristic of which was that, like that from the top of the Calton Hill, at Edinburgh, it afforded a panorama of scenery of the most opposite description.

In front lay before me, towards the east, the broad, straight, macadamized road, boulevard, or, as it is more properly termed, "avenue," up which I had just been driven, terminating in the green trees of the gardens of the

Tuileries. On each side of this great road there appeared expressly for foot passengers, a beautiful shaded space, in the middle of which was an asphalte path, broad enough for about six persons to walk abreast. The foot-roads were dotted with pedestrians, the carriage-road spotted with equestrians, military waggons, carts, public as well as private vehicles, and 'buses, increasing in size until they passed beneath like toys before the eyes.

This magnificent arterial thoroughfare, nearly five times the width of St. James's-street in London, nearly bisects Paris, the whole of which, as seen at a single glance, appeared composed of lofty houses of different shades of white (unlike the heads of human beings, the youngest are the whitest), light blue roofs of zinc or slate, and Venetian windows, bearing silent testimony to the heat of the climate in summer. But what attracted my attention more than the sight of all the objects in detail before me was the striking absence of what in England is invariably the characteristic of every large city or congregation of men — namely, smoke. Here and there a dark stream, slowly arising from the lofty minaret of a steam-engine, reminded me of the existence of commercial life, but with these few exceptions the

beautiful clear city before me appeared to be either asleep or dead. During the few minutes I gazed upon the scene, I several times looked attentively at the large stacks of chimneys which rose out of the blue roofs, but with a few exceptions not a vestige of smoke was to be seen.

Of the two portions into which Paris by the triple road described is divided, that on the left —the largest—was bounded by the Hill of Montmartre, upon which, with great pleasure, I observed, at work, apparently the very same four windmills which were always so busily grinding away when I last resided in their vicinity. They had ground wheat for Napoleon, for the Duke of Wellington, for the allied Sovereigns of Europe, for Louis XVIII., for Charles X., for Louis-Philippe, for the leaders of the Red Republicans, and now they were grinding away just as merrily as ever for Prince Louis Napoleon. In fact, whichever way the wind blew, they patriotically worked for the public good. Round the foot of Montmartre there had lately arisen a young city of new white houses.

In the half of Paris on the right of the great triple road, there appeared resting against the clear blue sky the magnificent domes of the Invalides, Pantheon, Val de Grace, and the

Observatory. Beneath on each side I looked down upon a mixture of new buildings and of green trees which, in the advent of May, had just joyously burst into full leaf.

In contemplating the beauty of Paris from the summit of the Arc de l'Etoile, it is impossible to refrain from remarking that, with the exception of the three domes I have mentioned, no one of which is for the purpose of worship, scarcely a church-looking building is to be seen.

The view from the opposite or west side of the summit of the arc forms a striking contrast to the picture of a city as just described. With the exception of the Fort-du-Mont Valérien, on an eminence 580 yards off, the horizon is composed of hills as blue, bleak, and houseless as the highlands of Scotland, which indeed they faintly resemble. Between the fort and the Arc lies prostrate the Bois de Boulogne. I had left it hacked to death by the sabres and hatchets of the troops with whom I had been bivouacked in it. But these unfriendly scars were, I rejoiced to see, all obliterated. A new generation of trees as of men had succeeded, and the large extensive dark-green but rather cheerless-looking mass was enlivened only by the old broad pavé, running—as it always has run—

as straight as a sergeant's halbert to Neuilly, and at an angle to the left by an equally straight broad macadamized road—"the Avenue de St. Cloud."

From the south side of the platform I looked down upon, or rather into, the uncovered, gay, but tawdry Hippodrome, the exercises, amusements, and spectators of which can be almost as clearly seen as by a hawk hovering over them. Beyond it appeared a mixture of houses, including Passy, composed of about two-thirds white buildings, and one-third green trees.

From the foot of the north side of the Arc runs a short pavé of about 200 yards, bounded on each side by houses and trees, which, by a sort of dissolving process, change into green fields, across which were to be seen here and there little picturesque streams of the white steam of the Versailles and Northern Railways, bounded by blue distant hills.

I had changed from side to side more than once to enjoy the magnificent contrasts I have but very feebly described. I had returned to the northern side, and was watching the progress of a tiny column of steam—the blessed emblem of peace to all nations, and to none a greater blessing than to France and England, when a human being—the only other one in

creation besides myself on the platform, and he had only a moment or two ago crawled up and out from beneath—said to me,—

"Wonderful fine view, Sir! Do you see that house down there, with four trees before it?"

On answering in the affirmative—indeed it would have been impossible for any one to have denied either the assertion or the question—he very good-humouredly added—

"What do you think of it?"

I was destitute of thoughts on the subject, and was going honestly to avow it, when he added—

"I came here from England last Tuesday, to put my daughter to school there. What do you say of it?"

I was not in a frame of mind all of a sudden and at such a height above the surface of the earth to give away for nothing at all an opinion concerning a house five stories high, with six windows in front, or about an Englishman educating a young daughter in France; so, glancing at the beautiful steepleless city before me, and then whispering to myself, "I would as soon put a chicken's egg under a duck as do what you have done," I said—

"It seems a very substantial good house," which appeared to make him happy; and as we

had both gained our object, we nodded farewell and parted.

I was about to bid adieu to the magnificent panorama I had been enjoying, and had approached the head of the pitch-dark staircase, when I heard beneath me the slow pacing of feet,—then a very little puffing,—then there gleamed upwards a feeble light,—and at last appeared the black hat, thin face, and lean figure of an old gentleman carrying a lantern, followed by a lusty, very well-dressed lady, equally stricken in years, with an extremely red face, and with cheeks so healthy that they appeared considerably to embarrass her vision. Indeed, to speak plainly, she was so fat, and she had so many luxuriant curls of artificial hair, that she could hardly see out of her black little shining eyes. Leaving her, however, to make such use of them as she might think proper, I commenced my descent, and, in utter darkness, passed—or rather stood stock-still, with my back against the wall, while there passed me—a party of young people, whose loud merry laughter denoted that at all events they had outgrown the age at which they might have been afraid of being in the dark. But they were quite right to come without lanterns, and I would advise any one who wishes to enjoy to the utmost the

splendid coup-d'œil I had just left, to burst upon it, as I had done, from pitch darkness.

On reaching the bottom I observed a board, on which was written in French and also in English—I rejoiced to see the two languages standing together in the world hand in hand—the following notice:—

"THE KEEPERS OF THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE RECEIVING NO SALARY FROM GOVERNMENT,
THE VISITORS ARE SOLICITED TO GIVE THEM A FEE, WHICH IS LEFT AT THEIR OWN DISCRETION."

As twelve o'clock had just struck, I walked down the beautiful avénue of the Champs Elysées to the house of M. Moreau, who, on my showing him my passport and explaining to him the favour I wished him to confer upon me, was good enough to desire his chief clerk to give me the following order, which I insert as an exemplification of the politeness of the French people to strangers:—

"A Mons. Denault, chef d'Etablissement à l'Etoile.

"Entreprise Générale des Omnibus, 6, Rue St. Thomas du Louvre.

"Monsieur Denault est autorisé à laisser entrer dans son établissement, pour y examiner le mode d'attacher les chevaux dans les écuries, &c. . . . . , porteur de la présente.

"Paris, le 30 Avril, 1851. A. GRIVEAU."[1]

[1] To Mr. Denault, Chief of the Establishment at the Etoile. General

With this letter in my hand I reascended the Champs Elysées, and, passing close beneath the triumphal arch, turned to my left along the street indicated until I once again entered the great barrack-looking square, in the middle of which, very nearly on the spot where I had left him about an hour and a half ago, I saw M. Denault and his dark mustachios.

On presenting to him my authority, his countenance assumed a grave, and I thought rather a serious, aspect; as however his eyes glanced along line after line it rapidly relaxed, until, looking at me with a pleasing smile, he told me, with great politeness, that he should now be most happy to give me all the information in his power; and waving his hand in signal to me to advance, he was preparing to follow me to the range of stables before him, when I asked him to be kind enough to explain to me the strength of his establishment. He told me that the Company to which he belonged had, in six establishments in Paris, 1500 horses, of which

General Association of Omnibuses, No. 6, Rue St. Thomas du Louvre.

Mr. Denault is authorised to allow to enter into his establishment, for the purpose of examining the mode of attaching the horses in the stables, &c. . . . . , the bearer.

A. GRIVEAU.

Paris, April 30, 1851.

300 were under his charge. In several of these establishments all the horses were entire. He had, however, about half of that description, the remainder being about half mares and half horses, as in England.

The long building before us, which, as I have stated, very much resembled cavalry barracks, was divided into a series of 15 stables, each 80 feet long, containing 20 horses: 10 on each side, with a broad passage between them.

On entering No. 1, I was much struck with the total absence of the usual smell of a stable, and with the scene which unexpectedly presented itself. Of the 20 horses that belonged to it about one-third were out at work. Of the remainder, some were standing with their tails to their manger, looking at their comrades on the opposite side; some munching beautiful clean shiny wheat-straw; while others, on litters of great thickness and equally clean, were lying as if dead, in a variety of attitudes. One or two, at full length, were reposing parallel to their mangers; some occasionally groaned, or rather grunted, as they slept; one gently raised his head to look at me, and then, as if I really was not worth a moment's more notice, laid it flat down again. Two more, lying face to face, as if in each other's arms, were partly under the

feet of a neighbour feeding from his manger. All were sleek and fat.

In few stables in England have I ever seen litter in a cleaner state, horses in better health, or in a greater state of enjoyment. The reason was evident. The row of fifteen stables, instead of being, as in our cavalry barracks—or even as in our hunting-boxes—divided from each other by brick walls, were separated only by open wooden palings about eight feet high, which allowed the air to circulate throughout the whole length of the building, and escape through air-chimneys constructed for the purpose. Besides this, in the upper portion of the front and rear walls of each stable there had been constructed air-shutters for regulating the temperature in each long compartment.

"Vous avez encore trois degrés de trop!"[1] said Monsieur Denault to a man in a blue jacket and blue trowsers, who, from the instant I had entered the stable, had not only fixed his eyes upon me, but had swallowed every observation I had made.

"Ah!" said this man, nodding his head, "il va donc tomber de l'eau."[2]

In stable No. 1, in which we stood, the

[1] You are too hot by three degrees!

[2] Ah! we shall have rain then.

horses—unseparated by partitions, but divided in couples by swinging bails — were all tied and fed together in pairs. To each couple there was given per day 5 "kilos" of hay, 4 of straw, 15 litres of grain. In summer an additional litre of grain, and in very hot weather bran twice a week.

I mentioned to M. Denault, that in England omnibus horses are almost invariably fed on a mixture of chopped hay, chopped straw, and corn. He replied he was of opinion that, according to the common principles of gastronomy, horses, like men, prefer a variety of dishes.

"They enjoy their hay; gain strength and sustenance from their corn; et puis après, Monsieur, ils mangent de la paille—shrugging up his shoulders and showing me the palms of both his hands—"pour s'amuser: ça les occupe; ça leur distrait; ça les empêche de se battre!"[1]

On my inquiring how many persons were employed to keep the stable as clean as I beheld it, he informed me that to every ten horses is attached one man, who feeds and takes care of them; there are consequently two such attendants in each stable. For every ten horses

[1] And after that, Sir, they eat straw to amuse themselves: it occupies them—it distracts their attention—it prevents them from fighting.

there is also appointed a person to clean their harness and the carriages they draw.

On entering stable No. 2, which in point of cleanliness and ventilation was the fac-simile of the one I had just left, I found it contained nothing but entire horses, who, unseparated even by bails, fed, slept, worked, in short, lived together in pairs; each couple, however, were divided from the adjoining ones on the right and left by swinging bars, suspended by a rope from the ceiling at a height a little above the hocks. The horses before me were not only in the enjoyment of stout robust health, but their coats were particularly short, sleek, and glossy. For the work they are required to perform they appeared almost perfect in form. They are low punchy creatures, with short, stout, active-looking legs and small heads, bought by the company between four and five years of age, principally in Normandy and Belgium, but the best come from the department des Ardennes. The price paid for them is from 500 to 600 francs, say about 22*l.* sterling. As soon as they are received from the several sellers they are marked with what is called a "baptismal number," cut with scissors in the hair of the neck. After the period of trial has expired, if found to be sound, as warranted, the same

number is branded with a hot iron on the hind thigh, just below the hip, and beneath it the last figure of the year in which they were purchased.

On receiving this information I expressed to M. Denault my surprise that his company should be honest enough indelibly to record that which ladies and horse-masters in England are always so very particularly desirous to conceal, namely, the exact *age*; but he replied, "When the Company have once purchased a horse they never sell him until he becomes useless."

"Then," said I, with my eyes fixed upon the branded marks of an extremely powerful well-made entire horse that was before me, "do you designate them only by their numbers?—have they no *names?*"

"No," he replied, "we only know them by their numbers; they have no names."

"Mais oui!" observed sharply and gruffly the stableman in blue, in charge of the horses, and who, like his comrade in the other stable, had been most attentively listening to every word that had come out of my mouth. "Mais oui," he repeated, in broad patois; "je leur donne à chacun son nom! Celui-ci, par exemple," pointing to the powerful, thickset, sleek, lively grey horse whose brand I was still

looking at, "j'appelle Jean-Battiste; c'lui-là *Fou.*" [1]

The latter word was hardly out of his mouth, and most certainly could not have reached the roof of the stable, when all of a sudden, and for no apparent cause, John-Baptist, tossing his head in the air, and kicking violently, gave a most tremendous squeal, that really quite electrified me.

"Ah, sacré cochon!" [2] exclaimed his keeper, with raised eyes and uplifted eyebrows, as with both hands he raised his long wooden-pronged pitchfork perpendicularly above his head, "qu'as tu donc, vieux coquin?" [3] John made no answer, but at once, whatever might have been the point in dispute, gave it up, and then, nestling like a lamb towards his comrade, shared with him in a mouthful of clean straw.

While I was ruminating at the hurricane which had so suddenly subsided, a bell rang, and at the same moment I observed that all the horses on one side of the stable began to prick their ears, move their feet, look behind them, and show little outward signs of inward satis-

[1] Oh yes! I give each of them his name. This one, for instance, I call "Jean-Battiste;" that one "Fool."

[2] Ah, abominable hog.

[3] What is the matter with you, you old rogue?

faction such as occasionally may be seen very slightly to flit across the countenances of fine ladies and gentlemen when, after a dull, tedious, protracted period of waiting, their ears are suddenly refreshed by the sound I have just mentioned—the dinner-bell. In less than a minute the feeder entered, carrying on his shoulder a sack of corn, which he placed on the ground, and he had scarcely commenced to measure out three or four double handfuls into a large round sieve beside it, when all his ten horses began some to scream, some to bite at each other, and all more or less to stamp on the ground. I asked M. Denault why the ten animals before us remained perfectly quiet?

"Ah," muttered the keeper in blue, "c'est qu'ils connaissent bien que ce n'est pas pour *eux!*"[1] In about five minutes, however, when in his turn he went away for his sack of oats, his own horses, Jean-Battiste, Fou, and all, became so excited that a good many "sacrés," some long drawn and some sharp, were expended to subdue them; indeed, I never saw a set of animals feed with greater voracity.

While the twenty horses in profound silence, with their twenty mouths in the manger, with nothing about them moving but their jaws,—

[1] Ah, because they know well enough it is not for *them*.

save occasionally an ear that very viciously lay back whenever a comrade of the neighbouring couple ventured to look at what they were eating,—were thus busily occupied, I asked M. Denault whether they did not fight at night? Pointing to a large lamp suspended from a rafter in the centre of the stall, he told me that the two men before us were always required to sleep in the stable.

"Voilà nos plumes là bas!"[1] said my blue satellite, pointing to some straw on a wooden frame at the end of the stable. "Ah, sacré!"[2] he exclaimed, through his teeth, to a fine, sturdy, brown horse, that a few seconds ago had begun to nibble the mane of his comrade, and was biting harder and harder every instant.

"En place!"[3] said the opposite stableman to a pair of horses, warm and dirty, that had just entered from their work. "En place!" he repeated; the animals obeyed, and walked between a pair of vacant bails to their own two halters.

"Of the three descriptions of horses in your establishment, which," I said to Monsieur, "do you prefer?"

He answered that, although entire horses are

[1] There are our feather beds! [2] Ah, holy!
[3] Into your place.

the most liable to catch cold, and altogether are the most delicate, they are nevertheless the most enduring, and consequently the best adapted for long distances, "pour les diligences;"[1] in short, for "vitesse et vigueur."[2] For 'bus work, where they are liable constantly to be stopped, the ordinary horse is only preferable on account of his being more calm and of his more docile temper: "ils se fatiguent moins, ils durent plus longtemps."[3] He said that mares were considered worst of all; and when I told him that almost an opposite opinion existed in England, he explained to me that it is the habit in Belgium, and in the département des Ardennes, to sell mares in foal, in order that they should appear stout: and that, on being deprived of their offspring, they are usually assailed by a milk fever, in consequence of which they become weak.

I asked him how he managed to persuade his entire horses to live close together in pairs, with nothing but a swinging bail between each couple? He told me, with considerable animation, that, when first put together in couples, "ils cherchent dispute, ils se battent pour quelques jours."[4]

[1] For stage-work. [2] For speed and vigour.
[3] They fatigue themselves less, and last longer.
[4] They look out for a quarrel, and fight for some days.

With a great deal of very expressive action, which made him quite warm, he showed me how they bit, how they fought, how they pawed, and how they kicked out behind at each other. "Mais," he added, with great calmness, good sense, and good nature, "après que chacun a compris le caractère de son voisin ils deviennent bons camarades!"[1]

He added that as soon as a young horse lately purchased has been found to be sound, besides being branded as described, "On lui fait la toilette;"[2] that is to say, they cut off his beard, pull his mane, remove any long hairs about his fetlocks, and, by other little delicate attentions, smarten him up for Paris work. He told me, however, they never docked a horse's tail, as it was highly valuable, not only for flapping flies from himself, but from his comrade in harness; indeed, he said it was observed that horses at Paris which had no tails usually grow lean in summer. In the winter they adopt the English custom of singeing the roughest.

I asked M. Denault what was the meaning of sometimes a little bit of straw, and sometimes of hay, which I here and there observed to be

[1] But after each has comprehended the character of his neighbour, they become good comrades.

[2] They arrange his toilette for him.

plaited in a lock of the tail of several of the horses? He replied that the stablemen, in washing over the horses' feet, were directed every day very attentively to observe whether any of them wanted either shoeing or nailing; that in the former case they were required to insert in the tail a piece of straw; in the latter a piece of hay; and thus, when the blacksmith made his daily visit, without being at the trouble to examine the feet of every one, he saw at a glance not only those that stood in need of him, but, by the bit of hay or straw, exactly what each wanted; under this ingenious arrangement the stableman, and not the blacksmith, is very properly held responsible for a horse casting a shoe at work.

On proceeding to the smith's shop, I found him engaged in shoeing a horse in the old French fashion of forty years ago; that is to say, his assistant was holding up the animal's foot while he was driving in the nails. I told him, as he was hammering away, that in England both operations were performed by one man, upon which he looked at his assistant,—who looked at him,—both grinned at each other,—shook their black locks,—and then proceeded with their work. The shoes he was putting on were very little heavier than those

used in England, a set of four weighing six pounds. The nails, however, are in France not only driven into the foot at a different angle from that in which they are inserted in England, but the head of each is forced into a square hole, made exactly to fit it, by which arrangement, being flush with the shoe, they do not, it is urged, wear off; on the other hand, they of course cannot, as in England, prevent the horse from slipping. Above the bent bodies of the smith and his mate I observed, suspended to the forge, a quantity of artificial roses, mixed up with an assemblage of smart ribands, blue, white, and red, which, I was informed, had been placed there on the fête de St. Eloi, the patron of blacksmiths, and that according to custom they would remain until the annual return of the same fête, when they would be replaced by new ones.

"In England," thought I to myself, "the patron of a blacksmith is whoever has last given him a pot of beer."

There are two sorts of water in the establishment, one from pumps, used for washing the harness and carriages, the other from the Seine; the latter, every four-and-twenty hours, is turned into large open tanks, to which the horses are led to drink three times a day, it being a rule

that no one is allowed to approach it until he has been in the stable two hours after his work.

On entering the infirmary I found a veterinary surgeon, with a pair of very long yellow mustachios, with his coat off, and with a sort of apron round his body, busily employed in drenching a sick horse with an enormous quantity of warm bran tea, his assistant being quite as vigorously occupied with the animal elsewhere. The poor thing's head was tied to a ring in the wall, and, a noose having been passed round his upper jaw, it was, by a third assistant, hauled upwards towards another ring, inserted at a great height, by which means the doctor was enabled with perfect ease to pour wholesale down his throat the smoking draft; in fact, there was no resisting the double treatment to which he was simultaneously subjected; and as I could evidently do no more than earnestly hope it might cure him of whatever were his afflictions, I walked away, and was conducted by my obliging attendant to an immense magazine, five stories high, in which, piled on each floor, four or five feet high, I found a stock of black, sweet, but light chaffy oats, sufficient to keep the whole establishment for more than a year; indeed, the building was so ingeniously and so admirably ventilated, that I was assured, with common precautions, corn

could be kept in it for ten years. At some distance from this building was, also under cover, a very abundant supply of hay, tied up in bundles, "bottes," ready for use.

It is under the treatment I have described that the omnibus horses of the west end of Paris serve the public. The establishment reflects great credit upon the community in general, and upon M. Denault and M. Moreau in particular. By their unceasing care the horse's life is a wholesome, healthy, and happy mixture of enjoyment and work; indeed, sweet, clean, and comfortable as are their stables, their harness is so easy and loose, the Paris air is so fresh, everything is so gay, there is so much for them to look at, and, apparently, wherever they go, and, especially wherever they stop, there are such innumerable subjects — all apparently of vast importance — for them to neigh about, that I really believe they are, if possible, happier in the streets than at home. It is true they do not go as fast as the omnibus horses of London, and that at Paris a man is considered to estimate time at somewhat more than its real value who, to purchase a few minutes, would inflict pain and suffering upon a race of animals, especially created for his happiness and enjoyment. But, without checking fast driving in England, it is

surely the duty of the public, if they determine to enjoy it, to obtain, by dint of a few moments' reflection, sweet air, pure water, and kind attentions for those noble creatures whose superior physical strength it is alike their duty and their interest to foster rather than exhaust.

With this moral in my mind, I very gratefully thanked M. Denault for the obliging attention he had shown me, to which he replied by insisting on giving me an introduction to the manufacturer of the company's omnibus carriages, as also a note to the principal superintendent of the company's largest establishment of horses at the opposite or east side of Paris, beyond the limits of the city, and of the Barrière de Charenton.

ENTREPRISE GÉNÉRALE DES OMNIBUS.

After taking leave of M. Denault I was conducted by his piqueur to a large gate, over which was inscribed "Entreprise Générale des Omnibus."

On ringing the bell, a side door opening into a large court flew open, and almost at the same moment there stood right before me, in a white cap, an old withered concierge, with a face not very unlike that of Cerberus, who was evidently unwilling to admit me until she had been informed that I had come there by order of M. Denault, upon which, relieving her conscience by a very slight shrug, and then turning her bent back upon me, she hobbled into her lodge, and my conductor, seeing he had effected his object, with a friendly salute returned to his stables.

The chef of the establishment, a short intelligent-looking gentleman, with a bushy, brushy beard, walked towards me; and as, although he said nothing, his attitude was very clearly interrogatory of what I wanted, I very briefly explained that I wished to be permitted to walk

over his workshops. He replied very kindly that I might go wherever I liked; and exactly as I desired, he then left me to speak to a workman who was evidently waiting for him.

In the yard before me there stood, with high poles, and rounded tires to the wheels, several new omnibuses, elegantly constructed and handsomely varnished, divided inside into seats for seventeen persons (the two next the door are not separated), with breadth of passage in the middle sufficient to allow passengers ample room to enter and depart without rubbing against the knee-pans of those who are seated. To the roof was affixed a brass rod or hand-rail, to ensure rickety old gentlemen against reeling sideways into ladies' laps, and *vice versâ*. For the purpose of entrance were two broad easy steps; and on the left-hand back panel shone a transparent tell-tale dial, the black fingers of which,—in obedience to a string which, whenever any one enters, the conductor is obliged to pull, and which also strikes a bell "one,"—informs passengers inside, the public outside, and the proprietor at the end of the course or journey, how many fares have been received. In Paris omnibuses have no doors, or rather the door is formed by the conductor, who stands on the upper step of the entrance, leaning against

a broad strap, which in an instant he can unhook, for the ingress or egress of the public.

In another part of the yard I observed near the wall three old, worn-out, dead, but not buried, "diligences," which in their day had been considered not only as vast improvements of the old form, but as imitations of the English mode of travelling. They were composed of four different sorts of carriages stuck together. The rear one, which was very low, held eight persons, four on each side, sitting with their shoulders towards the horses. The middle one six, sitting opposite to each other, three with their faces, and three with their backs, towards the horses. The front chariot three, above whose heads there grew out, like an immense fungus, a nondescript sort of cabriolet, with leather head and apron, for four more. Behind this rude thing was a frame-work to enable baggage to be piled up to a fearful height. As might reasonably be expected, the under part of these antiquated quadruple vehicles was as clumsily constructed as the superstructure I have just described. The wheels were low and heavy; the tires, in five separate pieces, flat, and of double the present breadth: the springs unelastic: the pole stuck out little above the horses' knees.

By the side of these old-fashioned travelling-machines were, in various stages of construction, several new carriages, with improved wheels, axles, and poles, handsomely stuffed and painted, but on the same principle—rather inconsistent, I thought, with that of a republic—of dividing the travelling community into four separate uncomfortable compartments or cages; thus creating much unnecessary weight and expense. The carriages were certainly handsomely varnished; but, as compared with the light omnibuses at the other end of the yard, were like heavy over-dressed dowagers sitting behind the rising generation, "tripping on the light fantastic toe."

I was looking at several workmen, who, cooped within one of these heavy vehicles, were ornamenting its drab cloth lining with handsome broad lace, when I observed the concierge opening the great gate to admit what at the moment formed, I thought, rather an affecting picture, namely, a lame 'bus coming into hospital. In some chance-medley it had been severely wounded in its side, and was now dragged forward by a low, punchy, light-hearted, merry little horse, who, on depositing it in the yard, was no sooner tied by his halter to a ring in the wall than, suddenly looking behind him, first on

one side and then on the other, he began to neigh, as if he was determined that every living being in the establishment should know exactly how the accident had happened—"quorum pars magna fui"—in short, what an amazing deal, in some way or other, he had had to do with it. Nobody, however, listened to or even looked at him but myself.

From the yard I proceeded into the workshops, in which, with the assistance of a powerful steam-engine, a number of artificers were at work. Several circular saws, with a whizzing noise, were cutting out the main-frames of omnibuses in embryo, while three or four turning-lathes were as busily employed in preparing useful and ornamental work of different descriptions, the whole of which was quietly but very neatly executed.

On entering the department of Vulcan, in which were several forges at work, I could not help being struck with the difference between French and English smiths, with the latter of whom I have had some little acquaintance. Both raise their sledge-hammers with equal vigour; but the effort of the French "striker" seems to die away before it reaches the anvil; whereas in England with the momentum it invariably quickens. The same dif-

ference was apparent to me in heavy filing. The French workman makes a great effort to get the file into its position, and afterwards half gives it up. The English smith prepares gently, and then works spitefully. In two words, the French smiths appeared to work very neatly indeed, but, as we should term it, to niggle.

On entering a large shop, warmed by a stove, in which a number of men were busily employed in painting and in lining omnibuses, I observed a fine, tall, ruddy-faced, goodhumoured-looking man, with white mustachios, in a blue linen smock-coat and trowsers, who had at his back, towering a couple of feet above his head, a machine, covered with crimson velvet, upon which were suspended on hooks four silver cups, like bells. Beneath them on each side of the man's hips there projected from the apparatus he was carrying a short silver-plated pipe, ending in a similarly resplendent tap. As he proceeded he at intervals rang a merry bell, which appeared to create universal thirst, for without a single exception the workmen at every carriage he came to stopped for a moment to drink off, when it came to their turn, what he gave them, which I observed sometimes to be in a large cup and sometimes in a little one, the different doses bearing no relation whatever to the difference in

size of those who received them. In due time the crimson-velveted cask was drained dry, and, as the man walked with it into retirement behind the body of an old 'bus, I followed him, and after conversing with him about the weather, the Great Exhibition in London, and a variety of other little introductory subjects, I asked him at last to explain to me what he was selling, and what he charged for it. The answer to the first question almost spoke for itself; or rather, the pump beside us, and two pots of stuff, one dreadfully sour and the other of a sweet citron taste, explained to me that the mixture he was concocting was an innocent description of weak lemonade, which, while he was making it, I tasted, and paid him for with a piece of silver, that seemed at once to unlock the most secret recesses of his heart, and he accordingly told me that every workman in the establishment contracted with him for a glass of lemonade, as oftentimes per day as he thought proper to administer it. He said that, ringing his bell to announce his approach, he usually paid them three or four visits a day.

"Mais quand il fait chaud, ma foi, Monsieur, bien souvent c'est cinq fois!"[1]

His charges for this luxury were, he informed

[1] But when it gets hot, faith, Sir, it is often five times!

me, eight sous (four-pence) a fortnight for those who were satisfied with a little cup, ten sous a fortnight for those who generously allowed their stomachs the large one.

As the crimson-velveted machine was now full again, and as I also was replete with the information I desired, we both, like country actors when the curtain draws up, again appeared before the public. Tinkling his bell, he walked straight to the window of a green bus full of men lining it. I strolled towards an artist emblazoning with sundry ornaments the panels of a yellow one. After admiring the execution of his work, which caused his brush, I thought, to work with, if possible, a little more alacrity than before, I asked him, after a variety of small questions, what he thought of the revolution?

"Monsieur," he replied, "I gained a little fortune from it in painting out coronets. I have since gained still more by painting them in again. Ma foi, monsieur," suddenly ceasing to paint, and looking into my face with a pleasing smile,—"*I* don't care how often we have a revolution!"

CAFÉ DE PARIS.

As whatever is worth doing is always worth doing well, at about half past six in the evening of my first day in Paris I inquired all of a sudden of a French gentleman who was passing with me across a street, where was the *best* place to dine? and as, after enumerating several which I forgot as fast as he mentioned them, he ended by advising me, on the whole, if I liked a good dinner, to go to the Café de Paris, on the Boulevart des Italiens, I enjoyed the walk, and the reflection it gave rise to, and, in due time reaching my goal, I found myself comfortably seated in a small octagonal room, chastely painted, brilliantly illuminated by gaslights, reflected in and multiplied by plate glass, behind, before, in fact all round me. In this little chamber of Adonis, which looked into a larger saloon, were negligently scattered a quantity of small tables.

On entering I had very carefully bowed to the two presiding ladies of the establishment. I

had selected a seat, had deposited my hat and stick in perfect safety, and, pleased to think how admirably and almost intuitively I had done it all, I was going to take a long, placid, comfortable look at every body and every thing around me,—for in my little den there were evidently a great number of bodies and of things worth looking at,—when as straight as a bull-dog rushes at a bull there advanced towards me, whisking the tail of a white napkin as if to intimidate me, a very respectable man of about thirty years of age, dressed in a white neck-cloth, a very well-made dark cloth jacket, but without any trowsers, breeches, or pantaloons,—at least I could not see any, because the region they inhabit was completely covered with a white apron.

As my object was to appear quite at my ease, I determined to receive him without—at all events showing—the slightest emotion; as soon, however, as he reached me, he laid down on the table before me, not only a long rigmarole written paper, but a very large book, and, submitting to me these data to compound an answer, he asked me in beautiful French, and with another whisk of his napkin, what I would desire for my dinner? Now, six-and-thirty years ago, it was, I recollected, considered as rather a dashing

thing to answer a query of this nature by saying negligently, and apparently with unshaken reliance on the "honour" and good taste of the chef in a white nightcap below, "A cinq francs!"[1] I accordingly tried very hard not only to say but to look the words as youthfully as I had used to do. Instead, however, of receiving the grateful bow I had expected, the gentleman in waiting, with a shrug which I feared told everybody, everywhere, that I was making to him some very mean unconscientious proposal, replied he would rather I would name what I would desire to have. Of course I instantly consented, observing, with a wave of my hand for the purpose of getting rid of him, that I would let him know, upon which turning on his heel, and thereby averting from me his white apron,—which gave me an opportunity of observing that he wore black trowsers—he darted away to another table.

Now, although, when left completely to myself, I knew perfectly well that I wanted a good dinner,—indeed, that with malice prepense I had come on purpose for it,—yet, on looking into the encyclopædia of dishes he had laid before me, I really did not know, and I therefore felt I should have considerable difficulty in letting

[1] For five francs!

him know, "what I would desire to have." It was, however, a vast comfort to me to reflect, as I laid hold of the important volume, that I was about to draw tickets in a lottery composed of all prizes and no blanks, and so, without fretting on the subject, I tapped my table gently, and when my waiter, obeying the summons as readily as if it had been his own dinner-bell, stood erect before me, I pointed to some description of soup; "Bien, Monsieur!"[1] he replied;—to an odd-named fish; "bien, Monsieur!;"—to cutlets of apparently an extraordinary nature; "bien, Monsieur!;"—and lastly pointing to something I considered would be pastry, I then, looking as if I had been born in the room, closed the book.

"Très bien, Monsieur!"[2] said my attendant, making me a slight bow, and then carrying off the volume to its temporary resting-place.

As I had now delivered my judgment, and had nothing to do but to await the execution of the delightful sentence I had passed upon myself, I enjoyed the luxury of quietly looking about me. Round a small table at my right sat three Frenchmen, with beards black, blacker, and blackest; on my left three smooth-chinned modest-looking English young ladies,

[1] Good, Sir! [2] Very good, Sir!

with their husbands, or, with what among travellers is generally termed, their cousins. In the fore and back ground of the picture there continually crossed and recrossed, in various directions, and at various angles with the equator, a number of respectable, attentive, well-behaved waiters, of from twenty-five to forty-five years of age, with hair plastered by oil close to the head, in white neckcloths, and otherwise dressed as I have described. Among them there occasionally appeared a being of a higher order, distinguished by a *black* apron. This personage was altogether above bringing in books, dishes, changing plates, or wiping forks. His sole, serious, and important duty was to deliver to the occupier or occupiers of each table whatever wine, through the medium of the common white-aproned-waiter, had been required from him; and he not only brought it, but with great dignity uncorked it; and in the case of its being champagne, or wine that required to be cooled, I observed that, as carefully as a young mother lays her first infant in its cradle, he placed it on ice, almost horizontally, in a wooden frame resembling a ship gun-carriage, the neck of the bottle being elevated, as nearly as I could guess, at an angle of about ten degrees.

As dishes upon dishes, with hurried steps,

were brought to the numerous tables of the octagonal paradise in which I was seated, the buzz of conversation very sensibly increased, besides which the human mouth, like a regiment at review, went through all its most difficult movements. Sometimes it ate a good deal; then it drank a little; then it smiled; then it ate a little more; then it talked humorously; then it drank off a glass of champagne; then in a serious tone it called out "GARÇON!"[1] then it sipped; and then talked much more vehemently than before.

While my French companions, especially the three with black beards, which at every movement of their mouths kept irregularly vibrating, were munching, drinking, or expounding something which appeared almost invariably to end through the nose; shoulders, in all directions, began to shrug, hands began to act, and, as if in spite of ice, faces gradually became pinkish—pink,—red—redder,—hot and hotter. Indeed even the three young English ladies' lips looked, I thought, a very little warmer; and although for the life of me I could not perceive within the little octagonal room any additional cause for merriment, for some reason or other they certainly did giggle much oftener than at first. Indeed I was

[1] Waiter!

beginning to think whether the gentleman in the black apron ought not to have iced the wine-drinkers instead of the wine, when my reflections, all of a sudden, came to an end. My mind must surely have had a fit of apoplexy; for I remember nothing further that occurred, except that I found myself placidly, and in good fellowship with all men, lapping up with a spoon some very nice soup, which had scarcely vanished when I became the proprietor of some turbot, which, I rather believe, by some accident must have been ground to death in a mill. The composition, however, was most excellent. In due time I was nourished with cutlets luxuriously floating in essence of asparagus; and at last came my "tart," which turned out to be a small pastry bandbox, with a handsome lid, full of cockscombs, beautifully serrated and plaited, with a variety of odd-looking things, of all sorts of shapes and consistency. In fact, there must have been a little of every delicacy in creation; and the dish would have been a complete and most excellent dinner. Not wishing to appear eccentric, I had ordered a pint of champagne, and observing, when I had dismissed my tart, that when I took the little bottle from its icy bed, and tilted it up, it seemed—although to my knowledge I had really done nothing to offend

it—rather disposed to decline to hold any further communication with the glass beneath it, I tapped my table, and as soon as the gentle sound brought, as it instantly did bring, a waiter's face close to my own, I asked for my bill. While it was preparing, I acknowledged to myself, without hesitation, that I had very much enjoyed all I had seen, all I had heard, all I had eaten, and all I had drunk. The room, however, was so over-lighted, the glare from the lamps and looking-glasses was so oppressive, the feat I had performed, and the feast I had enjoyed, were altogether so unsuited to the fixed regimen of my life, that, as I had now not only witnessed but had assisted in the process of dining at a restaurateur's at Paris, I determined I would not do so again; and accordingly, excepting three days on which I accepted invitations of ceremony I could not decline, seated at an open window, I dined quietly in my lodging by myself, during the whole period of my short residence in the bright, gay, and happy metropolis of France.

PLACE DE LA BASTILLE.

On descending from an omnibus I found myself in a large, long, irregular, uncomfortable-looking open space, called the Place de la Bastille, formed by the junction of the Quai du Canal St. Martin, of the Boulevart Beaumarchais, of the Rue de la Roquette, Rue de St. Antoine, Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, Rue de Charenton, Rue de Lyon, and of the Boulevarts Bourdon and Contrescarpe, leading to the Pont d'Austerlitz.

At the point of concentration at which all these cross-roads met, I saw before me a lofty bronze column, surmounted by a perfectly naked, lengthy, thin, herring-stomached, long-backed, flying-Mercury-looking mountebank, with a pair of wings on his shoulders, the whole newly gilt all over, as if it had just flown, and for a moment —merely to take in wind—had perched there from California.

On the outside of the column, from the bottom to the top, in three strata, each representing the result of one day's revolutionary havoc, were inscribed in letters of gold, so small that at a few feet elevation they were to my eyes

utterly illegible, a variety of names. On the base was legibly engraved the following inscription, which briefly told me the whole story of the column:—

" Loi du 13 Décembre, 1830,
Art. 13.
Un monument sera consacré à la mémoire
Des événemens de Juillet.
Loi du 9 Mars, 1833,
Art. 2.
Ce monument sera érigé sur la Place
De la Bastille." [1]

On the other side was inscribed:—

" A la Gloire
Des Citoyens Français,
Qui s'armèrent et combattirent
Pour la Défense des Libertés Républiques
Dans les mémorables Journées
Des 27, 28, 29 Juillet, 1830." [2]

[1] Extract from the law of the 13th December, 1830,
Article 13.
A monument shall be consecrated to the memory
Of the events of July.
From the law of the 9th March, 1833,
Article 2.
This monument shall be erected on the Place
Of the Bastille.

[2] To the Glory
Of those French Citizens
Who armed themselves and fought
In Defence of Republican Liberty
During the memorable Days
Of the 27, 28, 29 July, 1830.

The monument was surrounded on all four sides by massive iron railings, within which, at the foot of the column all the way round, I observed a confused pile of faded wreaths (immortelles) and of branches of laurel, the leaves of which had become crisp and brown.

Just as I was about to enter the door, I heard some steps heavily descending, and, accordingly waiting for a few moments, there appeared, first the balustrade legs, then the protuberant waistcoat, and at last the warm, intelligent countenance of a brother Englishman—who, as he passed me, said, laying great emphasis on each of his nouns of number,

"There are *two hun*dred and *for*ty-three steps, Sir! I've just counted 'em!" And as it was exactly what I did not want to do, I put down the figures hot as I received them, and then, ascending a well-staircase, every bright brass step of which rang as I trod on it, I at last reached the summit, and for some time, absorbed in historical recollections, looked down upon the spot beneath, where the Bastille and all its included horrors had once existed.

On happening to cast my eyes upwards, I almost started at the appearance of the great gilt strip-stark-naked figure just above me. It was certainly beautifully balanced. His

whole person, from the crown of his head to the extremity of his pointed toe, which almost alone rested on its pedestal, was of bright, glittering gold. His long, thin neck was extended; his wings appeared almost to flutter on his back; and as an equipoise to the leg extended behind, he held in one hand a broken chain, in the other a burning torch.

Who this high-flown, high-bred personage might be—for besides being an angel he was evidently a gentleman—I could not exactly divine; and for several minutes I had been thinking it over and over, or rather round and round, as I descended towards the earth, when, on reaching the bottom, I perceived before me —no doubt he had purposely placed himself in that position—the man in the handsome cocked hat, who had charge of the column. Taking off my humble round one to him, and at the same moment slipping something into his hand, I asked him what the magnificent statue "en or,"[1] which I had just been admiring, represented?

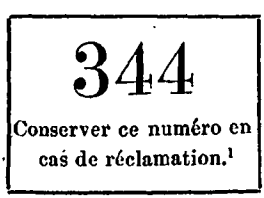
"Monsieur!" said he, with an extended hand and with a dignified smile, "c'est le Génie de la Liberté!"[2] which, I suppose, said I to myself, as I very slowly walked away, must surely mean—"her Ladyship's present husband."

[1] In gold. [2] Sir, it is the genius of Liberty.

HORSE ESTABLISHMENT.

I WAS on the point of asking an idle man, who, like myself, was mooning about the Place de la Concorde, where I should be likely to find a fiacre, when I observed one instinctively driving towards me. It was one of those little rickety, loose-jointed quadrirotal or four-wheeled buggies,—with a head, apron, and small driving-box in front containing a coachman in a black glazed hat, and blue jacket ornamented with a bright silver plaquet,—which are obliged to go anywhere within the wide world of Paris for 22 sous.

"A la Barrière de Charenton!" said I to the driver, who, without making any other answer than a nod, leant backwards, and, putting into my hand a little card of the size and with the inscription as here given, we all jogged on at the rate of about four miles an hour. The horse, for fear of the whip, did not dare to walk, and would not trot any faster without breaking into a canter,



[1] Keep this number in case of a complaint.

which was contrary to law; it was evidently useless, therefore, to say a word on the subject. However, it was a beautiful day, and as all I wanted was to be permitted now and then to look about me, and now and then to think a little, the horse, vehicle, and driver suited me exactly. I was now in one of the worst parts of Paris, and it was impossible to help observing that almost every time the horse nodded his head, as if, by order of the police, he were counting the number of steps he took, the prospect on each side of me became a little more gloomy. The houses became frailer, the lime appeared gradually to be changing into mud, slates into tiles, iron ornamental lamp-posts into plain wooden gibbets, with outstretched horizontal arms about four feet long, at the extremity of which, swinging in the wind, hung an inferior description of lamp. In looking at them I could hardly help shuddering, so clearly did they explain to me the horrid meaning of the cry "À la lanterne!"[1] which had been the death-warrant of so many thousands of people. Indeed, if I had never heard of such a cry, it would have been impossible for me to have driven by all these gibbets without noticing their ghastly appearance.

[1] Away with him to the lamp-post!

As soon as we arrived within about fifty yards of the point I had mentioned, the driver pulled gently at his reins, the horse very readily stopped—in fact, we all stopped. Leaning towards the driver, I paid him 22 sous; but instead of two more "pour boire"[2]—the customary gratification—I gave him five, for which he expressed himself exceedingly grateful; and I was thinking how very little gratitude, friendship, or good fellowship one could buy in London for three halfpence, when I observed a douanier glance very scrupulously at my pockets, while at the same moment his companion, opening the lid, peeped into a small basket in the hands of a poor woman walking beside me. In short, we were passing the Barrière de Charenton, at which—as at all others around Paris—the officers of the octroi examine everything that enters or goes out of the metropolis.

On inquiry I found that the great stables of the omnibus company I had come to visit were within a hundred yards, and as soon as I reached them I delivered to the chef of the establishment the note of introduction in my favour which M. Denault, near the Barrière of the Etoile, had been so obliging as to give to me.

[2] Drink-money.

"Vous êtes Anglais, Monsieur?"[1] said he, with a very friendly smile, as if an answer in the affirmative would be, as it evidently proved, pleasing to him. He then, with the utmost kindness, took me over every portion of his establishment: his stables, infirmary, forges, supplies of water, and storehouses of corn, hay, and straw.

As it would be tedious to the generality of my readers were I to repeat the details I witnessed, but which to me were highly interesting, I will briefly state that, of 263 horses under his care, 200 were males, there not being a single mare within the building; that the stables, instead of containing, as at the Barrière de l'Etoile, only 20 horses, held each from 40 to 50; that they were well ventilated; that the horses were separated in couples by swinging bails; that they were fed together in pairs with oats five times a-day; that at night they had as much hay as they could eat, with straw in the day "pour s'amuser;"[2] that each horse usually worked from 15 to 16 miles per day (the horses of the Paddington omnibuses, at greater speed, go only eleven miles per day); that one man was required to look after eight, and also to clean their harness; and that by other men the carriages were washed every day.

[1] Are you an Englishman, Sir?

[2] To amuse themselves with.

Lastly, that the sums paid by each passenger are as follows:—between any points within the barriers of Paris, 6 sous, with four additional if taken to places beyond the barriers. On Sundays the latter charge of 4 is increased to 6, the former charge remaining the same.

The establishment at the Barrière de Charenton in all main points was very creditably kept. On the whole, however, the horses were inferior to those working at the west end; indeed, although their health and comforts were essentially attended to, the locality seemed to authorize less attention to outward appearances.

While I was looking at the stud, I asked the chief superintendent what became of the company's horses—as they did not sell them—when no longer capable of public service; and as he gave me the same answer I had received from M. Denault, namely, that they were usually sent to the horse-slaughterers, called "équarrisseurs," at a considerable distance in the Plaine des Vertus, I begged he would give me a note of introduction, that I might ascertain what was the real conclusion of their career. He readily complied with my request, and accordingly, after thanking him for his great kindness, I managed to find another four-wheeled carriage, in which I drove off.

THE ÉQUARRISSEUR.

As we proceeded, the houses of the environs of Paris very soon began to turn into small habitations, dead walls, and at last altogether to die away. The road also appeared gradually to be losing its senses, and to stagger as if it had no idea at all where it was going to; and as I also was destitute of any knowledge on the subject, I remained passive, excepting now and then when, in going over lumps of loose stones, which appeared exceedingly disposed to upset us, I deemed it necessary with extended arms to hold on to each side of the carriage. In about half an hour we drove through a temporary passage in the masonry of the escarp of the line of fortifications which surrounds the metropolis; and here, for a few minutes, I descended from the carriage.

The fortified line of *enceinte* round Paris, which has caused so much observation and discussion, is composed of a rampart, ditch, covered berm (broad enough to be manned by skirmishers, or riflemen), and raised glacis, as

accurately as I could measure them—which any person is allowed to do—of the following dimensions:—

	Feet.
Height of the masonry of the escarp, above which is an earthen parapet . . .	33
Breadth of the ditch from 55 to . .	150
Height of crest of glacis above the bottom of the ditch	26

The masonry of the escarp is so well covered in front that it would evidently be impossible to breach it from a distance; and the enceinte, being a bastioned line, is in every part thoroughly well flanked; besides which its extent is so great that, practically speaking, it possesses almost the advantage of being a straight interminable front, which, of course, would prevent an enemy from envelopping its works for the purpose of enfilading them.

The counterscarp has not been reveted; and thus not only has a great expense been saved, but, as the army of defence would always be on a very large scale, the slope upwards to the covered berm and crest of the glacis would enable columns of troops of 10,000 or 20,000 men to make sorties on extended fronts from the ditch, which would again afford them most easy and convenient shelter if repulsed. The passage through the enceinte for the highroads (similar

to that in which my carriage was standing) would, of course, have proper gates, barriers, and loopholed defences applied whenever there appeared any probability of their being required, and at the same time the works would be armed.

The fortifying of Paris is generally acknowledged to have been a very judicious measure, and in this opinion I quite concur.

Wars will hereafter be more likely to be made by coalitions than formerly, and France more than any other country likely to be attacked by a powerful coalition. The armies of the Continent of Europe are much larger than they used to be; and from these facts combined it is undeniable that France may be assailed by 400,000 or 500,000 men at once. Under such circumstances the old lines of frontier-fortresses would not, as they were intended, afford the resource of checking the enemy at the threshold for months, because he would have forces enough to mask or watch them, as also his communications, and to make a dash at the capital with 100,000 or 150,000 troops, as was done in 1814, and again after Waterloo, and as, on similar principles of his own originating, Napoleon did in 1809 and 1812, &c.

Besides this, the frontiers of France, by the peace of 1815, have been left comparatively

open, as regards the covering by fortresses, and thus all the studies and labours of Vauban, Louis XIV., and Bonaparte, have been completely annulled.

If Paris, therefore, *could* be made defensible, so as to afford time, before it were taken, to give to the Government a chance of re-organising new armies, and of then acting upon the more extended lines of operations of the invader, it would more than replace the advantages of the frontier-fortresses, inasmuch as the movements against it would be much more difficult to support, and consequently much more dangerous to attempt.

The practicability of giving to Paris sufficient defensive powers depends upon two things:—

1st, On its fortifications being compact, and with ground around them favourable in form, and in freedom from buildings, enclosures, &c.

All which are peculiarly the case at Paris.

2nd, On the constant presence of a garrison sufficient in numbers and quality, without trenching upon the strength of the regular army for the field,—

Which is found in the hundreds of thousands of National Guards, who, under a certain military organization, are well armed, equipped, and accustomed to turn out and take ordinary

military duties; and although they would be very inferior as a manœuvring army in the field, yet backed by all the resources of Paris and the greater part of the population, including the *Ecole Polytechnique* and *élèves* of all sorts, who, for some unaccountable reason, in battles in Paris always seem to take the lead—they would form an excellent garrison in a fortress.

In France all military men seem to agree in the propriety of fortifying Paris, and the details of the execution of the "*enceinte continue*" are certainly extremely well adapted to the circumstances and object. The main foundation is laid, and seems to be carefully maintained; the filling up, by planting artillery, fixing a few barrier-gates and palisadings, and establishing some outworks in earth, would be readily added where most required, and the whole would then be most formidable.

The only discussion of any importance has been against the detached forts; and that has been raised by the ultra-republican party entirely on political grounds. They foresee that these forts would act as citadels to repress popular insurrections. This they would certainly help to do,—

1st, By securing arms, ammunition, and military means, &c., from the insurgents.

2ndly, By keeping the troops separated from the people.

3rdly, By placing small numbers in security to hold positions, containing prisons for safely guarding political offenders, &c. These advantages the Red Republicans, of course, deprecate; but, constitutionally speaking, ought the stability of even a Republican government to exist at the mercy of any sudden popular effort, founded, perhaps, on a delusion or fallacy, and always leading to absolute anarchy? And, again, could these forts really impede any well-considered reform that the public generally desired?

The ultra party, in their efforts to gain their point, have endeavoured to show that the detached forts of Paris have been constructed on faulty principles, even as a means of defence against a foreign enemy; but I believe it is generally admitted they are decidedly wrong; for there cannot be a doubt but that, when considered only in a military point of view, they would afford a very important support to the lines of circumvallation around Paris, besides forcing an enemy to keep at a greater distance, and to extend to a greater degree his communications.

It would no doubt be necessary that these detached forts should be garrisoned by *good* troops;

still they need not be all from the most efficient regulars; invalides, pensioners, gendarmes, and other *old soldiers*, who must always be in Paris, might form the bulk of them, the remainder being composed of the National Guard.

With respect to the continued lines—"enceinte continue"—around Paris, it may be said that even the large body of National Guards would not be sufficient fully to man their numerous bastions, &c. &c.; but it must be recollected that Paris could not in such a case by possibility be attacked, or *even threatened*, all round. It could only be attacked or seriously threatened by a very large force; and such a one could not be moved round by stealth, but would require *days* to be transported from one side to another, while the garrison would make counter-movements in *hours*; therefore at least two-thirds or three-fourths of the garrison would be on the sides liable to be attacked.

There exists, however, one consideration that would, of course, affect the whole question of the permanency of the organization of that National Guard on which the whole defence depends.

The army, and the ultra advocates for order and for a strong government, under the plea that the National Guard has been the pivot on

which all the popular movements have turned, would be very desirous of disbanding and abolishing it, but it may be presumed they are little likely to succeed.

On passing through the cutting, the magnificent plain before me appeared not only admirably adapted for the purposes of war but for the blessings of peace: a more perfect level of rich land can scarcely be beheld; indeed, the verdure was almost too luxuriant.

My enjoyment, however, of this scene was somewhat interrupted by the driver stopping the carriage at a point where the road on which we travelled branched into two crooked paths, first at one of which, and then at the other, he kept turning his face, evidently showing he did not know which to select. As, however, on that on the left I perceived a man approaching us on horseback, I desired him to drive along it, and when we met our fellow traveller I learned from him with much pleasure (to the driver, who was employed by the hour, it probably did not so much matter) that we were not only "all right," but with his hand he pointed out to us, at a considerable distance, some low buildings containing the chimney of a steam-engine, and surrounded by a wall, which he informed me was the place I was seeking.

On reaching the great entrance gate I perceived, seated on the ground, four or five exceedingly pretty children; and on the driver ringing the bell, there came out and up to me a young woman, whose clean appearance and pleasing countenance I certainly had not expected to find within so solitary, and, from the ideas connected with it, so gloomy an abode. On receiving my note she said she would go and look for the superintendent; in the mean while, as she begged I would walk in, I entered the gate, and, turning to the right, proceeded by myself about fifty yards, until I came to a scene that arrested me. Before me was a mass of about fifty yards of motionless and moving substances. The former were the carcases of horses, at the furthermost end in their hides,—nearer just skinned,—nearer still headless,—and close to me divided into limbs. Among this mass of skulls, bones, limbs, and dull flabby skins, stooping and standing in various attitudes, were the men who were performing these various operations; and as, in point of colour, their dresses assimilated with their work, it was, as I have stated, difficult at the first glance to discover the living from the dead.

In front of this strange scene, and immediately before me, were two rather ill-looking men with mustachios and beards, each employed

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at a separate stone table in skinning a dead dog.

"What! do you kill *dogs* here?" said I, addressing myself to these men.

"Oh oui!" said the worst-looking of them, "toute sorte d'animaux!"[1] and, after a pause, without once having raised his eyes to look at me, he added, as he sliced away, "même d'humains!"[2]

It was the only unpolite answer I received in France, and, as I knew pretty well how to deal with it, I said very gravely, "Et les femmes, vous les tuez aussi?"[3]

The man instantly stopped skinning,—looked up,—grinned,—his comrade grinned too,—and we were all friends. They informed me that the dogs they were skinning had been sent by the police of Paris, who take summary possession of any that, especially in hot weather, are found wandering about without masters.

Although the scene before me was undeniably a strange one, it was neither what I cared for nor what I had come for; and, as it was the condition of the poor living horses, and not the disposition of the carcases or bones of dead ones,

[1] Oh yes! all sorts of animals.

[2] Human beings as well.

[3] And women, do you kill them too?

for which I felt any interest, I asked the man who had given me the sulky answer if he would do me the favour to conduct me over the establishment, which, no doubt with the knowledge that I was "Anglais,"[1] he readily consented to do. Accordingly, at my request, he led me to a portion of the yard about fifty yards off, where I found standing, tied up to a strong rail, the three horses next to be slaughtered. The hair of their manes and tails was cut close off; at a slight glance at their flanks I at once saw, however, all I was anxious to ascertain, namely, that they were full of food. What were their disorders, of lungs or limbs, whether they were broken-winded or incurably lame, were facts I did not care to investigate; but there is something so revolting in the idea of allowing a poor horse,—our willing servant of all work,—to suffer in his last moments from the pangs of hunger, that, considering the lonely spot in which we stood, I own I felt relieved as well as rejoiced to see what I have described. The man informed me that, under the supervision of an agent of police, who resides in the establishment—which had been constructed by a company, and which in thirty-one years will belong to Paris—the animals sent to be slaughtered are, except under

[1] An Englishman.

particular circumstances, not allowed to be kept alive above twenty-four hours; indeed, they are generally killed on the day of their arrival. That, during the time they are alive, horses, cows, and bullocks, receive one "botte" of hay per day; asses and mules, half a "botte." That dogs and cats are usually killed by the police, and sent merely to be skinned.

A few yards off on my right was a large heap of horses' feet, and, as I observed most of them had shoes on, I inquired the reason. "Ah!" said the man, very gravely, "c'est qu'ils ont appartenu à des personnes qui ne s'amusent pas à les déferrer."[1]

He then conducted me to a covered building, where the bodies of the horses are boiled, and in which are steam presses, to extract "l'huile de cheval,"[2] after which is made Prussian blue, the residue being sold as manure; in the adjacent building there stood a number of casks full of the oil extracted.

[1] Ah! it is because they belonged to people who did not care about (literally, "who did not amuse themselves by") taking the shoes off.

[2] Horse-oil.

THE POOR OF PARIS.

In France so much has been said and sung, so much written in ink and in blood, about liberty, fraternity, and equality, that on my arrival at Paris I might have expected to find that the innumerable gradations into which society in England and elsewhere is divided had been swept away; that in the French metropolis wealth had no mountains, poverty no valleys, but that the whole family of mankind were living together on a "pays bas,"—on one common level. The first hatter's shop I came to, however, very clearly explained to me that the advocates of "equality" have preached infinitely more than they have practised.

In one window, in the Rue St. Honoré, and within a hundred yards of my lodging, I beheld, the very first morning I left it, citizens' hats of various prices; cocked hats, helmets, and shakos, of various grades; and, finally, servants' hats, finer, if possible, than all. Several had not only bands of broad silver or gold lace, but

either the edges were broadly trimmed with the same costly material, or the hat was ornamented with four rich silver cords from brim to crown, terminating in a fine gilt button. There were, also, for the postilions of the republic, jockey caps of superfine blue cloth, ornamented by a broad silver band, containing a gold stripe in the centre.

In the principal streets, and especially in the Avenue of the Champs Elysées, are to be seen, during the hours of fashionable resort, every description of carriage, from four-in-hand chariots, and barouches, driven by coachmen in wigs with two tiers of curls, and bearing coronets of different ranks, down to the citadine containing a whole family, who have probably hired it to enjoy the luxury of an hour's drive.

In rumbles behind I often saw two footmen in splendid liveries, with bouquets of flowers in their breasts, sitting "à l'Anglaise," in mute silence, with folded arms, terminating in milk-white gloves.

On nearly every barouche-box is to be seen, beside the coachman, a servant, more or less gaudy, in a similar attitude—the favourite folly of the day. As these carriages, following each other in line, parade or vibrate from one end of the avenue to the other, "down the middle and up again," they pass or are passed by

equestrians in every known costume. Some are so padded and stuffed,—so ornamented with fine frills in their bosoms and beautiful flowers at their breasts, — have such little feet and such small fingers, — in short, are altogether so fashionably dressed, that one hardly knows whether they are big girls or great men. Some are dressed as "cavaliers," in complete riding costume, others in shooting coats, a few in uniform, many in blouses.

On the boulevards are to be seen at all times, and especially in hot weather, enormous crowds of people seated on chairs, or slowly lounging about, apparently with no business to perform, or other object to look forward to than to get rid of sultry weather, by means of little cups of coffee, little glasses of brandy, tobacco-smoke, and repose. Of this crowd a proportion are men who, having nourished no natural attachments, have sold the patrimony they inherited for a small annuity, and, like the candles at a Dutch auction, are living it out. Among the mass are a vast number of people who, according to the custom of Paris, have got off their two or three children—not one half of the mothers suckle their own infants—by sending them, as soon as they have become three or four years old, for eight or ten years to "pensions" in the country,

where, entirely weaned from parental solicitude, they naturally become *all* socialists.

In Paris a very large number of poor people associate as man and wife without being married; and what is particularly demoralising to the community, the generality of them live together very happily.

Now, although all these various grades of society and different modes of existence form a striking contrast to the words "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality," which on every public building, and on most of the churches of Paris, are to be seen inscribed in the coarsest, cheapest description of black paint, so bad that it must evidently in a very few years peel off, crack off, or by rain or revolutions be washed off; yet, in the midst of varnished carriages with coronets, equestrians, pedestrians, chairs, little tables, coffee, brandy, and tobacco-smoke, I was constantly asking myself this important question, "Where are the poor?"

Now, it so happened that the same question had been intruding itself on the mind of Lord Ashley; and as, in reply to his philanthropic inquiries on the subject, Dr. M'Carty, physician to the British Embassy at Paris, a gentleman of great ability and intelligence, had offered to conduct him to a few of the very worst and poorest

parts of Paris, I gladly availed myself of Lord Ashley's kind invitation that I should accompany him. Accordingly, meeting by appointment at Meurice's hotel, his lordship, Dr. M'Carty, and myself, one after another, walked up the crazy steps of a "voiture de place," at the window of which, as soon as we were all seated, there appeared, in the form of a note of interrogation, the hat, face, neckcloth, and waistcoat of the driver.

"Au Marché des Patriarches,"[1] replied Dr. M'Carty, leaning towards him.

"Bien, Monsieur!"[2] said our conductor, and then, mounting his box, he rumbled us along the magnificent Rue de Rivoli, across the Place du Louvre, close to the beautiful Gardens of the Luxembourg, and at last into the Rue d'Enfer.[3] Said I to myself, as I read its name at the corner of the street, "This looks something like business." From thence we proceeded along several clean streets, until Dr. M'Carty observed to us that we were approaching our object. The words, however, were hardly out of his mouth before we rattled by a nice small plot of open ground, covered with trees. I was so anxious to arrive at zero, that, strange to say,

[1] To the Market of the Patriarchs!
[2] Good, Sir! [3] Hell Street.

I felt quite disappointed at the fresh air which these trees seemed to enjoy, and at the cool agreeable shade they created; and I had not recovered from this feeling when the carriage stopped, the driver opened the door, and we one by one got out. As we stood together in a group, I fancied we all looked a trifle smarter in our dress, and that the watch-chains in some of our waistcoat pockets glittered a little more, than when we had entered the voiture de place; but as no change could have come over us, the difference must have proceeded from our being now in a part of the city of inferior architecture, inhabited by people, whose dress at once proclaimed them to belong to an infinitely less opulent portion of the community. Still everything and everybody I saw were neat; the caps of the women, whether walking in the streets, standing at their doors, or within their shops, were fresh and white. The shirts of the men were, considering it was Friday, very clean too; but as we followed Dr. M'Carty, what struck me most was, that every man, woman, and child we met was habited in a national costume, expressive of his—I must not in a republic say rank, but— . . . avocation. The gold ear-rings, particular-shaped cap, or handkerchief twisted round the head, was something that the wearer

seemed not only authorised to carry, but proud to call her own. No doubt these deceitful ornaments often bloomed over an aching heart and a faint stomach; and there might, therefore, I felt, exist misery, which, as a passing stranger, I might be incompetent to analyse, and consequently unable to detect.

Before, however, coming to any conclusion on the subject, I must observe that there existed before my eyes a difference, if possible, still more remarkable, and which in a comparison between the poorest parts of Paris and London cannot with fairness be overlooked. In London, and even in England, people accustomed from their infancy to that moist healthy climate which gives verdure to animal life, red and white roses to the cheeks of our peasantry and to those of their lovely children, are really not aware that, under all circumstances, and at all periods of the year, they are living, in the country in a mist, and in London in an atmosphere of smoke, of more or less density. It is true, often in the country, and even in the metropolis, we have bright sunshiny days, in which we talk of the air being beautifully clear; but between the air of England and of Paris there is as much difference in clearness as between the colour of the water in the straits between Dover and Calais and that

of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, in which the blue sky of heaven appears to be reflected.

But not only does the air of Paris possess a clearness I have never seen exceeded, or scarcely equalled, in any other portion of the globe, but, from the absence of mist and smoke, it is enabled to receive, and it evidently does contain, infinitely more light than can possibly find room to exist in the moist "half and half" air and water atmosphere of England. In the broad streets, in the great squares, and especially from the gritty asphalt pavement of the Place de Concorde, the reverberation of a superabundance of light generates green goggles for old eyes, crows' feet around middle-aged ones, and for a few moments lowering eyebrows, even above young ones. But it is in the poorest parts of Paris this remarkable amount of light, of dryness, and of clearness of the atmosphere, are most striking. Indeed, as I followed Dr. M'Carty, I remarked in every street we entered, that, as far as the eye could reach, there was apparently no difference whatever between the clear, clean air on the pavement and that of the heavens over our head. Every distant moving object, every carriage, every horse, every man, every woman, every child, every dog, and every cat that, chased by the dog, scampered across

the street, was as clearly visible as if it had passed close to us. In fact, the air was so clear that distance appeared unable, as in England, to dissolve the interesting picture which every street and alley we entered brought to view.

As in the case of the difference of dress, it must, however, be considered that, although the clearness I have described gives a charm, a cheerfulness, and a transcendent beauty to the streets of Paris, there may, and I believe there does, lie lurking within it an amount of impurity which, although it be invisible, renders Paris, on the whole, infinitely less healthy than London. Without tracing the various bad smells which proceed from almost every floor of almost every house to their impure sources, it is evident that in the aggregate they must contaminate although they do not discolour; and it is no doubt for this reason—from the continued prevalence of this invisible agent—in fact, from inferior sanitary arrangements, and especially from defective drainage—that,

While the comparative mortality of the population of London, exceeding two millions, is 2·5 per cent., the mortality of the population of Paris, rather less than one million, is 3·3 per cent.

Again, while the ravages of the cholera in

London were in the proportion of 14·601 per cent., in Paris they were 15·196 per cent.

The total average deaths in Paris are from 28,000 to 30,000 annually, which, on a population of 900,000, gives about 1 in 30.

The deaths in London, varying from 1 in 28 in Whitechapel to 1 in 56 in Hackney, average for the whole population 1 in 42; that is to say, about one-fourth less than at Paris: and thus, from inferior sanitary arrangements, there die annually in clear bright Paris about 7000 persons more than, out of the same amount of population, die in smoky London.

But although I summoned these statistics into my mind to prevent it being led astray by appearances which might be deceitful, yet I must own it was my impression, and I believe that of Lord Ashley, that the poverty we had come to witness bore no comparison whatever to that recklessness of personal appearance, that abject wretchedness, that squalid misery, which — dressed in the cast-off tattered garments of our aristocracy and wealthy classes, and in clothes perforated with holes not to be seen among the most savage tribes—Ireland annually pours out upon England, and which, in the crowded courts and alleys of London I have so often visited, produce among our own people, as it were

by infection which no moral remedy has yet been able to cure, scenes not only revolting as well as discreditable to human nature, but which are to be witnessed in no other portion, civilized or uncivilized, of the globe.

As we were anxious to get into the interior of some of the poorest of the houses around us, we entered the shop of a cobler, who as usual

> "lived in a stall,
> Which served him for parlour, kitchen, and all."

The poor fellow was not only very indigent, but evidently did not like "rich aristocrats," which our dress, to his mind, proclaimed us to be.—How little did he know that the arch-aristocrat of the party before him was an English nobleman, who, regardless of the allurements of rank and station, had laboured during nearly his whole life to ameliorate the condition of those beneath him!—Accordingly, as he sat hammering away, he gave to our questions very short answers. He was in fact a true republican: still, however, although he wanted exceedingly to get rid of us, he did not use towards us a word approaching to incivility; and I moreover observed that, whatever might be his poverty or his principles, he wore a clean shirt, and was otherwise decently dressed.

In passing along the next street, we entered a very large house, in which we perceived a great congregation of women, all busily engaged, each at her tub, in washing. Over their heads, and the steam that partially enveloped them, there hung from a rafter a large tricolor flag, above which were inscribed the words—"Vive la République."[1]

As our entrance naturally caused some little sensation, one of our party endeavoured to allay it by telling a stout lady, who had evidently the charge of the whole—what, under every circumstance, is always the best—the truth; namely, that we had walked in to see her establishment.

"Voyez donc, Monsieur!" said the stout woman, waving her right hand successively at all her assistants; "il y a des jeunes et des vieilles." After a short pause she added, "Vous en trouverez qui sont jolies. Allez!"[2]

Their beauty, however, not being to Lord Ashley or any of us a subject of what is called primary importance, we ventured to make a few statistical inquiries: upon which the lady, evidently suspecting that our object must, in some way or other, be hostile to the flag under which she

[1] The republic for ever!

[2] Look over it, Sir; there are young and old. You will find among them some that are pretty. Arrah!

presided, suddenly became so exceedingly cautious, that, excepting seeing that there were no very distressing signs of poverty in her establishment —which, indeed, was all we desired to ascertain —we could obtain nothing in answer to our queries but a repetition of the words "Je n'en sais rien, Monsieur! ça ne m'occupe pas!"[1] and so we departed.

As in the locality in which we stood we had failed to find any of those painful combinations of poverty and despair we had been led to expect, Dr. M'Carty was kind enough to propose to go with us in search of them to another district of Paris, commonly called "la Petite Pologne." Here, however, we found the general condition of the poorer classes in no way worse than those we had just left. On entering a large house four stories high, running round a small, square, hollow court, we ascertained that it contained rather more than 500 lodgers, usually grouped together in families or in little communities. In this barrack or warren, the rooms, paved with bricks, were about 15 feet long, 10 feet broad, and 8 feet high. We found them, generally speaking, clean and well ventilated, but the charge for each chamber unfurnished was six francs per month.

[1] I know nothing about it, Sir; it does not concern me!

Dr. M'Carty now kindly proposed that we should return to the rich west end of Paris, to the most miserable district in that portion of the city. Here also we failed to meet with anything that could be said to add opprobrium to poverty. The inhabitants of the few houses we entered were, no doubt, existing upon very feeble subsistence, but in every case they appeared anxious to preserve polite manners and to be clean in their dress. In the Rue du Roche, No. 2, we entered a lodging-house, kept by a clean, pleasing-mannered woman, and as all her lodgers were out at work we walked over her establishment. The rooms, which were about 8 feet 7 inches in height, contained—nearly touching each other—from three to five double beds; for each of which she charged 10 sous per night, being 5 sous, or 2½*d.* for each sleeper (in London the charge is usually 4*d.*). The woman told us that to every bed she allowed clean sheets once a fortnight. Each room had one window, and we found every one in the house wide open.

Although Dr. M'Carty had now shown us the poorest description of people of whose condition he was cognisant, I have no doubt that an agent of the police could have led us to scenes of greater misery than those I have described.

JARDIN DES PLANTES.

On coming out of the Boulevart de l'Hôpital I found myself close to the Jardin des Plantes, and as I had procured an ordinary order of admission, which happened to be in my pocket-book, I walked into it.

The politeness which distinguishes the French nation is not only retailed by every citizen of Paris, but, with a liberality which merits the admiration of the civilized world, is administered wholesale by the French Government to every stranger who visits their metropolis. For instance, the magnificent cabinets of comparative anatomy, the gallery of zoology, the specimens contained in the mineralogical and geological galleries of the Jardin des Plantes, are only open to the citizens of Paris on Tuesdays and on Fridays; whereas any traveller, however humble his station, on application in writing, or by merely producing his passport certifying that he is a stranger in the land of a great nation, is, in addition to the days mentioned, allowed free entrance on Mondays,

Thursdays, and Saturdays. On Wednesdays the collections are closed for cleaning, and on Sundays no person is admitted. Dogs must always be muzzled, and, to prevent mischief, they are not allowed in any instance to enter that portion of the grounds in which the loose animals are kept.

I had scarcely entered the gardens when I was accosted by a short active man of about fifty-five years of age, with a brown face and an arched nose—it arched concavely, snout-wise—who, in a few words, very logically explained to me—

1st, That I was evidently a foreigner;

2ndly, That being a foreigner I must necessarily be totally ignorant of the localities of the Jardin des Plantes;

3rdly, That being ignorant I should be lost in the intricacies of its curiosities;

4thly, That he was an authorised commissionnaire; in short, that I knew nothing, he everything, and

THEREFORE that *I* should gain infinitely by putting myself under his care.

The demonstration was so complete, that, by the utterance of "Allons donc!"[1] I gruffly consummated the alliance he proposed; and the

[1] Get on then!

two syllables could not, I am sure, have flown twenty yards, before I and the brown-faced man with the arched nose were walking together rather vigorously along a broad path, shaded by trees, towards the gallery of zoology.

I now discovered—as in hasty love matches has but too often proved to be the case—that my guide and I were unhappily missuited to each other, and the consequence was we had at least six quarrels—or, to state the case more fairly, he forced me to quarrel with him about half a dozen times—before we had proceeded a hundred yards. The subject of our dispute, which I submit to the unprejudiced judgment of the reader, was as follows. I—looking upon the man as my slave, and recollecting the American maxim "that every man has an undoubted right to flog his own nigger"—felt I was authorised to put to him little questions as fast as each, one after another, bubbled up in my mind; but every time I attempted to do so, and before I had got out three words, he invariably stopped me full butt by advising me to go and see the animals and the labyrinth, for reasons which I, in return, would not allow him to utter. In fact, just as a new member in the House of Commons, who, having written out his maiden speech, and learnt

it by heart, cannot deliver himself of any other, so had my guide only one way of showing me what he thought I ought to see; in fact, my ideas, whether first, second, or third-class passengers, were all to run on his rails.

I told him I would not give a sou to see all the animals in the world; that I detested a labyrinth; and as he began to see I evidently disliked him too, and that I was seriously thinking of a divorce, he shrugged up his shoulders, and we walked in silence towards the gallery of zoology, a plain building of three stories high, 390 feet in length, into which I was very glad to find that he, not being a stranger, was not allowed to enter.

The magnificent collection in the seven great apartments of this establishment are classed according to the system of Baron Cuvier. In the first room stands a marble statue of Buffon, appropriately surrounded in this and also in the following room by a complete collection of highly-varnished turtles and tortoises of all sizes, little fishes and serpents in bottles, enormous large ones suspended from the ceiling, snakes in the corner, and aquatic birds of every possible description in all directions. In the third are congregated more than 2000 reptiles of 500 different sorts, divided into four great families,

namely, Chelonians, commonly called tortoises; Saurians, or lizards, comprehending crocodiles, &c.; Ophidians, or serpents; and Batracians, vulgarly termed by the uninitiated toads, frogs, &c. The fourth contains crustaceous species, comprehending brachyures, anomures, macroures, stomapodes, amphipodes, and xyphosures. The fifth is enlivened by a great variety of stuffed apes, monkeys, ourang-outangs, and chimpanzees. In the sixth are zoophytes, sponges, nautili, and fossil shells. In the seventh is a beautiful statue in white marble, by Dupaty, representing vivifying Nature, surrounded by a quantity of stuffed goats, dogs, and llamas.

From this splendid collection I ascended by a staircase, the walls of which—no doubt with a view to keep the pot of the mind of visitors constantly boiling—have been appropriately hung with dolphins, seals, and other marine animals, to the second story, composed of four vaulted rooms, in the first of which are various species of mammalia, such as foxes, bears, weasels, and kangaroos. The next room swarms with apes, armadillos, bears, wolves, hyænas, and ferrets. In the third, a long gallery, intersected by four arches, contains, principally in glass cases, upwards of 10,000 stuffed birds of

2500 different sorts, forming the most complete collection in Europe.

In the centre of rooms Nos. 2, 3, and 4, just described, are arranged in glass cases a complete collection of polypterous and apterous insects, also nests of termites, hornets, and wasps, with specimens of the devastations effected in wood by different species of worms; likewise a numerous collection of shells, mollusca, zoophytes, echini, &c.

On the ground-floor are two rooms full of duplicates of zoophytes and specimens preserved in spirits; and in the third mammiferous animals of the largest class, such as elephants, hippopotami, morses, rhinoceros, &c.

On the whole the gallery of zoology of the Jardin des Plantes is estimated to contain upwards of 200,000 specimens of the animal kingdom, among which are 2000 specimens of mammalia, of nearly 500 different species, and 5000 specimens of fishes of about 2500 species; besides which there is a very complete variety of tubifores, madrepores, millepores, corallines, and sponges.

While, with Galignani's guide-book in my hand, I was hastily passing through the chambers I have detailed, now stopping for a mo-

ment to look at a large specimen and then at a little one, I could not help acknowledging how pleased my guide—who had been trying in vain to allure me to the living animals of the Garden —would be could he but witness the feelings which, on very slippery boards, I experienced as I walked between scales of serpents, shells of tortoises, skins of animals, and the plumage of birds, whose bodies were all gone, and whose joyous lives had long been extinct; all had been the captives of man; all had died either by his hands, or in his hands; and although their variety was infinite, their congregation astonishing, and the method of their arrangement most admirable, yet, in point of beauty, every specimen—whether of a poor bird with wings extended always in the same attitude, of an animal with glass eyes and puffy legs, of a gouty-looking fish immoveably floating in spirits of wine—was but an unsightly mockery of the living creatures with which it has pleased an Almighty Power to ornament and animate that tiny speck of his creation on which we live.

On descending the slippery stairs into the fresh air, my guide—who had been waiting at the door like a cat watching for a mouse—instantly joined me, and probably having, like

myself, had time to reflect on the subject of our disputes, he conducted me very obediently towards the point I had named, without once reverting to the labyrinth or to the animals, which, I have no doubt, were still meandering and swarming in his mind. Nevertheless, to every little question I was about to put to him he could not refrain from beginning to give me a long answer before I had said three syllables; and his apprehension was so uncomfortably quick, and his retention of speech so feeble, that I had become quite disgusted with him, when, as we were walking together rather quickly, he suddenly stopped.

On the ground on my right, with her back against a row of iron rails, was seated a poor woman with two children by her side; another, a little boy, had been playing with a ball; and it was because the child had thrown his ball between the rails, out of his reach, and stood wistfully looking at it, that my guide had stopped in the very middle of a question I was asking him.

"Pardon, Monsieur!"[1] said he to me, leaning towards me, and taking out of my left hand my umbrella, with which, after a good deal of dexterous fishing, he managed to hook out the lost ball. The child joyfully seized it.

[1] Pardon me, Sir!

"Qu'est-ce que vous allez dire à Monsieur?"[1] said his mother to him.

"Merci, Monsieur!"[2] said the boy, looking my guide full in the face, and slightly bowing to him. The man touched his hat to the poor woman, and then walked on.

"Well!" said I to myself, "that scene is better worth beholding than a varnished fish, or a stuffed monkey!" and after witnessing it, and reflecting on it, somehow or other, I quarrelled no more with my guide.

I had now been conducted, according to my desire, to the Cabinet of Comparative Anatomy, which, by the unwearied exertions of Baron Cuvier, by whom it was arranged, and under whose direction most of the objects were prepared, has become the richest and most valuable collection in Europe.

On entering the ground floor I gazed for some minutes at an assortment of skeletons of whales, —of a variety of marine animals,—and of a male morse,—brought by Captain Parry from the polar regions; then proceeding into the next room, and afterwards up stairs, I found myself surrounded by mummies, then by rows of human skulls phrenologically arranged; then appeared

[1] What are you going to say to the gentleman?

[2] Thank you, Sir.

the skulls of various animals; then a model of the human head, which, on being taken to pieces, displayed all its anatomical secrets; then a cast of the human figure, denuded of its skin, cleverly developing the muscles; lastly, skulls and casts of great men, good men, and wicked men. Among these curiosities I stood for some time looking at a small group of skeletons, which had apparently been collected for the purpose of displaying comparative specimens of the different members of the nations of Europe.

There was the skeleton of an Italian, twenty-five years of age; of a Dutchman, aged forty; of a "Flamand," sixty; of a Frenchman (no age stated); and, lastly, one above which was written,—

"Anglais,
Agé de 68 ans.
De l'Hospice de la Pitié."[1]

I was looking at my countryman, who, poor fellow! had it seemed ended his earthly career, whatever it might have been, under the friendly but distant roof of a French hospital—the yearly average number of patients in which is 10,750—

[1] An Englishman,
Aged 68 years,
From the Hospital of Pity.

when I observed, written upon his skull, in pencil, the words

"ANGLICUS SUPERBUS."[1]

In glancing at the row of skeletons before me, I had naturally been so impressed with the truisms that in death all men are equal, and that, although the bones before me had never chanced to enter that grave in which, it is said, no distinction exists, they were, at all events, now all alike, that it had never for a moment entered into my head to make any comparison between them. The words, however, in pencil, involuntarily drew my attention to the subject, and I then remarked, what any one who may hereafter visit this little row of grim skeletons will instantly perceive, namely, that in the poor Englishman's chest there is, where his lungs and heart had lived, room for a clean shirt, a couple of neckcloths, and half-a-dozen pocket-handkerchiefs more than in the chest of the Frenchman, Dutchman, Flamand, or Italian; and although I was very far from entertaining any desire to be witty, and, above all, to abuse the privilege which by the French nation had been so generously granted to me, I certainly did feel that, as an English translation of the

[1] The Proud Englishman.

words in pencil, "Anglicus Superbus," on the head of my poor countryman, who had died in an hospital, there might fairly be inscribed

"UGLY CUSTOMER;"

for a more powerful frame I never beheld: indeed the breadth between his chest and backbone, as compared with his companions, is most remarkable.

Beside the group I have just described was a skeleton, over which, by authority of the museum, was inscribed,—

"Squelette de Solyman,
Instruit mais très fanatique,
Assassin de Kleber."[1]

In what may be called a chamber of horrors I perceived the inside of an ourang outang. Also the interior of some hens, showing the gradual formation of their eggs; and as a companion thereto, in a different portion of the room, were specimens showing the comparative size of infants of various ages.

One of the most interesting objects I witnessed in this department of science was a distinct human form, looking as if it had been

[1] The skeleton of Solyman,
Learned, but a great fanatic,
The assassin of Kleber.

spun by an immense spider. It was a representation of nothing but the heart, veins, and arteries of a man. The whole secret of his life was here developed. The course of his blood, rushing, flowing, ebbing back, creeping, and crawling to and from every part of his system, was so minutely detailed, that the momentary passing blush across his cheek was clearly explained.

On a board suspended against one of the walls of this room I observed inscribed the following creditable appeal to the good sense and good feeling of the French people :—

" Ces collections, Propriétés Nationales, sont mises sous la sauve-garde des citoyens." [1]

As I felt that I could manage to crawl about the garden, or even occasionally to sit down and rest myself, without assistance, on coming out of the museum I paid off my brown-faced attendant to his entire satisfaction; and having thus thrown off my allegiance to him, I determined for about half an hour to enjoy liberty, fraternity, and equality. I therefore joined the crowd, and as everybody seemed to be strolling about, he or she knew not where or why, I very luxuriously did the same.

[1] These collections, the Property of the Nation, are placed under the protection of the citizens.

Sometimes I found myself in an avenue of lime and chestnut trees;—then in a large enclosure forming the botanical garden, and called the School of Botany;—then in a nursery teeming with indigenous, exotic, and perennial plants;—then looking over the railings of a sunk enclosure containing a beautiful assortment of flowing shrubs;—then, after wandering about, I saw within a few feet on my right the bright eyes of a pair of beautiful antelopes, in an enclosure entirely their own;—then some very odd sheep, that looked as if their grandfather had been a respectable goat;—then, with horns growing backwards, some buffaloes;—then a flock of llamas. Then I came to a poultry-yard, in the middle of which stood a magnificent peacock, with his tail spread so that every eye in it might look directly at the sun; around him were a wife and an only child, a couple of cranes, some eccentric-looking geese, ducks, and other water-fowl, from various quarters of the globe. In another direction were some long-legged ostriches and a cassowari.

Then I passed a hexagonal building, with a projecting pavilion from each side, surrounded by railings, in which were a young rhinoceros, an Asiatic buffalo, a cabiäi or capybara from Brazil, and a brace of elephants, whose sagacious

minds, or rather trunks, were constantly occupied in analyzing the contents of a great number of little outstretched hands, some of which contained a bit of orange-peel,—rejected;—half a bun,—accepted;—the core and pips of an apple, the rest of which a maidservant had eaten,—accepted;—&c.

In one enclosure were some beautiful zebras; in others South American buffaloes, antelopes, gazelles, and bisons. In the menagerie, composed of two dens full of wild-beasts, were hyænas, wolves, jackals, leopards, lions and lionesses, safely secured by iron bars, through which a crowd of people of all ages, in round hats, cocked hats, casquets, caps, bonnets, and with mouths gaping or closed, are continually to be seen gazing at the captives. The chief point of attraction, however—I mean that which appeared to be best suited to all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, of senators, soldiers, and clergy — was a substantial stone building, divided into a number of little compartments, with a large circular playground in front, covered with wirework, in which were to be seen wet-nursing, caressing, squalling, quarrelling, gambolling, biting, pinching, pulling, jumping, vaulting, swinging by their tail, until tired by all these exertions they paused to rest

and chatter, a large and complicated assortment of monkeys, daily allowed to enjoy sunshine and fresh air, and to hold a levee, until four o'clock, at which hour a couple of keepers with whips drive them into their respective cells, the doors of which—some not more than a foot square—shut them up for the remainder of the twenty-four hours, to ruminate on what they have seen, and digest as well as they can what they have eaten.

After passing some very large, lazy, soft, flabby boa constrictors under glass, and kept warm by blankets and hot air, in short, looking altogether very much like highly respectable aldermen after a civic feast, I came to a quantity of cages, containing all sorts of Roman or hook nosed birds of prey, from the tiny sparrow-hawk up to the eagle, vulture, and, at last, the great condor of South America, whose bald pate, bony legs, and muscular frame, I had never before seen in captivity; among them I observed a dull, puny-looking, brown bird, with a particularly weak beak, over whose head, as he stood moping on his perch, was written—"surely," said I to myself, "by some royalist"—

"AIGLE VULGAIRE DE CORSE."[1]

[1] Common (vulgar) Eagle of Corsica.

After strolling about some little time among a crowd of people, who seemed to be as happy and as thoughtless as the birds singing in the trees around them, I saw several persons peeping over each other's shoulders at something beneath them, and, on my peeping too, over the bonnet and beautiful ribands of a lady, if possible, as old as myself, I perceived that the objects of their attention were some bears, in two or three deep pits, separated from each other by high walls, of the same altitude as those which surrounded them on the three other sides. In one of these cells were two large brown transatlantic specimens, living with all that can conveniently be granted to them to remind them of their distant homes; and thus, in the middle of the universe of their small paved court, there has been placed a solitary pole, with iron bars instead of branches, to represent the great forest of North America. With these reminiscences before them they are perfectly at liberty to roam as far and to climb as high as they can. One of the captives, however, instead of doing either one or the other, stood on his hind legs, searching for benevolent faces that would give him apples, while, in the adjoining cell, a white bear looked up most piteously as if begging only for—cold.

In another cell I observed poor Bruin cantering for exercise round his pit as steadily as if a horse-breaker had been lounging him; and yet I remarked that even *he* now and then, like Rasselas, looked upwards, evidently longing to be out. Among those who, like myself, were intently watching these poor captives, were two young fresh-coloured priests, in long black gowns, tight over their chests and loose downwards, three-cornered black hats, white bands, and white edges to their stocks. As they stood directly opposite, I found I could not conveniently raise my eyes from the animals without looking at them, and whenever I did so, and reflected, poor fellows! on the unnatural lives that had been chalked out for them, I could not help feeling that, on the whole, the bears had the best of it.

As I was retiring from the gardens in which, with so much pleasure, I had been a loiterer, just as I passed the barrier that contained the elephants the clock struck three. The sagacious creatures, who, resting first one huge fore leg and then the other, had been as attentive to the crowd as the latter had been to them, no sooner heard this signal than, turning their short apologies for tails towards the public and republic, and their heads towards their dormitories, they

awaited with apparent impatience,—every now and then uttering a noise compounded of the cries of birds and beasts,—until in a few seconds, the gates being thrown open, they walked in, and their doors being then closed, and there being nothing to be seen but the empty court in which they had stood, everybody, like myself, walked away.

MESSAGERIES GÉNÉRALES DE FRANCE.[1]

I was returning through La Rue Grenelle St. Honoré, when I was suddenly induced to turn to my right, under the lofty arch of a porte-cochère, over which was written in large letters the four words above inscribed, and, on walking into a spacious paved yard, there instantly flashed before my eyes the yellow painted panels, bright scarlet borders, and black varnished tops of a congregation of three-bodied carriages, each divided into "coupé," "intérieur," and "rotonde," surrounded by cabriolets of various shapes. On looking round the court, one of the most prominent objects in which was a large clock, I saw, written in compartments on the wall, "Angleterre," Amsterdam, Aix-la-Chapelle, Besançon et Genève, St. Etienne et Clermont, Orléans, Tours, Saumur, Châteauroux, Cherbourg, Caen, Brest, Rennes. The scene was one of well-arranged confusion. While the cracking of whips assailed my ears

[1] General Coach Office, &c., of France.

(the French postilions can, they say, crack, sufficiently well to be recognised, any common tune), I observed people diagonally hurrying across the yard, and across each other, in a directions.

"Par ici, Madame, s'il vous plaît!"[1] said a porter, standing close to the horses of a diligence, all ready to start. "Montez, Monsieur!"[2] to a man, near him, carefully packed up for travelling.

Behind the exalted cabriolets and on the roofs of several diligences about to start was conspicuous a magazine or storehouse of baggage, of the same height as, and of the whole length of, the carriage. The horses, whose picturesque collars were ornamented with bells, which at every moment slightly tinkled, were standing in whity-brown harness, with narrow reins. The driver or coachman of each vehicle was dressed in a hairy cap, a blouse apparently much bleached by wind and rain, and blue trowsers. The "conducteurs" in dark-cloth coats, covered with black lace, black filligree work, black frogs, and collars embroidered with silver. One had a scarlet sash round his waist. Standing in the yard beside them, were nearly a dozen women,

[1] This way, Ma'am, if you please.
[2] Get in or up, Sir!

some in white caps, some in black ones, but almost all with baskets in their hands.

"Adieu!" said one.

"Bon voyage, ma mère!!"[1] said another.

There were gentlemen with watchchains of gold or silver festooned across their waistcoats; a dog vociferously barking in French; a miller, with a long beard all over flour; yellow hand-barrows wheeling portmanteaus, trunks, band-boxes, and gaudy carpet-bags; yellow one-horse baggage-carts, with black canvass covers.

In the principal "bureau," or office, I observed men writing, in beards, with faces the perspiration on which seemed to say they might do very well without them.

At last, "Montez, Madame!" "Allons!" Clack!... clack!... clack!... clack!... clack! When the huge reeling mass, dragged by five horses in hand, first moved off, it appeared impossible for the pair of humble little wheelers,—who, without touching the pole, trotted before it like a guard of honour,—ever to stop, or even to steer it out of the yard. Nevertheless, clack! clack! clack clack clack! rolling and tossing like a great vessel just out of harbour, it obeyed the helm; and without the smallest difficulty—gloriously rumbling along the pavé as if it would shake

[1] A good journey to you, mother!

the earth to its foundation—worming its way out of the court, it passed under the arch in triumph!

To each yellow baggage-cart, whose duty it is to despatch throughout Paris the mass of parcels, &c., continually arriving "par diligence," is attached a "facteur," to deliver the packages, and a sous-facteur to drive the horse. Both of these birds of paradise are dressed in blue caps with silver embroidery, blue jackets, silver buttons, scarlet collar, blue trowsers, terminating in mock leather boots, sewed on to them.

In a similar dress, but a shade or two finer, stands the "facteur du bureau,"[1] who enregisters the "voyageurs,"[2] and eventually places, or,—in the case of an English travelling family who don't understand French,—politely stuffs them into their respective places.

[1] Head of the office. [2] Travellers.

THÉÂTRE DES ANIMAUX SAUVAGES.

I WAS strolling along the Boulevart des Italiens, when I observed on my left a number of people, without touching each other, standing in procession as if following some hearse that for a few moments had stopped. On looking, however, at the head of the little line of march, I perceived it crowding round a small hole about a foot square, into which they were paying money and receiving tickets.

" What place is this, if you please ? " said I to a gentleman who was just passing.

" Monsieur," he replied, " c'est le théâtre des animaux sauvages." [1]

He proceeded politely to tell me it was very nearly the hour at which the beasts were fed; and as he added I should have much pleasure in witnessing it, I obediently fell into the line of respectable-looking people who were approaching the little hole; and on arriving at it, and stooping down my head to look into it, I

[1] Sir, it's the theatre of wild beasts!

saw the bearded face of a grim-looking personage, who asked me very quickly what ticket I would have, and, as I was evidently perfectly unable to tell him, he kindly put the proposition before me in another light—namely, "to which part of the theatre did Monsieur wish to go?" As I had not the least idea into how many compartments the portion allotted for the spectators was divided, or what were their names, I was no better off than before, so I was obliged to ask him the prices of each; and having selected, as an Englishman invariably does, the most costly, he instantly gave me a card and some large double sous in return for a small piece of silver I hardly looked at, and do not know what it was. After proceeding along a passage, I came to a man who with one hand received my ticket and with the other pointed out the particular lane I was to follow, and which conducted me into an open space or "parterre," immediately in front of the cages of a quantity of wild beasts; on my right was a stout wooden painted partition, about five feet high, above which, on benches slightly rising one above another, were seated those who for 6*d.* and 3*d.* had obtained cheaper tickets.

As I had purchased the privilege of walking about, I spent nearly a quarter of an hour in

looking—sometimes at two elephants who, each chained by one foot to a platform, stood see-sawing their huge bodies and slowly nodding their heads and trunks, their little sharp eyes all the time looking out in every direction for an extended hand with something white in it;—sometimes at a large rhinoceros, also on a platform, attended by an Arab in gaudy costume;—and sometimes at a series of cages in which were confined leopards, wolves, hyænas, bears, tigers, lions, with a den swarming alive with monkeys, swinging, chattering, fighting, squalling, screaming, and chasing each other in all directions, save into one corner, in which sat chained to the ground an immense, vindictive, desperate, blood-thirsty, red-republican looking chimpanzee. The monkeys sometimes got into such a violent commotion that a lad, whose principal duty it appeared consisted in beating them, opening a little door, entered among them with a whip. For some time he had been taking notes of their proceedings, and he now began— with impartial justice—to flog them according to their offences. The operation, which caused a great rush of the spectators in the "parterre" to the cage, was certainly not without its effect, for the monkeys, as soon as it was over, sat for nearly a minute without indulging in a single frolic, until, one

happening to give a jump over the back of a comrade below, whose tail he most unfortunately twitched en passant, there revived, as in important diplomatic disputes, first of all grimaces, then a simultaneous display of innumerable sets of little white teeth, then chattering, and finally a declaration of general war, which, as usual, in due time was succeeded by another peace. As the seats in the theatre were now almost all occupied, and the parterre nearly half covered with spectators, the business of the evening commenced by a young man, in a chanting tone,—in which a great deal of magnificent emphasis was almost invariably heaped upon the wrong words,—giving to the company the history of each of the largest of the animals. As soon as he had concluded, the turbaned Arab, with hooked nose and bright eyes, pointing with his sallow, lean, emaciated forefinger at the rhinoceros, detailed in broken French the history of his capture, of his embarkation, of his violent conduct on board ship during a gale of wind, of his endeavours to break a hole in the ship's side, and of the necessity therefore of sawing off his horn. He showed his horn at three years old; that which had grown out of him at seven; and approaching the huge hairless creature, he then pointed to a stout stump about four inches long,

which, for safety's sake, was all he was now allowed to possess. He had scarcely concluded, when the young man who had described the other animals called out with a loud voice,—

"Charles va entrer dans le cage des léopards!"[1]

—towards which the people in the parterre immediately hurried. After a pause of about half a minute I heard three loud startling taps at the back of the cage, as if there had been "a message from the Lords;" then the drawing back of an iron bolt; at last a small low door opened, through which there appeared, stooping as he entered, "CHARLES," who, instantly assuming an erect and rather theatrical attitude, stood in the midst of the beasts whose den he had invaded. He was a tall, thin, sinewy, handsome-looking man, with very black hair; and whether it was necessary for his protection, or whether it was merely a pretence, I know not, but his first precaution was, by a most extraordinary expression of his eyes, to look with them into those of each of the beasts around him, who severally, one after another, seemed to turn from his glance as if from fear, abhorrence, or both. However, whatever were their feelings, Charles very soon demonstrated that, in official language, "with sen-

[1] Charles is going into the cage of the leopards!

timents of the utmost respect, they had the honour to be his most obedient, humble servants."

With his right hand catching one by the skin of his neck, he pulled him,—pushed him,—shook his left fist at him,—caught him by one fore-leg,—jerked it upwards, cast him on the ground,—and then, throwing himself upon him, leaning his elbow on his captive's neck, resting his head on his hand, and looking at the audience as if to say,—

"Now does not a leopard make a most easy chair?"—

he received in acknowledgment a round of applause.

After subduing each of the leopards in a different way, he began rather frantically to wave his arms: upon which first one of them jumped over him, then another, until at last they were seen running round and over him in all directions. Charles, now looking to his right and then to his left, walked slowly backwards until he reached the little door, which opened,—allowed him to retire,—and then, as if with a sort of "shut sesame" influence, apparently closed of its own accord.

After the audience in the parterres had in groups talked it all over, and after a general buzz of conversation throughout the theatre—every-

body within it appearing either to be talking, sucking an orange, or munching a cake—a loud voice again proclaimed,—

"Charles va entrer dans la cage des tigres."[1]

The same three knocks, the same entering bend, the same erect attitude, and the same extraordinary glare of his eyes, accompanied by a corresponding grin with his teeth, formed the prelude of operations, of which, as it would be tedious to repeat them, I will only say that although it was evident much greater circumspection was evinced, Charles succeeded in drilling his captives with wonderful power into extraordinary obedience. They growled, roared, opened their mouths, but, the moment he put his face against their beards, they turned from him as if they had suddenly been converted into bits of floating iron, and he into the repellent end of a powerful magnet.

After a third announcement, Charles entered the den of five lions, who, as compared with the tigers, appeared to be passionless; indeed, one might have fancied them not only to be beasts of burden rather than of prey, but that the burden they were especially intended to submit to was,—ill-treatment by man. The old shaggy father, or rather grandfather, of the family,

[1] Charles is going into the cage of the tigers.

seemed as if nothing could disturb his equanimity. Charles shook his lean flabby cheeks,—

" for his skin
Like a lady's loose gown hung about him,"—

closed his eyes, forced them open, pulled at his long shaggy mane with both hands. By main strength opening his wide mouth, and disclosing long yellow tushes, blunted and distorted by age, he put his face to his great broad nose, rubbing his mustachios against it as he kissed it; then, again wrenching open his mouth, he slammed his jaws together with such violence that we heard the hard teeth clash.

In a similar way Charles successively paid his addresses to the lioness, who growled a good deal, and to the other lions, who made a variety of noises, between a roar, a grumble, and a snarl. He then drove them this way, that way, and all sorts of ways; pushing one with his foot, pulling another by the tail, &c. &c.; at last, going to one end of the cage and calling to the old grandfather, he made signs to him to come and lie down at his feet. The aged creature, who appeared to be dead sick of this world, of everything it contained, and especially of anything in it approaching to a joke, for some time looked at him most unwillingly, turning his head away as if to try and change the subject. At last, in

obedience to repeated movements, especially of Charles's eyes, he got up, wormed his way between his wife or daughter-in-law, whichever it was, and the rest of his fellow-captives, and with a deep groan rolled over and lay motionless. Charles immediately set to work to arrange him as if he had been a corpse: pushed his great head square, tucked in a huge fore-leg, adjusted a hind one, put his long tail to rights, and when he was completely parallel to the bars he ogled the lioness, who, exceedingly unwillingly, at last came forward and lay down with her head on the old lion's flank. When she also was squared, Charles, by dumb signs, and without the utterance of a single word, for he seemed to do his work almost entirely by his eyes, insisted upon the remaining three lying down one after another, each with his head upon the flank of the last recumbent, in the way described. It took him a considerable time to adjust them in a line, and, not satisfied with this, he then, with considerable force, put the upper fore paw of each over his bedfellow's neck, until they all formed one long confused mass of yellow hair, upon which he lay down "like a warrior taking his rest with his martial cloak around him."

His triumph was greeted with general approbation. I could not, however, help feeling I

was witnessing an exhibition which no civilized country, most especially one like France, teeming with brave men, ought to allow. To maltreat a prisoner under any circumstances is ungenerous; deliberately to behave towards any living being with cruelty is discreditable; but when man, calling himself "the Lord of Creation," gifted with reason, coolly, coldly, deliberately, and by slow but continuous degrees, maltreats and tortures a wild animal distinguished by his courage, and whose characteristic is ferocity, he commits a crime, guilty in proportion to its success; indeed, a moment's reflection must surely convince any one how little cause any congregation of civilized beings have to rejoice in being able to demonstrate that, by a series of secret cruelties and by long-protracted indignities, man may at last succeed in subduing the courage, in cowing the spirit, in fact, in breaking the heart of a captive lion! and yet, incredible as it may sound, the people of England, but a few years ago, flocked in clouds to witness this unworthy triumph, little reflecting that while they were applauding Van Amburgh, and while they were cheering on English bulldogs to bite the ears and lacerate the jowl of a lion, apparently too noble to feel anything but astonishment at the foul treatment

to which he was subjected, and which it is a well-known fact for a long time he disdained to resent, not only the people but the royal arms of England—"the lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown,"—were publicly dishonoured and disgraced; for the French army under Napoleon might just as well, during their march of triumph, have amused themselves by assembling in a theatre to behold one of their countrymen pluck every feather from a living eagle, whose figure decorated alike their standards and their breasts, as a body of Englishmen publicly to torture that noble monarch of wild-beasts—one of the heraldic supporters of the British Crown!

But, under the beneficent dispensations of Providence, it usually happens that what is unbecoming for man to perform is not only unwise but unprofitable. No one can phrenologically look at the head of a tiger without perceiving he is not gifted with brains enough to govern his passions; and although a human being, *boasting of reason*, may with impunity succeed for some time in putting his head into the mouth and between the jaws of his victim, yet it is evident that, if anything should suddenly inflame the heart of the beast, there does not exist within his skull anything to counteract the catastrophe that occasionally has happened, and which in barbarous

exhibitions of this sort is always liable to happen. For the preservation therefore of human life, and, what is infinitely more valuable, for the honour of human nature, it is to be hoped that the nations of Europe will by proper regulations prevent ferocious animals—properly enough exhibited as specimens of their race—from being treated, either in public or in private, with that cruelty or indignity which there can exist no doubt had been previously necessary to make hyænas, tigers, wolves, and lions go through the mountebank feats I have described.

However, "revenons à nos moutons."[1]

Charles now appeared on the elephants' platform, in front of which the occupiers of the parterre swarmed, and towards which the eyes of the rows of heads arranged in tiers one over another, were directed. As soon as the attendant had unscrewed the heavy chain just above the captive's foot, and which appeared to have pinched him a good deal, the huge creature walked up to Charles, and, as if determined —at all events as regarded politeness—to instruct rather than be instructed, with a wave of his trunk he took off Charles's hat for him, and with it bowed profoundly in three directions, to the ladies and gentlemen on his right, then to

[1] To return to our subject.

those on his left, and lastly to those immediately before him. In obedience to his master's words of command he now lifted up one clumsy gouty-looking leg, then another; then one fore leg and one hind one, of opposite sides; then one fore and hind leg of the same side; then the heavy animal, bowing with his trunk as he began, danced—with the monkey as his partner—the polka step, his kicking up behind—

> " Old Joe kicking up behind and before,
> And the yallar gall a kicking up behind old Joe! "

—causing great merriment, especially, it appeared, to all who wore bonnets. He then, on a handful of mixed moneys being thrown on the platform, obediently picked up all the gold, and then all the silver, putting each piece into a box high above his head, the lid of which, being closed, he was obliged always to lift up. Lastly he caused a sort of galvanic twitch more or less strong among the spectators by firing off a large horse-pistol.

The garçon now brought in a small table, a large bell, and a bell-rope, which he affixed close beneath the money-box, and then lugged in a long single plank, one end of which he placed on the table, the other end resting on the platform, close to the entrance door behind. As soon as these preparations were adjusted, the

elephant, with some dignity, pulled at the rope and rang the bell, which had scarcely sounded when, from the far corner of the platform, in tripped, dressed like a waiter, a monkey on its hind legs, holding in both arms a tablecloth and a huge napkin; the former was spread on the table, and the latter was scarcely fixed round the elephant's neck, like a pinafore, when he rang again, on which in trotted the monkey with a plate of soup, which he delivered to Charles, who gave it to the animal, whose proboscis in about three seconds sucked it all up. The elephant then instantly rang again, on which the monkey brought him in both hands a large plate of cabbage, the whole of which, extending his trunk and then tucking it upwards, he put into his mouth. The laugh which this single mouthful caused had not half subsided, when, the bell having again rung, in trotted a dish of little cutlets, two or three of which, while Charles's head was turned, the pilfering monkey stuffed into his mouth, eyeing his master all the time with a look of deep serious cunning which was very amusing. The elephant took the plate, and at one movement turned all the rest into his mouth.

On wine being brought to him by the monkey, he poured some of it into a glass, drank

it, and then, taking hold of the black slippery bottle, and decanting almost the whole of it into his mouth, he gave it to his tiny attendant, who, as he was running away with it, all of a sudden stopped in the middle of the plank, then with his old-fashioned face looked over one shoulder at Charles's back, and, greedily raising the bottle to his mouth, he drained it to the very last drop; lastly, with his tail protruding from his trowsers, he trotted off, and, Charles's performances being over, he and the elephant respectfully bowed to the public.

The huge creature's supper having concluded, the last act of the entertainment was the feeding of the remainder of the animals by the garçon-in-waiting, who began his work by passing on his hands and knees through a small door that admitted him, a stout short heavy whip, a can of milk, and a basket of broken bread, into the large cage or caravansary of the monkeys.

It would be exceedingly difficult accurately to describe the excitement the appearance of all these things at once created. Every captive began to chatter, and all the passions of men and monkeys were exemplified in Babel confusion. There appeared,—

"First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try"—

if he could not pilfer a bit of bread;

" And back recoil'd, he well knew why,"

writhing from the lash of the garçon's whip.

In the form of a little ring-tailed blue monkey,

" Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings;"

and a duel ensued.

In the attitude of the great bony chimpanzee,

" With woeful measures wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild."

During the time the garçon with his left hand was pouring milk and breaking bits of bread into a long trough, his right arm, without favour, partiality, or affection—in fact, evidently not caring a farthing to whom they belonged—was constantly belabouring the innumerable sets of little, long, black fingers of hind legs as well as fore legs picking and stealing from all directions. For a considerable time the lad endeavoured to suppress this besetting vice by, as often as he could, punishing it, then and there, in detail; at last, all of a sudden, losing his whole amount of patience, he put down his basket and jug, and then, flourishing his whip as if he were going through the six cuts of the broadsword exercise, he attempted, in a state of

absolute fury, to inflict indiscriminate castigation on all his prisoners.

"And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head."

I believe, however, that on the whole the lad lost rather more than he gained by his anger; for often, while his whip was passing through empty air, his monkeys were to be seen jumping with impunity over him—over each other—between his legs—flying horizontally—diagonally—and vertically, from perches of various heights—this way—that way:—in short, like sparks of fireworks, in all ways at once. During this scene the great chimpanzee, fettered in the corner, stood erect, seriously winking his round eyes as if counting every stroke of the whip. The endless variety of "sauve-qui-peut" movements of the monkeys, accompanied by occasional grinning, and by unceasing squalling and chattering, formed altogether a compound so attractive that it produced the only instance of misunderstanding I witnessed during my residence at Paris; and, after all, this only amounted to two very fine-looking Frenchmen,

with large black beards, standing for about half a minute with their faces almost touching, saying to each other, in a tone that increased in quickness, loudness, and fierceness at every repetition,

" Mais, Monsieur!
" Mais, Monsieur!!
" Mais, Monsieur!!!
" Mais, Monsieur!!!!"

I am, however, very happy, indeed, to say, it ended—as it had begun—in nothing. In the mean while, the garçon's temper having returned to him, he continued his laborious task, namely, to allow every monkey to eat and drink, as nearly as possible, no more than his fair share of the bread and milk he had brought for the whole republic.

As he was pretty well exhausted by his work, another man now appeared with large lumps of raw meat for the wild beasts. On approaching the different cages, the ferocity of the tigers, hyænas, leopards, &c., was slightly visible, from their attitudes, and especially from their eyes; but they all acted as if under the influence of some narcotic, and thus, at Charles's bidding, they relinquished the red flesh which, through the bars of their prison, they had caught in their claws. On the whole, as this unworthy triumph

over the appetites of the fiercest animals in creation could not have been honestly obtained, I felt anything but pleasure in beholding it; and accordingly, seeing that the evening's entertainments were drawing to a close, I joined a party leaving the parterre, and in a few seconds found myself among the happy, lounging, loitering, sitting, smoking crowd of the Boulevard.

ABATTOIR DES COCHONS.[1]

On descending from an omnibus, in which I had been rumbling along sideways for nearly three quarters of an hour, and which at last dropped me considerably beyond the Barrière de Montmartre, I was told that in twenty minutes I could walk to the "Abattoir des Cochons," which I was desirous to visit.

Now, I always found that the people of Paris, out of sheer kindness, and to prevent me from putting myself to the expense of a fiacre, invariably cheated me in their estimates of distance, and accordingly it took me nearly three quarters of an hour of my fastest walking to reach the point of my destination, a spot which, until lately, must have been in the country, but which now is among new buildings, to be seen rising up around it in all directions.

The establishment, from the outside, was completely concealed from view by a high wall, including a square, each side of which was about

[1] Pig slaughter-house.

150 yards long. I walked round two of them without being able to find any entrance; at last, in the third, I came to some large lofty iron gates and a bell, which I took especial care to touch gently, in the French style, and not to throw it into hysterics by an English pull.

On being admitted by the concierge,—who, as soon as she had opened the door, popped into her hole as easily as she had popped out of it,—I saw before me, and on each side, a number of low buildings with a large clock in the middle, to keep them all in order; and I was looking at various arrangements when the "chef" of the establishment, at the instigation, I suppose, of the concierge, walked up to me, and, after listening to my wishes, told me very formally that the establishment, although used for public purposes, had been built by an individual; that it was the property of a company; and that, as it would not belong to the city of Paris for four years, he was not permitted to show it to any person whatever, without an order from the company.

"Il faut absolument, Monsieur, un ordre!"[1]

To be denied to see what was literally before my eyes, and to be obliged to retreat from within four walls I had had so much trouble to enter, was a disappointment so cruel that I

[1] You must absolutely, Sir, get an order!

can only compare it to what Tantalus must have experienced when, dying from thirst, he stood in water which, bubbling upwards, glided away just before it reached his lips. I was determined, therefore, if possible, to attain my object. The chef was a very large, powerful, and, notwithstanding his occupation, a good-humoured looking man. He, however, sturdily repelled all my reasoning, that, because I had visited the "boucheries" of Paris, had been permitted to see the abattoirs of oxen, sheep, calves, &c., I hoped not to be refused to see that of pigs, &c. &c. &c., by replying that I had only to apply for an order to obtain one. However, when I told him to look at me, and see how hot and tired I was, I observed that I dealt him a heavy blow; and I had no sooner quickly followed it up by reminding him that, besides being "bien fatigué,"[1] I was a stranger in his land—"un étranger"[2]—a word that upon every class of society in Paris acts like a talisman—than he smiled, shrugged up both his shoulders, surrendered at discretion, and, saying very kindly, "Allons, Monsieur!"[3] he walked into his office, came out again with some keys in his right hand, and then with the utmost

[1] Very tired. [2] A stranger.
[3] Come along, Sir.

kindness conducted me over the whole of his buildings.

As we were walking along, I asked him to be so good as to explain to me what was the foundation of his establishment. As if I had touched a vital point, he immediately stopped dead short, looked me full in the face, and with great dignity briefly explained to me, in the following words, the axiom or principle of the whole concern:—"Monsieur," said he, "personne n'a le droit de tuer un cochon en Paris!"[1]

Said I to myself, "How I wish that sentence were written in gold on our London Mansion House!"

We now reached a long building, one story high, not at all unlike a set of hunting stables; and on door No. 1 being opened, I saw before me a chamber ventilated like a brewhouse, with a window at each end, and paved with flagstones, the further half of which was covered with a thick stratum of straw, as sweet, clean, and unstained as if it had just come from the flail of the thresher. Upon this wholesome bed there lay extended, fast asleep, two enormous white hogs, evidently too fat even to dream. They belonged to no political party; had no wants; no cares; no thoughts; no more idea

[1] Sir, nobody has a right to kill a pig in Paris.

of to-morrow than if they had been dead, smoked, and salted. I never before had an opportunity of seeing any of their species so clearly; for in England, if, with bended back and bent knees, an inquisitive man goes to look into that little low dormitory called a sty, the animal, if lean, with a noise between a bark and a grunt, will probably jump over him; or if fat, he lies so covered up, that the intruder has no space to contemplate him; whereas, if the two pigs lying before me had been in my own study, I could not have seen them to greater advantage.

Without disturbing them, my conductor closed the door, and we then entered Nos 2, 3, and 4, which I found to be equally clean, and in which were lying, in different attitudes, pigs of various sizes, all placidly enjoying the sort of apoplectic slumber I have described. My conductor would kindly have opened the remainder of the doors, but as I had seen sufficient to teach me, what in England will be discredited, namely, that it is possible to have a pigsty without any disagreeable smell, I begged him not to trouble himself by doing so; and he accordingly was conducting me across the open square when I met several men, each wheeling in a barrow a large jet-black dead pig, the skin of which ap-

peared to be slightly mottled in circles. As they passed me there passed also a slight whiff of smoke; and I was on the point of asking a few questions on the subject when I found myself within the great slaughter-house of the establishment, a large barn, the walls and roof of which were as black as soot. The inside of the door, also black, was lined with iron. The floor was covered for several inches with burnt black straw, and upon it lay, here and there, a large black lump, of the shape of a huge hog, which it really was, covered over with the ashes of the straw that had just been used to burn his coat from his body.

In vain I looked beneath my feet and around me to discover the exact spots where all this murder had been committed; but nowhere could I discover a pool, slop, or the smallest vestige of blood, or anything at all resembling it. In short, the whole floor was nothing but a mass of dry, crisp, black, charred remains of burnt straw. It was certainly an odd-looking place; but no one could have guessed it to be a slaughter-house.

There was another mystery to be accounted for. In England, when anybody in one's little village, from the worthy rector at the top of the hill down to the little ale-house keeper at the bottom, kills a pig, the animal, who has no

idea of "letting concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on his damask cheek," invariably explains, *seriatim*, to every person in the parish—dissenters and all—not only the transaction, but every circumstance relating to it; and accordingly, whether you are very busily writing, reading, thinking, or talking about nothing at all to ladies in bonnets sitting on your sofa to pay you a morning visit, *you* know, and *they* know, perfectly well—though it is not deemed at all fashionable to notice it—the beginning, middle, and end, in short, the whole progress of the deed; for, first of all, a little petulant noise proclaims that somebody somewhere is trying to catch a pig; then the animal begins, all at once, with the utmost force of his lungs, to squall out, "They have caught me:—they are pulling at me:—they are trying to trip me up:—a fellow is kneeling upon me:—they are going to make what they call pork of me. O dear! they have done for me!" (the sound gets weaker) "I feel exceedingly unwell;—I 'm getting faint;—fainter,—fainter still,—I shan't be able to squall much longer!" (a long pause.) "This very long little squall is my last,—'Tis all over,—I am dying—I 'm dying—I 'm dying:. . . I 'm dead!"

Now, during the short period I had been in

the establishment, all the pigs before me had been killed; and although I had come for no other earthly purpose but to look and listen; although ever since I had entered the gate I had—to confess the truth—expected to hear a squall;—was surprised I had not heard one; —and was not only ready but really anxious, with the fidelity of a shorthand-writer, to have inserted in my notebook in two lines of treble and bass the smallest quaver or demisemiquaver that should reach my ears, yet, I had not heard the slightest sound of discontent! However, while I was engrossed with these serious reflections, I heard some footsteps outside; a man within opened the door slightly, and through the aperture in trotted, looking a little wild, a large loose pig, whose white, clean, delicate skin physically as well as morally formed a striking contrast with the black ruins around him.

In a few seconds he stopped;—put his snout down to the charred ground to smell it; did not seem to like it at all;—looked around him; —then, one after another, at the superintendent, at me, and at three men in blouses;—appeared mistrustful of us all;—and not knowing which of us to dislike most, stood as if to keep us all at bay. No sooner, however, had he assumed this theatrical attitude than a man who, with

his eyes fixed upon him, had been holding in both hands the extremity of a long thin-handled round wooden mallet, walked up to him from behind, and, striking one blow on his forehead, the animal, without making the smallest noise, rolled over on the black, charred dust, senseless, and, excepting a slight convulsive kick of his upper hind leg, motionless. Two assistants immediately stepped forward, one with a knife in his hand, the other with a sort of iron frying-pan, which he put under the pig's neck; his throat was then cut; not a drop of blood was spilled; but as soon as it had completely ceased to flow, it was poured from the frying-pan into a pail, where it was stirred by a stick, which caused it to remain fluid.

Leaving the poor animal to be singed by a portion of the heap of white straw in a far corner, I followed the men who with their barrows had come again for one of the black corpses lying on the ground, into a large, light, airy building, as high as a church, as clean as a dairy, and with windows and doors on all sides. In the centre was a beautiful fountain playing, with water-cocks all round the walls. By this ample supply, proceeding from two large reservoirs, by steam power maintained constantly full, the flagstones were kept perfectly clean,

and were consequently, when I entered, as wet as a washhouse.

As fast as the black pigs were wheeled in, they were by a running crane lifted by the hind legs until they appeared suspended in rows. Their insides were here taken out, and carried to a set of large stone tables, where, by the assistance of the water-cocks and fountain, they were not only cleaned, but became the property or perquisite of the cleaners. Their bodies were then scraped, until they became deadly white, in which state, to the number of about 300 per week, they are restored at night to their respective proprietors in Paris.

By the arrangements I have described, conducted by one receiver of the droits d'octroi (my friend), four surveillants, or foremen, and the necessary quantity of slaughterers, wheelers, cleaners, and scrapers, the poor animals, instead of being maltreated, half-frightened to death, and then inhumanly killed;—instead of inflicting upon all classes the sounds and demoralizing sight of a pig's death;—instead of contaminating the air of a metropolis;—undergo the treatment I have described, for the knowledge of which I am deeply indebted to the politeness of him who so justly expounded to me the meaning of that golden law—

"PERSONNE N'A LE DROIT DE TUER UN COCHON EN PARIS!"

GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES.

THE principal characteristic of the façade of the Tuileries looking into the garden consists in exactly that which a stranger would not expect to find in a palace, namely, its lawless irregularity. Sixty-one windows in front are divided into nine compartments, some two, some three, and some four stories high, with a frontage of windows in each as follows,—6 . 7 . 5 . 12 . 3 . 12 . 3 . 7 . 6 . total 61. In one part near the centre, where the masonry is only three stories high, are no less than four tiers of windows in the blue slates above; indeed, the roof is so high and grotesque that it not only looks as if the architect, for want either of money or of stone, had been obliged to finish off the building with slates, but, having done so, had determined the position of the windows in the roof, by firing cannon-shot at it—every hit to be a window.

The view from the centre of the Palace must be—for it had changed its masters so often that I felt no desire to enter it—very magnificent.

In front, in the gardens full of flowers of all colours especially yellow, is a circular basin of water, from which radiate in all directions broad sanded walks, separating the various statues and ornaments, as also a wood of horse-chestnut trees, when I beheld them in full blossom. Beyond is the picturesque Egyptian obelisk of Luxor, standing in front of the distant magnificent triumphal Arc de l'Etoile.

Around the fountains I found a crowd of grown-up people and children, all apparently with equal anxiety watching several little ships, brigs, and schooners, they had launched. One, with the tricolor flag drooping from its tiny mast, had got into a corner, where it was becalmed; another, veered round by a gentle breeze, was taken aback. On one, nearly in the middle, a gentleman, standing with his head uncovered, had embarked, to the delight of everybody, his black hat. On the centre stone, surrounded by the water, a large swan, with his neck elegantly bent, was cleaning his snow-white breast with his bright red bill bordered with black. As the vessel with the hat slowly approached him, he opened his wings from his sides in anger. Above him, on the empty stone cup, were hopping two or three sparrows, as if, in their little way, to demonstrate to the

human race watching them the infinite variety of Nature.

Around, in various directions, was a scene equally happy and innocent. Ladies with beautiful parasols were sitting on benches; on rush-bottomed chairs, shaded by trees, were groups of respectable-looking nurses ("bonnes"), wearing white aprons; some reading, some working with needles. Then strolled by a stout Englishman in a predicament in which no Frenchman ever allows himself to appear in public, namely, with a lady on *each* arm—termed by the Parisians "Panier à deux anses."[1] Three or four little girls were skipping, several had hoops, one or two large air balls; here sat an old gentleman with his chin leaning on his gold-headed cane; there strolled along a party of soldiers. Three or four "bonnes" were sitting together, each with a sleeping baby prostrate on the very brink of her lap; farther off was a younger nurse in a sugar-loaf cap, with flaps hanging downwards like a butterfly's wings, holding a parasol over her tiny charge; another was pretending to drive with broad scarlet reins a little boy in a deep blue velvet frock. Before them was a child three years old leading an Italian greyhound that kept jumping around it; close to me, nurses

[1] A basket with two handles.

with horizontal backs were stooping downwards, trying to make children walk. Everybody—nine-tenths of them were women and children—seemed desirous to contribute to the picture some beautiful or, at all events, some striking colour; in short, it was altogether a strange mixture of well-dressed people quiescent on chairs, and of bright colours in motion.

I had been admiring this joyous scene, the features of which, besides their happiness, had to me the charm of novelty. Like Adam wandering about Paradise, I had been enjoying the discoveries which every moment and almost every turn brought to view. I had gazed sometimes at a statue, then at a beautiful fountain; then at the flowers of the horse-chestnut trees in bloom. I had admired the shadows, and then, if possible, still more the gorgeous sunshine of this world, when all of a sudden, as I was searching for new pleasures, with an appetite that had increased in proportion as it had been gratified, I saw, almost before me, a neat-looking summer-house or building, on which was inscribed the word "Cabinet." Now, besides being next door to a house on which was inscribed "Salons et Cabinets," I had been reading that very morning in Galignani's Guide all about "Le Cabinet d'Histoire Naturelle," "Le

Cabinet d'Anatomie," besides which the French newspapers had been full of abuse of the crooked policy of the "Cabinet of London," and of the anti-republican feelings of the "Cabinets of Europe;" so I thought that as the door of the "cabinet" before me was wide open, I would go and search out what it contained. In two seconds the object of my curiosity was accomplished, and, full of approbation of what I had seen, I was instantly about to retire, when there flitted across my conscience an admonition that there might perhaps be something I ought in honour to pay for the knowledge I had obtained, and I was in a dilemma from which I did not exactly know how to extricate myself, when, by a piece of that extraordinary good fortune which has occasionally brightened my chequered course through life, there popped out of a small door close beside me a very well-dressed gentleman, who, if he had dropped from the clouds, could not have appeared before me more opportunely.

With a superabundance of useless words, for to tell the truth I could not, off hand, frame the question exactly to my satisfaction, I asked him to be so good as to tell me whether in going away I had anything to pay for having entered the establishment. With a kind bow, he said, "Monsieur, vouz payerez en sortant à droite."[1]

[1] Sir, you will pay on your right as you go out.

Accordingly, with a firm step I walked along the passage to the point indicated, where, to my surprise, and I may truly add confusion, I saw, seated close before me needle-working a very small piece of fine muslin, a beautiful lady in a most beautiful cap!

In one moment I perceived that the longer I waited the worse it would be; so, with a very slight inclination of my head, with a quantity of pieces of silver of different sizes all ready in my right hand, and with nobody looking at me, I said very gently and very gravely,

"Combien, Madame, s'il vous plaît?"[1]

The last word was hardly out of my lips when, screwing her mouth up into the politest description of smile, she replied,

"Monsieur, c'est quatre (she called it 'cat') sous!"[2]

I put into her white hand a piece of five sous, and, without waiting for my halfpenny, walked away, muttering to myself, after a long-drawn sigh, "Well! ... it's worth coming from London by rail to Dover, by steam to Calais, and then all the way up to Paris, to see that!"

[1] How much, Madam, if you please?

[2] Sir, it is twopence.

PAVILLON DE L'HORLOGE.

In the Champs Elysées, on the left of the grand promenade, I found standing a great crowd of persons, gazing apparently at an equal quantity sitting. I asked one of the former how I could become one of the latter. With his stick he pointed where I was to go.

"What am I to pay?" I inquired.

"Nothing," he answered; "you will merely order what you like."

Proceeding in the direction indicated, I found myself in the rear of the sitting multitude, and, with nothing and nobody to obstruct my entrance, I slowly walked through them, until, arriving at a chair and little table unoccupied, I sat down an "enfant de famille."

The congregation was composed of thirty or forty rows of chairs and very small tables, at which were seated, in happy repose, groups of quietly dressed people and soldiers. On almost every table I observed either a bottle of water, a small glass of brandy with three lumps of sugar, coffee and a glass of brandy, or one or

two bottles of beer. In fact, as I had been informed, the rule is, that in lieu of paying any entrance-money, people are merely required, somehow or other, and in any way they best like, to spend 10 sous (5*d.*), for which, in addition to coffee, &c., they receive an enjoyment of a very superior nature.

Immediately in front of them was a beautiful little concave temple, the whole of the inside of which, brilliantly illuminated with six lustres full of imitation candles lighted by gas, was a mass of plate-glass, gold borders, flowers, and white enamelled paint. Within this small interior were five young ladies fashionably dressed, two in pale blue silk, two in straw-coloured silk, and one in milk-white stiff muslin, with a pink sash. Mixed up with them were two dandified young men with short brushy beards, white neckcloths, and glossy hair neatly plastered to their heads. All held in their hands quite new white kid gloves. In front of this elevated temple, which, in point of beauty and splendour, appeared fit for the reception of Venus herself, was an orchestra, containing four or five fiddles, as many wind instruments, two violoncellos, and at each end a powerful able-bodied double-bass. On the right and left, outside the ground belonging to the proprietor, were to be seen the faces of the

crowd I had left, economically waiting to catch for nothing as much as they could.

"Monsieur, qu'est-ce que vous prendrez?"[1] said to me one of six waiters, in white neckcloths and white aprons, in various directions, attending upon the seated audience. I was not quite prepared all of a sudden to drink beer, brandy, or coffee; so, with an almost imperceptible but significant nod, as I told the garçon I would not trouble him, I slipped into his hand a franc, for which he did exactly what I did not want him to do—made me a low bow.

One of the young ladies now rose from her chair, and, accompanied by the orchestra, sang a pretty little song very nicely. As soon as it was concluded, and she had taken her seat, with the eyes of everybody shining full upon her, she received with well-affected modesty the compliments of the young ladies beside her; and for a considerable time they sat making pretty mouths at each other, and pushing their fingers into their tight new white kid gloves. Sometimes—just as poor, witty Theodore Hook used to pour out a glass of champagne, and then, as he said, "bow to the épergne"—one of them, looking straight before her over the heads of the

[1] What will you take, Sir?

audience, would, showing all her white teeth, smile at apparently nothing but empty space. With similar little innocent coquetries the inmates of the temple all sang in their turns. Their voices were not strong, but, as the band carefully abstained from overpowering them, they performed their simple airs with considerable taste, and appeared to give their attentive, respectable, and well-conducted audience streams of placid satisfaction. The cool air was delightful; and as I happened to be to windward of the few smokers present, I could not help feeling very thankful I was not in the impure, heated atmosphere of an Opera-house.

LA MADELEINE.

In crossing the Place de la Madeleine, I stopped for a few minutes to look at the beautiful façade of the church, and as several people were ascending its steps, I followed them into its interior, during the performance of high mass.

On entering, I was much struck with the excellent music resounding throughout the building. In England, a church organ is very apt not only to be uproarious, but tyrannically to overwhelm the audience with its powers. Here it was subservient to the human voice. Sometimes it appeared to be cheering it on—sometimes in silence to be listening to it, and only to chime in when absolutely required.

The service was arranged and executed with great science and taste. The best, the shrillest, as well as the sweetest voices, appeared to proceed from behind the altar, but, from wherever they came, they reached the roof as well as every portion of the building.

Before the altar there occasionally stood, with his back towards the congregation, a single priest

—then three alongside of each other—then two, one before the other. "Then came wandering by a spirit like an angel" in white robes—he bowed in gliding by, "and so he vanished." On each side of the altar were a row of young handsome boys, dressed in bright scarlet caps, bright scarlet cloaks, over which were snow-white short surplices, confined round the waist by a broad light-green sash, the ends of which hung at the left side.

The changes wrought in this picture by the simple movement of the scarlet cap had evidently been well studied, and produced very striking effects. At a particular part of the service the boy's black shining hair was suddenly displayed and the cap held in the off hand had apparently vanished. At another moment the blood-red cap was seen, held by both rows of boys on their breasts next to the congregation—then it lay on their white laps—and then, on their rising from their seats, it suddenly appeared again on their heads.

In contrast to these boys there occasionally, from behind the altar, glided into view some pale-looking priests in jet black gowns, surmounted, like those of the boys, by short white surplices. During these ceremonies, and while two powerful assistants in white gowns, jet black

hair, and crimson sashes, were swinging incense, the shrill notes of a single boy behind the altar were suddenly drowned by a chorus of fine voices, which gradually subsided into the deep double-bass notes of one or two priests.

The service was on the whole admirably performed, and, to those who have been taught to revere it, must be highly impressive. After the elevation of the host, the wafer was administered to several persons in the front row next to the altar, and a large basket of broken bread, in colour and consistency strongly resembling what is commonly called sponge cake, was distributed to the congregation, almost every one of whom partook of it. It was carried throughout the church by a priest, preceded by a person upwards of six feet high, dressed in a gold-laced cocked hat, worn cross-ways, à la Napoleon, an embroidered coat, with an epaulette on one shoulder and crimson trappings on the other, a sword, crimson plush knee-breeches ornamented with gold, white stockings, and black shoes.

When the service was about three-quarters over, a man at one end of the church and a woman at the other, both very gaudily dressed, were seen worming their way to every person present, from each of whom a slight money transaction was taking place. Everybody gave

something, and about every third person received back something. When the woman came to me I gave her a franc, upon which she fumbled for some time in her pocket, and returned me an amount of cash apparently more than I had given to her. I felt it would not be decorous to decline to take it, or proper to inquire of my neighbour—even in a whisper—what was the object of the benevolence. It proved, however, to be a slight payment for the chair I had occupied.

As soon as the service was over, more than three-quarters of the congregation left the church, and, with a full intention to follow the stream, I was lingering to take a last look at the altar, when I observed two or three priests most actively employed in hurrying off every glittering object, and in covering it with black trappings. At a side altar in the centre of the church similar preparations were making, and the alterations were scarcely effected, when the great gates of the church were thrown open, and a procession of people in mourning, marked with rain-drops, slowly walked up the aisle. In a few seconds there followed four well-dressed men, bearing, covered with dingy white serge trappings, a coffin, on which rested a milk-white wreath of immortelles.

The coffin was deposited in the centre of the church, and those of the congregation not seated were gathering around it, when I heard a priest say, "Il y aura un autre!"[1] and the words were hardly out of his mouth when the "rap-a-tap-tap" of a couple of muffled drums was heard outside the great gates, which instantly rolled open to admit about twenty soldiers of the National Guard, followed by a crowd of persons of apparently every condition of life. As soon as all had entered, the corporal in command gave the word of command—"Reposez-vous sur vos armes!"[2] on which the butts of the muskets reverberated against the hard pavement. After waiting a few minutes, the word—"Portez vos armes!"[3] was given, in compliment to the coffin which now entered the church.

On its lid were the scarlet epaulettes, the drawn sword and empty scabbard, the one crossed over the other, of its inmate, and the body, guarded by its comrades, proceeded towards the little altar, before which it halted.

While the rich man's requiem was resounding from the great altar, the soldier's funeral was going on at the little one. There were the same words,—the same gestures,—and the same holy

[1] There will be another!

[2] Order arms. [3] Shoulder arms.

ceremonies. Candles were burning round each of the two corpses, and while the service of the rich one was dignified and continuous, that of the soldier was interrupted not only by little words of command from the corporal, but, on the elevation of the host, by the sudden roll of the two muffled drums. It was striking to see the power and authority of the army existing within the walls of the church, and the stiff, motionless, upright attitude of the soldiers, who during the whole ceremony wore their shakos, was strangely contrasted with the varied obeisances and white and black vestures of the bare-headed priest.

The military service was first concluded, and on the departure of the priest I was about also to move, when I observed that the ceremony was still not quite over.

The last operation of the holy father had been to sprinkle with a hair brush, the silver handle of which was about eighteen inches long, the coffin, epaulettes, sword, and scabbard of the dead soldier with holy water.

With the same brush the chief mourner slightly repeated the ceremony—crossed himself—and then handed it to his next comrade, who, after going through the same movements, handed it to the next in the procession, and so on. As there was no supply of water, the brush was of course nearly dry, and, as the cere-

mony appeared almost endless, I got quite tired of it, and was therefore just about to retire, when I observed among the procession, following some men in common blue linen frocks and trowsers, a few women, several of whom were in tears.

The men in the blouses paid very little attention to the coffin, and merely made over it two or three apparently heartless movements,—as, however, the women approached, I observed that *their* feelings became stronger. The first woman, on receiving the brush from the last man, was barely able to wave it over the immortelles, scarlet epaulettes, drawn sword and empty scabbard lying on the lid of the coffin; —the second, a young person of about twenty, exhibited a picture I shall not readily forget. On receiving the brush she burst into bitter tears—trembled—tottered—could not look at the coffin. I thought she would have dropped; at last, in a frenzy of grief, she stepped forward, waved the brush twice over the corpse—hurriedly delivered it to some one else, then, putting both her hands to her eyes and pressing them against her forehead, she reeled against me, and then, staggering onwards a few paces, she stood still, evidently bereft of her senses, and altogether overwhelmed. The third woman was also much grieved, but the remainder of the sex less or but little affected.

The same ceremony of pretending with a dry brush to sprinkle the coffin with holy water was afterwards performed over the body of the rich man by his relations and followers, but for some reason or other, which I have not the slightest desire to know, very little—to tell the truth—no grief whatever was evinced; indeed, one little girl of about nine years old, after giving two or three dabs, looked around her with a sweet innocent face, and laughed.

When all was over, after I had made my exit from the church, and, with my umbrella over my head, had reached the magnificent flight of steps, by which I descended to the foot pavement, I happened to see the women who had been so grievously affected at the soldier's funeral. Although it was raining unrelentingly, their tears, as for a few moments they stood together, repeatedly dropped upon the wet pavement. They then, careless of the inclemency of the weather, kissed each other several times —stooped, kissed, and cried over the heads of one or two little children who came up to them, and then, after another last kissing farewell of each other, they pattered through the rain on foot, in different directions, towards their respective homes.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FÊTE OF THE REPUBLIC.

BESIDES the perennial, or rather perpetual, gaiety which in all weathers and in all seasons characterises Paris, on my arrival there I observed in almost every direction workmen and artists employed in arrangements, more or less incomprehensible, which, I was informed, were in honour of, and in preparation for, the "grand fête of the Republic."

Some were erecting poles, others constructing scaffolding. Here I observed a crane lifting, as slowly as if it had been a locomotive engine, a sea-horse's fore-leg; beneath it several carts laden with moss, grass, and fir-trees. There, two or three men in blouses were as carefully hoisting to its destination (the summit of a pole) the pensive colossal head of a statesman. In another direction, a tall, cylindrical canvas screen, occasionally flapping in the wind, concealed an artist, from morning till night, working behind it. Now and then there trotted by a cart laden with huge baskets full of rosy-faced

apples, as big as pumpkins. Then were to be seen men and boys hurrying along with arms full of boughs, glass globes, wire, candles, bundles of flags. One fine-looking man, with a face exceedingly hot, was carrying a gold eagle, beneath which was inscribed "Honneur et Patrie."[1]

The rapidity with which—out of this chaos of confusion—order, symmetry, and the creation of an infinite variety of beautiful objects were effected, it would be almost impossible to describe. For instance, over the principal arch of the Pont de la Concorde I observed a gang of workmen in beards or mustachios, directed by one or two gentlemen with books in their hands, and surrounded by an incomprehensible conglomeration of gigantic human limbs, horses' legs, fishes' tails, wooden packing-cases of different sizes, with barrels and bags in piles of plaster, moving, and, with the assistance of cranes and pulleys, lifting these various masses.

On passing the spot the following day, I beheld a magnificent and stupendous group of figures—representing the Genius of Navigation, surrounded by Tritons and sea-horses — covered with workmen in blouses, swarming like bees, and crawling like mice, about the snow-white colossal figures they were now rapidly completing,

[1] Honour and the country.

and which appeared standing on a mass of artificial rocks, descending to the water's edge, over which was to be precipitated an artificial cascade, representing the most beautiful falls of natural water. The rocks (the wooden packing-cases I had seen) were not only beautifully painted and covered with moss, but, as if by the hand of nature, ornamented with real pine-trees, some of which appeared lying prostrate, as if blown down by one element, and about to be carried away by another. Again, at the end of the bridge there stood immediately before me that magnificent building called the National Assembly, the house of parliament of the Republic.

On the landing-place beneath the colonnade, and on the flight of long steps by which it is approached, were standing in dense masses, and in various attitudes, soldiers in bluish-grey coats, red epaulettes, scarlet trowsers, and glittering cap-plates. Above their heads, hanging against the white wall, and between twelve lofty Corinthian columns, were a variety of tricoloured flags, of which the blue and scarlet were particularly vivid. In the middle was a large gold ornament, as if to assimilate with the gilt horizontal bars and tops of the iron railings which protect the bottom of the steps. On the right and left of the assembly was a long em-

bryo colonnade, composed at first of nothing but —at regular distances, and standing upright out of the ground—a series of logs of timber, which the next day appeared converted, by brick-nogging, into columns, connected together by horizontal logs. In this state I left them; and, in the course of three or four hours repassing the spot, I found that, while I had been going over one public institution, the columns had almost all not only been covered with painted canvas admirably representing porphyry, with gilt capitals, but had been surmounted by shields and a beautiful set of vases, eight or ten feet high, overflowing with flowers.

Again, in passing in front of the Church de la Madeleine, before which the day previous I had observed some mysterious preparations, I found the whole of its front—excepting the superscription—

"LIBERTÉ, FRATERNITÉ, EGALITÉ"—

above the great entrance door—completely covered with festoons and curtains of gold, silver, and crimson tissue, the columns being connected together by garlands of coloured lamps.

Again, on approaching the Seine, I found on both sides of it, rejoicing in the air, and almost touching each other, a line of flags of various colours, all bright; while I was admiring

them, the various vessels, barges, and bathing-houses moored in the river, to join in the universal joy, were rapidly decked out with similar pieces of bunting, of which the blue, white, and red were particularly and appropriately conspicuous.

Among all the beautiful preparations making to expend, as has been customary for many years, nearly 400,000 francs—voted partly by the National Assembly and partly by the city—for a fête which latterly, on the 4th of May, has celebrated the anniversary of the Republic, there was one, however, which I own very much astonished me. I had been delighted with the construction of the double row of magnificent colossal statues of great men who gradually before my eyes had burst into existence; had admired the preparations on the bridge leading to the National Assembly, as also those in front as well as on the right and left of that handsome building; had taken quite an interest in the preparations for a regatta or boat-race on the Seine, as well as for the fireworks in the various localities in which they were to appear, and which severally had been appropriately decked out for the occasion; but I could neither understand the propriety, nor altogether approve, of the preparations I witnessed for orna-

menting what appeared to me to be already the most highly ornamented spot in creation, namely, the Place de la Concorde. For instance, I roughly counted in that strange magnificent place of many names (on which—be it remembered—on the 21st of January, 1793, Louis XVI. was guillotined, and across which, on the 24th of February, 1848, Louis Philippe fled, never to return) no less than—

1. Two groups in marble, each representing a restive horse struggling with its keeper.

2. Two lions, each with his tail curled round his left leg.

3. Eighteen lofty gilt Corinthian columns, each surmounted by a gilt globe, illuminated by two gilt lamps.

4. Thirty-eight smaller Corinthian columns, partially gilt, each bearing one gilt lamp.

5. Eight allegorical figures, representing the eight chief provincial towns in France.

6. Two magnificent fountains, each composed of ten female figures of sea nymphs, &c., holding in their arms and—without metaphor—wet-nursing, with magnificent streams of cold water, sturdy dolphins; two gigantic male figures, and three children, all in bronze.

7. Thirteen beautiful colossal statues on lofty bases.

8. One magnificent central Egyptian red obelisk from Luxor,* with gold inscription, surrounded by rails partially gilt.

Now, on the common, homely principle of "letting well alone," one might have expected it would have been deemed not only unnecessary, but almost impossible, to make the Place de la Concorde more beautiful than it was. It had been determined, however, to give to it the greatest of all charms—especially in Paris—namely, that of novelty; and accordingly, notwithstanding repeated showers of rain, I observed men and boys, with cartloads and armsful of boughs, employed in converting all the semi-naked figures of both fountains into beautiful bushes of evergreens, and their splendid basins into trellised baskets, which, first painted and while the colour was quite wet (indeed, it had not been brushed on two minutes), then partially gilt, were rapidly filled with artificial fruit and flowers, the whole being ornamented in all directions and in most beautiful festoons with coloured and also with white semi-opaque ground glass lamps, increasing in magnitude from the extremities to the centre of each of the curved lines by which they were suspended.

The fifty-six gilt columns I have enumerated, not only around the circumference, but dia-

gonally across the centre of the place, were connected together by long and elegant wreaths of variegated lamps.

The numerous statues, and innumerable gilt glittering fluted columns were enlivened by a confused medley of brilliant tricoloured flags and tricoloured pennants, some forked and some pointed, the whole bounded on the left by the new, fresh peagreen foliage of the trees of the gardens of the Tuileries, and on the right by those of the Champs Elysées. The rough asphalte pavement was literally swarming alive with a dense mass of carriages, carts, horses, 'buses, and human beings in clothes and uniforms of all colours. Lastly, the sun of heaven was gilding and painting the whole scene in its gayest and gaudiest hues.

"Where," said I, to a man, nearly as old as myself, dressed in a blouse, and who was standing close to me, "where, if you please, are the principal fireworks to take place?"

Either he or I had that morning, in anticipation of the fête, been drinking a good deal of wine of rather a strong smell; and accordingly, when he grasped tightly hold of my arm, and pointed with the fore finger of his left hand towards the distant dome of the Invalides, we both vibrated a little.

"Tenez, mon garçon!"[1] said my instructor, kindly trying, notwithstanding our staggering, to point the spot—which apparently kept moving —out to me. "C'est * * * * * * -ment loin d'ici! Allez!"

[1] Why, my boy! it's * * * * * * -ly far from here! Arrah!

ABATTOIR DE MONTMARTRE.[1]

About half a century ago there lived in a country village in England as maid-servant, a pleasing-looking young woman, of such delicate sensibilities that, to use her own expression, "She couldn't abear to see a mouse killed." She married the butcher. At about the same period Napoleon, who cared no more for the effusion of human blood than the stormy petrel cares for the salt spray of the waves of the Atlantic Ocean, from similar sensibilities, determined to cleanse Paris from the blood of bullocks, sheep, pigs, and quadrupeds of all sorts, by suppressing every description of slaughter-house within the city, and by constructing in lieu thereof, beyond the walls, five great public abattoirs, besides smaller places of execution for pigs, and also for horses.

The largest of these is that of Popincourt; but, as the greatest quantity of cattle are slaughtered at Montmartre, I drove to the

[1] Slaughterhouse of Montmartre.

avenue Trudame, where, on descending from my cabriolet, I saw before me a rectangular establishment, resembling cavalry barracks, surrounded by walls 389 yards lengthways by 150 yards breadthways.

On entering the iron gates, I found on my left a small bureau, which looked like a guard-room, and from which, on expressing my wish to go over the establishment, I was very civilly furnished with a conductor.

In front of the entrance-gate was a space shaded by trees and bounded by a barrack-looking building of fifteen windows in front, the residence of the principal officers. On the right and left, in three parallel rows, were six sets of buildings (twelve in all) separated from each other by broad roads which isolated each. Affixed to the walls of this enclosure were other buildings, the purposes of which will be consecutively described, as also two "abreuvoirs," or watering-places for cattle, and one fountain.

The officers of the establishment consist of

An inspector of police, whose duty it is to see that the whole interior of the abattoir is clean and in a state of "salubrity;" that there are no disputes among the people employed; and that the animals are not beaten ("qu'on ne frappe pas les animaux").

A principal inspector of the "Boucheries."

A sub-inspector of ditto.

Four guardians (surveillans) of the oxen, sheep, calves, &c. to be slaughtered.

Two superintendents for skinning, "triperie," &c.

Four men for cleaning the paved streets, &c., of the interior.

One porter.

One gate-keeper (concierge).

The slaughtering department is composed of 64 slaughterers, each of whom has his slaughter-house, his "bouverie," or stable for cattle, his loft and granary for hay and corn, and his chamber for dressing and undressing.

On walking to the space in front of the entrance gate, and between it and the garden belonging to the barrack-looking residence of the officers above named, I found within it, in two separate divisions called "parks," lying under the shade of lilac and laburnum trees in blossom, several sheep and bullocks just arrived.

Immediately adjoining to these enclosures, common to all the 64 boucheries, I entered a lofty "bouverie" 150 feet long, admirably ventilated by windows above on all four sides. Down the middle there ran before me a broad passage, on each side of which were a series

of square compartments, 25 feet long by 15 feet broad, separated from each other by wooden railings. In those on my right I saw, lying on straw as clean as that in the show-stables of a London horse-dealer, a quantity of bullocks, two, three, or four in each cell. In corresponding cells on my left were standing or lying, separated from each other by a low partition, a number of sheep and calves.

In the first of these cells, on the back of one of a small flock of sheep, I saw, lying fast asleep, a shepherd's dog. The bullocks and sheep were eating hay; the calves, my conductor told me, had "soupé."

"What is it made of?" I asked.

"De la farine, des œufs, et de l'eau chaude,"[1] was the reply; and he added that throughout the "bouveries" there was warm water for the calves. Every cart-load of calves, the heads of which are never allowed to hang outside, is obliged to leave half of its straw for their use in the abattoir. There are eight bouveries such as the one above described.

Above each line of cells for bullocks and calves is a loft to supply them with hay, and adjoining, are, open to the air and protected by iron wire, a series of large rooms, containing

[1] Meal, eggs, and warm water.

each a table and a chair, in which are to be seen, neatly arranged, the clothes and boots of the butchers, who, even if they had the inclination, are not allowed to offend the citizens of Paris by appearing in the streets in their professional garb.

Passing the four "cours de travail,"[1] containing the 64 slaughtering-houses, I was next led to a large building, in which the blood of the animals slaughtered is subjected to a scientific chemical process, under which, after lying for some time in clean, round, shallow tin pans, it is poured into barrels: first, for the purpose of refining sugar; and secondly, for manuring the earth. The entrails, after being carefully emptied into a pit constructed for the purpose, and emptied every day, are well washed by an abundant supply of water.

On entering the "triperie" department, I found a number of women employed in boiling, in a series of coppers supplied by three large vats of water, sheep's heads and calves' feet. An adjoining building appeared nearly full of sheep's feet, neatly tied up—not as Nature had arranged them, in fours, but—in dozens.

On entering a range of 48 melting-houses, admirably ventilated, I was astonished to find that, although they were nearly full of pails of

[1] Working yards.

tallow, there was no unpleasant smell. Above are a series of apartments, in which reside the women and men employed in this operation, which I had always incorrectly fancied to be unavoidably very offensive.

In proceeding towards the 64 boucheries arranged in the middle of the entrance, I went into one of the bouveries, to look at a bullock that my conductor told me was just going to be slaughtered.

It was a beautiful morning, and, although the sun was hot, the atmosphere, where I stood, felt quite refreshing. He was lying in a cell by himself, perfectly tranquil, on clean straw, and, with his fore-legs doubled under him, was chewing the cud. His great black nose, which almost touched the white litter, was wet and healthy; his eyes were bright; his tail quiet, for, as the air was cool, there was not even a fly to tease him.

As we were gazing at each other, a butcher, carrying a short rope, followed by a boy holding in his right hand a stick, in which I particularly observed there was no goad, walked up to him, and gently putting the noose over his horns, and then making him arise, he quietly conducted him to his doom. The poor creature walked slowly through the hot sunshine with perfect willing-

ness, until he arrived at the threshold of the broad door of the slaughterhouse, where, suddenly stopping, he leant backwards, and stretched out his head, evidently alarmed at the smell of blood. The butcher now slightly pulled at the rope. Without barking of dogs or hallooing of men, without the utterance of an imprecation or of a single word, four slight blows on the right hock with the boy's stick made him, after looking for a second or so fearfully to the right and left, hurriedly enter, after which he instantly appeared to become quite quiet. The rope from his head was now gently passed under his off fore-leg, and, on its being tightened, a couple of men in wooden shoes, clattering towards him over the wet slippery pavement, by a sudden push on his near side tumbled him over. He was scarcely down when one blow of a mallet made him completely senseless, two others were given for precaution's sake, and a butcher then, forcing his knife into his broad chest, instantly withdrew it.

There was a dead silence for some seconds; notwithstanding the colour of the knife, the blade of which I observed pointing to the ground, no effect was produced. At last out rushed a stream or river of blood, which, first black and then bright red, flowed in little waves along a gutter into a receptacle made to contain it.

As the great creature lay lifeless before me, I felt very forcibly how extraordinary was the fact, that while the Demon of War—Napoleon Buonaparte—had, in 1811, established in Paris the merciful arrangements I had witnessed, it had taken the Goddess of Peace upwards of six-and-thirty years to prevail upon the inhabitants of England in general, and upon the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London in particular, to abolish a system not only of barbarous cruelty, but which, by creating feverish excitement, amounting occasionally to madness, has rendered more or less unwholesome the meat of every wretched victim that has been killed in a metropolis (consuming annually 240,000 bullocks, 1,700,000 sheep, 28,000 calves, and 35,000 pigs) whose inhabitants, as if in satirical ridicule of themselves, delight publicly in singing, when in large congregations they sit down to dinner—

> "Oh, the roast beef of old England,
> And oh, the old English roast beef!"

Several calves were now driven into a yard containing four or five tressels, upon which, one after another, they were placed on their sides by men in wooden shoes, who held them down, while butchers—also in sabots—not only cut their throats, but their heads quite off; thus in a few seconds most effectually com-

bining death with the operation of bleeding, which, in England, is cruelly made to precede it. The blood of each calf was caught in a pan by the men who held it down. As fast as the animals were killed, skinned, and cleaned, their carcases, by means of ropes and pulleys, were hung up, arranged in lines, and then wrapped up in linen cloths as white as snow.

Observing to one of the butchers, who had rather a red-republican-looking countenance, that some of the sheep appeared to be very thin:—

"Ah!" said he, with a slight shrug and a gentle sigh, "il y a des gros et des maigres, comme il faut de la viande pour tout le monde."[1]

"And yet how does that agree," said I to myself, "with your fraternity and *equality?*"

As the hours for slaughtering were now nearly over, I had an opportunity of seeing the simple process of sluicing, by means of an abundant supply of water from a cock in each of the 64 boucheries, the red slippery floors of several of the slaughterhouses, which in the course of a few minutes were made as sweet and clean as the flags of a washhouse. As soon as this was effected, the butchers, washing themselves,

[1] There are fat ones and lean ones, for we must have meat for everybody.

and then slipping out of their wooden shoes, walked to their rooms to assume the decent dress in which they had entered, and in which they were about to return to their respective homes.

The charge at the abattoirs for killing cattle is from one franc to one and a half per head; besides which the butcher claims, as his perquisite, the blood, brains, and entrails.

If, when the animal is killed, its flesh is found to be diseased, or even bad, instead of being converted, as in London, into sausages for the rich or into pies and patties for the poor, it is confiscated by the Inspector of the Police residing within the establishment, who instantly sends it off to the Jardin des Plantes, to be eaten by the wild beasts,—by lions,—tigers,—bears,—by eagles,—by vultures,—and by other birds of prey. The meat for the inhabitants of the city is usually sent out at night only, but animals to be killed are received at any hour.

The number slaughtered per week at the single abattoir of Montmartre amounts to about 900 oxen, 400 cows, 650 calves, and 3500 sheep.

On leaving the establishment I walked completely round the lofty walls that enclose it; but neither to windward nor to leeward could I detect the slightest smell indicative of the bloody business transacted within it.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

As I was rather anxious to be permitted, during my short residence at Paris, to enjoy the professional pleasure of shaking the black hands of some of the Stokers and Pokers of the Great Northern Railway,—which connects Paris, not only *viâ* Arras, Douai, and Valenciennes, with Brussels, Namur, and Liege; but by a branch railway from Creil with St. Quentin, and by branch railways from Douai with Lille, Calais, and Dunkerque, with Bruges and Ostende, and with Ghent and Antwerp,—Baron Rothschild, one of the leading directors, was good enough to desire that, without reserve, I should be shown over the whole of the establishment, and, accordingly, beckoning to a voiture de place, I sat within it, rumbling, ruminating, and looking at one button only on the driver's back—the other one was deficient, and yet, alas! there was the very spot on which it had lived—until, within the course of about half an hour, turning out of the Rue Lafayette, I found myself on an irregular, open, paved space, of a nondescript

tipsy-looking shape, called "Place de Roubaix," bounded on the south, east, and west, by the houses of Paris, and on the north by the "embarcadère," or metropolitan terminus of the Great Northern Railway,—"Chemin de Fer du Nord."

As soon as I had dismissed my conveyance, I proceeded on foot across a paved square, separated from an interior yard by iron railing, at each extremity of which was an entrance gate leading to the station immediately in front of me, composed of a handsome-looking zinc-roofed building, one story high, the outer façade of which was formed of eight lofty arches, four filled up with glazed windows, the rest with glass and doors. On a gable at one end there beamed an honest-faced clock; on a corresponding gable at the other end a dial of the same diameter, above the black useful fingers of which was written, "Indicateur des Départs."[1]

On the right of this interior yard I observed ranged in line beneath a covered shed, a motley row of that which every railway station most delights in, "'buses," attached to each of which were standing, in placid matrimonial alliance, a pair of black, white, brown, bay, or piebald horses. On the left, everlastingly staring

[1] The indicator of departures.

at them all, was "Bureau des Omnibus,"[1] and alongside of it several animalcula of the genus cabriolet. Lastly, in the middle of this handsome paved yard, there grew and flourished a very little tree.

As fast as the various public and other carriages arrive, they drive up to one of the four great glass doors I have named, on entering one of which I found myself in a spacious paved hall, 231 feet long, 36 feet broad, and 24 feet high, bounded on the entrance side by the eight lofty glass windows and doors, which reached nearly to the ceiling; and on the opposite side by a wall divided into doors and compartments designated longitudinally, as follows:—

Bureau des Renseignements.[2]
S^lle. des Bagages Départ.[3]
S^lles. d'Attente de la Grande Ligne.
B^au. de distribution des Billets.[5]
Ditto ditto
Ditto ditto
Ditto ditto
Ditto ditto
S^lle. d'Attente de la Banlieue.[6]

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[1] Office for omnibuses.
[2] Office for obtaining information.
[3] Hall for luggage outwards.
[4] Waiting-rooms for the main line.
[5] Offices for the delivery of tickets.
Waiting-room for the short line.

Chemin de Fer de Boulogne.[1]—(The clerks within this office belong to a different company.)
Sᵗˡᵉ. des Bagages Arrivée.[2]

After spending a short time in the bureau of the chief engineer, whom I found very kindly disposed to give me whatever information I desired, I proceeded with his assistance to a lengthy office in the long paved entrance promenade I have described, the "Salle des Bagages Départ," in the middle of which, throughout its whole length, I perceived a low table on which is placed, as fast as it can be weighed, each article of outward bound baggage, which by attendant porters is piled upon three-wheeled trucks apparently much more convenient than those usually used in England, and then rolled along the platform to the luggage van in which it is to travel. A single glance at the distance which intervenes between this office and the departing train is sufficient to show a mal-arrangement, the inconvenience of which is acknowledged, but which, from want of space, was unavoidable.

Parallel with and adjoining to this office I found, ranged within a narrow shed, and, as it were, framed and glazed, for each had his window, a row of clerks, whose duty it is to receive

[1] Boulogne railway.
[2] Hall for luggage that has arrived.

goods and parcels to be despatched by passenger trains, "Messageries de grande vitesse."[1] Above their heads, outside, were inscribed the names of the various places of destination, for which there was a series of ticket-papers, about three inches by two, of a particular colour, numbered consecutively for each article, excepting where several bore the same address, in which case the same number was affixed to all. The tickets of passengers' baggage are distinguished from those of goods left solely in charge of the company by a cross made with a red pencil. The duty of this office continues night and day. At about one hundred yards southward, I reached a shed in which, under similar arrangements, goods are received and despatched by luggage trains of "petite vitesse."[2]

Returning to the long paved entrance promenade, I was conducted to the grand waiting-hall for the main line, composed of two sets of rooms (altogether 108 feet long, by 30 feet broad, and 27 feet high), sky-lighted throughout the whole length of the ceiling, and communicating by running doors with the platform. Each of these twin-republics is composed of a separate compartment for first, second, and third class passengers. In No. 1, the floors of which,

[1] Fast trains. [2] Slow trains.

as a mark of distinction, are as slippery as glass, are a handsome looking-glass, a green plush sofa, two green plush ottomans, and a quantity of subsidiary green plush chairs. In No. 2, the floor of which is a little slippery, are broad, comfortable green plush benches. Compartment No. 3, the floor of which, although very cleanly kept, was not slippery at all, is furnished with substantial hard oak forms.

On passing a door on the outside of the building, I asked the engineer, who was conducting me, what it contained?

"Merely," he replied, "le magasin des objets trouvés,"[1] and he was proceeding onwards, but at my request was good enough to send for the key.

Sterne observed, "they do everything differently in France," and accordingly — truly enough—as soon as the door was opened, I perceived walking towards me, with their tails erect, and slowly vibrating, three great fat cats.

"Beaucoup de rats, Monsieur!" said the man in mustachios, who had unlocked the door. "En quantité!"[2] he added, as one of the cats, occasionally leaning towards me to rub her side and stiff upright tail against my legs, kept pacing up and down before us like a sentinel.

[1] Lost luggage office.

[2] A number of rats, Sir! in quantities!

On the right hung nothing but "casquettes;" in front were cloaks, portmanteaus, and boxes; on a table in the centre a quantity of umbrellas and canes, among which I observed, tied together, a family group of five umbrellas of different sizes, and the poor father's stick. On the left was a congregation of carpet bags, sacs de nuit, bundles in handkerchiefs of different colours, two French prayer-books wrapped up in black cloth, only one shawl, two or three bandboxes, a few mysterious-looking utensils, and six swords.

It appears that gentlemen travelling in France are more light-headed than ladies, for while within the chamber in which I stood there was not a single bonnet, I saw ranged on my left no less than 110 black hats. On each was a paper, stating the date, the dismal days and nights, of its imprisonment, with the name of the maker, which the man in charge of the chamber told me enabled him readily to attend to any inquiries. He seemed proud of the arrangement, and accordingly, taking down a labelled hat from the pile, he handed it to me that I might observe how it was done. On looking into it I unexpectedly found within a lion and a unicorn —"Heaven bless them!" said I to myself— with the words—"Townend, 190, Regent Street, London."

On the north side of the long passenger platform, communicating with the waiting-rooms I have described, are ten sets of rails, on which are very cleverly arranged the carriages and spare carriages requisite for the working of the great line; opposite is a branch line, with five short satellite rails (for carriages) for the "banlieue," or short passenger and goods traffic. On the arrival of every train of the main line, that is to say, from Calais, Dunkerque, Ostend, Namur, Brussels, Liége, &c., as soon as the passenger carriages, passing under a handsome archway, are comfortably sheltered under a lofty thin slated roof, the luggage, turning suddenly to the left, along a rail at right angles, about thirty yards long, is conducted into an immense covered building, in which are two low tables or counters, each 200 feet long, divided into compartments, labelled over head with the names of the principal stations on the line. When the various articles are distributed thereon, according to the tickets affixed to each, there is thrown open a great door, through which is immediately seen to rush a torrent of passengers—John Bulls, Jenny Bulls, and travellers of all nations—who, with Babel faces of confusion, gape, stare, until at last, as soon as their eyes catch the superscription designating

their baggage, they are to be seen radiating towards it in various directions. On the production of their ticket, that which bears the corresponding number is delivered to each. At the end of this well-arranged hall is an office for the payment to the "Octroi de Paris"[1] of whatever may be due to it.

On the north of the lofty covered shed from which the passenger-trains depart, and which adjoins that under which they arrive, I entered the "Bureau de Douane,"[2] where I beheld seated in a row, eight clerks, beyond whom, in a large store-house, up and down which was pacing a custom-house officer, dressed in uniform, and wearing a sword, several men were engaged in opening and examining luggage of every description. That portion which was for "La Belgique"[3] was then doubly tied round with large cord, and secured from further examination by a leaden seal. On the outside of this department were standing several horse-boxes, opening fore and aft, instead of only at one side, as in England.

My companion now kindly proposed that I should walk with him down the line for about a mile, to the company's establishment of work-

[1] Receiver of the tolls of Paris.
[2] Office of the Customs. [3] Belgium.

shops, &c. I accordingly followed, and, in answer to the first question I put to him, was informed, that the railway "Chemin de Fer du Nord," was opened to Lille in 1846, to Dunkirk in 1848, and to Calais in 1849.

"Who is this?" I said to him, looking at a tall man walking towards us, in a sort of half uniform, with an unusually long and thick black beard.

"One of our guards," he replied.

It occurred to me at the moment that our railway directors in England might for the same service recommend the adoption of this fashion. In regions of intense cold it is invariably found necessary to cover a shaved chin, and as there is no cheaper or warmer protection than that which nature has granted to the lower half of a man's face, it would be especially economical and convenient to railway guards, who, when travelling at thirty or forty miles an hour, through cold air, itself flying in an opposite direction, say from forty to sixty miles an hour, are exposed—to say nothing of rain, sleet, snow, hail, and sunshine—to very trying vicissitudes of temperature and climate.

At 440 yards from the station we came to a switch-man, dressed in a blouse, with a red cord round his neck, suspending a cow's horn, with which — according to circumstances — he

communicated either with the station at the Paris terminus, or with an approaching train. I was astonished to learn, from the united testimony of my attendant and of this man, that a blast from a cheap rude instrument of this description can, in perfectly calm weather and in a plain, be heard at a distance of 4400 yards (2½ miles); and that even against a strong wind it is audible at a distance of 1500 metres, about a hundred yards short of an English mile. In our foggy weather such a warning voice might surely occasionally be of considerable service. At 550 yards from the station I came to another Cerberus, who had charge of wires, by which, without moving from his post, he could turn one disc at the station, and simultaneously another situated 550 yards down the line. His power of signalizing or of warning extended, therefore, over a distance of 1100 yards. Suspended from his neck by a black belt was a scabbard containing a red flag, there being no intermediate signal, by bunting, between "Advance" and "Halt." Behind him stood a sentry box, containing in the corner a small stove, the ornamental top of which, as is usual in France, had been exchanged for a "marmite" or covered saucepan, in which what he called his dinner—but from the smell what an Englishman would

call his "onions"—were stewing. Opposite his stove was a box of exploding petards for fog-signals. He had also charge of a switch, to which had been very ingeniously attached a revolving weight—it is submitted this might be advantageously adopted in England—which made it impossible for it to move during the time he was employed in signalizing with his discs.

Alongside of the line, protected from the intrusion of cattle, &c., by nothing but a slight trellis-work, which without any difficulty I could have levelled to the ground, were five electric wires, three constructed and used by Government, the other two by the company. The posts for all had been fixed by Government.

As we were walking through a cutting, the embankment of which had been planted with trees, for the purpose of retaining the earth, there rushed by us, on its road to Paris, a train laden with three tiers of large pans full of milk, from cows grazing and ruminating about seventy miles off. At 1000 metres (1100 yards) from the station, we came to a distance-post which constantly recurs at the same interval, and shortly afterwards there appeared before us a congregation of buildings—the object of my visit.

The Company's establishment at this spot, called "la Chapelle St. Denis," and which,

with a great clock in the middle of it, straddles on both sides of the railway, over an irregular space, about 1100 yards long, and from 200 to 300 broad, is composed, on the eastern side of the rails, of magazines, &c., for the arrival and departure, at "petite vitesse"[1]—say six leagues an hour—of heavy goods; and on the left or western side, of workshops of various descriptions.

Proceeding to the eastern side of the rails, I found, separated from each other by wide spaces, four large, lofty, light buildings, called "Salles d'Arrivée:"[2]—

1. For the reception of sugar.
2. For mixed goods.
3. Do. do.
4. For oil, spirits, all that is liquid, and grain.

Also, two similar "salles" for despatching goods of all descriptions.

The interior of each is composed of a wooden platform, about 5 feet above the ground, with rails all along one longitudinal side, and with a space for carts and waggons on the opposite side; by which arrangement, in the arrival "salles," goods brought on railway-cars are transferred to wheels; and in the departure salles, from the wheel-carriages in which they

[1] Slow pace. [2] Halls of arrival.

arrive are transferred to carriages to travel by rail.

In the arrival "salle, No. 1," I saw, in large heaps, beet-root sugar in bags, tapped in so many places by the "douaniers,"[1] that they looked as if they had been under the fire of musketry. In salle No. 2 were bars of iron, piles of canvas, of paper 3 feet long, of matting, boxes of window-glass, barrels, and huge bags of coarse canvas, through which were protruding, like the quills of a porcupine, turkeys' feathers. Above these various packages on a beam that traversed the whole building, was a running-crane for the purpose of moving them in any direction.

In salle No. 3, the platform—250 feet long, 120 broad, and covered by a triple-slated roof, supported by thirty-six posts—was divided by them into as many compartments, numbered,—for Prusse, Mouscron, Tourcoing, Roubaix, Dunkerque, Quiévrau, Valenciennes, Hazebrouck, Calais, St. Omer, Armentières, Arras, Lille, Somain, Douai, Corbie, &c.

At the end of this salle was a "bureau," containing a very ingenious contrivance for recording, during the night, the vigilance and presence of the guards whose duties it is to watch the pre-

[1] Custom-house officers.

mises. A small pasteboard dial, coinciding with that of a clock, is so arranged, that whenever the guard, in passing it, gives it, as he is ordered to do, a push, it not only makes a hole, but by it marks the precise hour and minute at which the rude pressure from without was inflicted; and, as the whole apparatus is locked up, the superintendent on his arrival in the morning, without inquiry, reads, from various dials of this description, the precise periods at which the guards performed in every locality their several tours. One of these instruments a drowsy guard had been required to push every five minutes, to satisfy the superintendent he had not been asleep during the night.

On the platform of these sheds I stood for some time admiring the magnificent one-horse carts, everywhere in use at Paris. On one I saw piled and carried off with apparent ease, by a punchy little horse not fifteen hands high, fourteen barrels of Burgundy (in two tiers, the lower one of ten, and the upper of four casks), weighing, with the cart, 4000 lbs. Another, in front of which was affixed a little capstan, with a double rope, was laden with casks of sugar, weighing nearly 12,000 lbs. The clerks and porters employed in these "salles" work from six to six in summer, from seven to seven in winter, with

one hour's intermission, namely, from eleven to twelve.

Against the eastern outer wall which surrounds the establishment of "la Chapelle St. Denis" are five offices, three belonging to the company, and the other two for the "octroi" of the Government.

After passing a small pier, not very well protected, for the embarkation of horses, cattle, and carriages, I observed an ingenious contrivance for assisting the transportation of coke, which, on its arrival in a large grated waggon, is conducted on rails, under a powerful crane, to which is affixed a large strong rectangular frame, with iron pins, which fit and fasten all round into corresponding holes in the top-rails of the waggon, which then, coke and all, weighing 10,000 lbs., is lifted into the air, to be replaced on a two-wheeled cart, which, in a very few minutes, carries it away to Paris. There is also a lofty machine, with a little railed gallery on the top, for the purpose of ascertaining the weight of every load of coke, including the truck,—called by French engineers "trook."

On crossing over the line to the Company's workshops, I was introduced to a fine-looking superintendent, who, although he understood not a word of English, kept brushing with the points

of his long white beard my little note-book, in which he carefully looked with kind simplicity, and apparent satisfaction at every word I wrote.

At the entrance of the "Forgeries,"—in the centre of which is an exalted office, enabling the superintendent-in-chief to overlook two immense workshops at right angles, admirably lighted and ventilated above, by broad horizontal open blinds, like a brewhouse,—I found at work, in triple rows, eighty-one forges, and two small steam-engines, by whose irresistible power a hammer is enabled, sixty times per minute, to inflict a blow of from 18,000 to 20,000 lbs. It also gives life and animation to a variety of smaller machines, for cutting, punching, and dealing with iron as if it were leather. It likewise causes to revolve an enormous grinding-stone, before which there appeared, dressed in a pair of wooden trowsers, and leaning against an inclined elastic board, always pressing him towards the stone, a man, from the neighbourhood of whose stomach streams and sparks of fire were flying from the large steel spring he was grinding. At a little distance from him was a neat, compact, square furnace, for heating whatever required to be forged. There were drawn from it while I was looking at it, first a rectangular hollow square, then a

long thin plate, then a short broad one, then a lumpish piece of iron, all red, or rather, almost white hot.

We next proceeded to the department for repairing the company's brass engine tubes, made at Rambouillet, near Rouen. As, however, the operation of cutting them with a circular saw produced a noise exceedingly disagreeable, I hurried from it into a yard, in which I found troughs full of acid for cleaning tubes, and vats full of water for washing them, after which they are filled with hot rosin, which, strange to say, as soon as it gets cold, hard, and *brittle*, enables them to be bent with the greatest accuracy and certainty into a circular or into any form. This object having been attained, the tube is then moderately heated, which causes the rosin, slowly and sluggishly, like a great serpent, to roll out.

In a covered passage I entered a series of store-rooms, containing iron for various purposes, each ticketed separately; brass; paint of different colours; various sizes of wire; tools of all sorts, to be delivered as required to the company's workmen, each of whom, in acknowledgment, surrenders to the storekeeper his "ticket" (an iron wafer bearing his number), which is put in the place of the tool he has received. Every

Saturday, previous to paying the men, all bring in their tools, redeem their tickets, and then receive their money.

We next entered a magnificent "atelier," or workshop, 330 feet long, admirably lighted and ventilated, containing in four rows seventy-two machines, worked by steam, for turning brass and iron. The sudden sight of so many revolving leather straps, the busy whirl of so many lathes, each attended by its mechanic, the figures of upwards of a hundred men dressed in blouses, standing at tables all round the walls in various attitudes of filing, contrasted with the comparative silence (for the machinery worked with great ease) of the whole scene, was highly interesting. In the middle of this splendid workshop there was, as usual, an elevated office with glass windows overlooking the whole.

Passing through a yard of several acres' area, full of wheels of waggons and other carriages, we entered another immense lofty double hall, at right angles, for the reception of engines afflicted with all sorts of disorders in their bowels, for which hammering seemed to be the general specific, for everybody, everywhere, appeared to be belabouring something. And although they all together created a "devil's tattoo," almost deafening, it appeared to me that the men

struck with rather less spite, with a little less energy, and with rather more nonchalance than in England. Adjoining was a shed for smaller repairs, "petites réparations," of engines.

I was now conducted into the "Rotonde," a beautiful circular fabric for washing, cleaning, and overhauling engines and tenders, of which there were thirty-six, all named and numbered. Among them I observed an engine and tender, united so as to form only one machine. The French engineers, copying our language, call the tender "le taindair." At the end of this rotonde was a pit, and ingenious weighing machine for ascertaining and for adjusting the precise weight resting on each of the three pairs of wheels of every engine.

In a very large yard, in which are an immense turn-plate, an office, and a store of coke, is the "Bureaux des employés," or principal office of the establishment: beyond it I entered another spacious covered hall or hospital for sick and wounded engines, which, standing on three sets of rails pitted beneath, were undergoing slight medical and surgical operations. I next paid a visit to the heart and lungs of the establishment, a thirty-horse power steam-engine, which, with a thrilling noise and rumbling motion, made my whole system appear to quiver. At a short dis-

tance from it was another steam-engine of twelve-horse power, for carpenters' work, and immediately adjoining a very fine hall 300 feet long by 150 broad, for the reparation of "vagons" and "voitures," all inscribed and numbered in scarlet. In this department I found various circular saws and machines for cutting quoins for rails; a colour-shop; a tool-shop; and a grinding-stone, which, to prevent it from splashing, was cleverly confined within a wrought-iron case, so as to leave uncovered only the part wanted, which could be closed by a shutter when not in use.

Against the wall surrounding the company's establishment were a series of sheds for lamps and tin-work, cushions, &c., extending to a large field covered with rails, &c., for the permanent way. Parallel to these sheds is a long line of magnificent stores, as light as day, for grain and flour, and of "salles," or workshops, warmed by stoves, for painting carriages.

Before the last revolution (the establishment then contained 2000 workmen), the company's carriages of all descriptions were made here, but, as they are now supplied by contract, the number of artificers has been reduced to 600.

Notwithstanding the accommodation these large halls afford (half of them were lately

appropriated for packages going to the London Exhibition), I observed, standing in the open air, covered only by a brown canvas mantle, a splendid, richly painted, richly gilt, and richly ornamented carriage, formerly entitled, while it carried Louis Philippe, "Voiture Royale:"[1] ever since it has been devoted to the President of the Republic it has been called "Vagon Nationale;"[2]—it has nevertheless lately been embellished, infinitely finer than before, and thus it has gained in splendour more than it had lost in name.

I was now conducted by my obliging attendant to an extraordinary-looking double store of three galleries, like those of a Swiss cottage, with four flying bridges of communication. These communications, as light as open day, were divided into fifty-four compartments, again subdivided into pigeon-holes, containing tools of every description, hair-brooms, mats, in short, every article—most of them ticketed—that a railway establishment could require. Beneath was a "bureau," or office, over the door of which was written, "Interdite au public."[3] On entering I found it full of bearded clerks, all sitting in caps excepting one, whose head was covered

[1] Royal carriage. [2] National waggon.
[3] No admittance for the public.

with an immense white wide-awake hat. At the principal stations the cap of the "chef de la gare"[1] is embroidered; that of the station-master is plain; and while on the subject of costume I may observe, that all men employed on the company's line are dressed in blouses.

Besides the spacious well-organized establishment, a mere outline of which I have now faintly delineated, there exist branch workshops at Amiens and at Lille. If the directors could have foreseen what lately happened, and what at any hour may recur, namely, that a revolution in Paris completely throws into the hands of the workmen at "La Chapelle St. Denis" the whole of the Company's valuable property comprehended therein, instead of the vicinity of the metropolis they would no doubt have established their workshops, &c., at Lille, where they would have been beyond the familiar grasp of

"LIBERTY, FRATERNITY, AND EQUALITY."

After walking by the side of the rails to the station at Paris, I ascended a staircase which led me into a small room, where I found two gentlemen and three electric dials. The one on the left, which belongs to Government and which is the most perfect, can work off

[1] Chief Superintendent of the station.

with one hand 110 letters, or, with both hands, 180 letters per minute, three per second. The other two, called "Cadrans alphabétiques,"[1] are managed as follows. On the right of each machine there lies on the table before the operator a horizontal brass dial, of about ten inches in diameter, the circumference of which is marked with an alphabet and figures corresponding with those on the machine before him. By this arrangement, and by the assistance of a brass radius terminating in a little knob, the operator, working horizontally instead of vertically, rapidly moves the radius of the brass dial from one letter to another, and, as fast as he does so, the corresponding letter at the same instant is repeated on the dial before him, and at its destination! Besides letters, there are used ciphers often expressive of a whole sentence.

After thanking the chief engineer for the attention he had been kind enough to show me, I passed into the great covered promenade by which I had entered, and on looking along the range of offices inscribed on the wall, I perceived I had neglected to visit the "Bureau des Renseignemens." I accordingly opened its door and walked in.

Within it I found an exceedingly intelligent

[1] Alphabetical dials.

gentleman, whose duty it is, from half-past seven in the morning till nine at night, on every day of the week, Sundays and all, to be badgered by any man, woman, or child who, naturally or unnaturally, may be hungering or thirsting for railway information; besides which he has to make, in writing, "réclamations"[1] for every description of lost baggage. I felt ashamed to speak to him, but, as he instantly not only addressed me, but, on ascertaining what I wanted, with the utmost goodnature expressed an anxiety to explain to me everything that belonged to his department, I briefly ascertained from him that, during the summer, he and his assistant, then at rest, had to work "énormément;"[2] that of all travellers the country people of France give him most trouble; that it takes sometimes a quarter of an hour to explain to them unnecessary details which, after all, might be understood in two minutes; that of the various trains, the branches of the "banlieue" (to short distances from Paris) are the most troublesome; lastly, that of all days in the year, fête-days and festivities—which to all other people are moments of enjoyment—give him the most afflicting amount of labour. While I was with him, two or three people, quickly pushing open the

[1] Applications. [2] Enormously.

door, asked him for information almost at the same time; and while one of them was bothering him with all sorts of little questions that appeared to me not to be worth a farthing a dozen, I heard close to me, exclaimed in a tone of honest joy, "HERE YOU ARE!" On looking round, I found a tall, strong, fine-looking young Englishman, pointing out with his finger to the upturned eyes of his comrade—a foot shorter than himself—the precise hour of departure of the to-morrow morning's train from Paris to Boulogne.

"OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER!"

On walking, or rather crawling, out of the great yard—for I was very tired—I went straight into a café on the Place de Roubaix, and asked the waiter for a cup of coffee. In about half a minute he not only brought it to me, but, almost before I could look at it, as a sort of codicil to the will I had expressed to him, to my horror he filled and left with me a little wine-glass with brandy, and then walked away.

This evil custom has of late years become so general in Paris that, as I walked along the streets, I saw within the cafés almost everybody who had coffee, either sipping, or about to sip, a glass of brandy.

In returning homewards I stopped for a few moments to look at an open empty black hearse, richly ornamented with silver, to which were harnessed, but standing stock still, a pair of horses smothered alive in black trappings, edged with silver, and covered with silver stars and silver tears. The reins were black and silver. The coachman, dressed in a black cloak, with a pair of large jack-boots, with white linen wrapped round his knees inside, had on his head a black cocked hat edged with silver. Close to the horses there stood, as chief mourner, a splendid, tall, well-fed man, dressed in a cocked hat, black coat with a collar of purple and silver, and purple scarf edged with long silver bullion; lastly, resting against the wall of a shop, hung with black cloth decorated with silver, were four men in black. As I was gazing at the horses, coachman, and tall man in black, purple, and silver, I observed that everybody that passed on either side of the street, without looking to the right or left, either took off his hat, or with his right hand touched its brim. I thought at first they were all saluting the empty hearse; but on looking into the black shop, I saw within it, resting on two tressels, and illuminated by eight candles, the coffin of a man whose name, obliterated by the

black cloth that covered his remains, nobody stopped to inquire about; who had died nobody knew why; and who was going to be buried nobody knew where. The civility, however, in Paris bestowed upon the living, is as politely extended to them when they are dead.

SUNDAY, THE 4TH MAY.

At nine o'clock in the morning, with my umbrella in my hand, I sallied forth from my lodgings to behold the great fête, the preparations for which had for so many days engaged the time and the talk of almost everybody in Paris. The weather was dirty, moist; and as there was every appearance that it would become more dull and more moist, I hastened to the Place de la Concorde, the fountains of which, surrounded by people, I found converted, as I have described, into enormous gilt wicker baskets full of roses, red and yellow, variegated with ruddy-faced apples as big as melons. The goddesses' heads were now completely concealed by bushes formed of the tops of young fir-trees. Encircling the whole there gracefully hung, increasing in size from the ends towards the centres, wreaths composed of 212 ground-glass globe lamps. In various parts of the Place several men were busily fixing fireworks; others, with large paint-brushes, rapidly converting a mass of huge wooden packing-cases

into beautiful rocks, among which entire fir-trees had been inserted. In every direction was to be heard the tap and roll of drums, preceding masses of moving bristling bayonets, dully shining over the heads of the crowd through which they were passing. On both banks of the Seine every vessel, and especially the long low baths moored close to the stone pier, were ornamented with flags. As I approached the Pont de la Concorde the concourse of people was immense.

"Voilà, Messieurs!" I heard everywhere, from voices, high, low, male, female, but already more or less hoarse and worn out, "le Programme détaillé de la Fête; la description des Statues, du Rocher de Cascade, pour la bagatelle d'un sou!"[1]

"Achetez, Monsieur!"[2] said to me a stout woman, with a brown, honest, healthy face, ornamented with a long pair of gold earrings, embedded in a white cap, beautifully plaited, as she offered me one of the armful of printed "Programmes" she was describing.

As I was complying with her request, several other hands were stretched towards her for a

[1] Here, gentlemen, is a detailed account of the Fête; a description of the statues and of the rocky cascade for the trifle of a halfpenny.

[2] Buy, Sir!

copy, which she supplied with great alacrity, continuing unceasingly, but every moment a little more hoarsely, to exclaim, "Voilà, Messieurs, le Programme détaillé," &c. &c. &c.

In the middle of her announcement, "Pardon, Madame," she suddenly said to one of her customers, "c'est une demoiselle!"[1] The lady took back the money she had paid, and in exchange gave her the sou she had required.

"What *is* a demoiselle, if you please?" whispered I to the woman whose offering had been rejected. "Mais voyez, Monsieur!"[2] she replied, presenting to me a copper coin, on which I saw the figure of Britannia. She had offered an English halfpenny instead of a French one.

Here and there were to be seen standing bolt upright, or pacing backwards and forwards, a "sergent de ville" (Anglicè policeman), attired in a blue single-breasted coat, remarkably well made, with long broad skirts, edged round with small red cord, silver buttons—a silver ship, the arms of the city of Paris, embroidered on the collar—and a brass-hilted straight sword suspended perpendicularly by a black belt beneath the coat. These men, usually well grown, well made, and who, generally speaking, have coun-

[1] Your pardon, Madam! this is a young lady!
[2] See, Sir!

tenances highly intelligent, wear mustachios, but no whiskers; in lieu of which, from the end of their chins there projects a sharp-pointed beard, which seems to add, if possible, to the extreme sharpness of their appearance.

After mingling with the vast concourse of people,—some looking over into the Seine—some at the new statues—some at the colonnade in front of the National Assembly,—I reluctantly left the joyous groups by which I had been surrounded, and walked to the Champs Elysées, where I found a scene of unadulterated happiness, nearly a mile long.

The first group I stopped at was surrounding a small oblong table, at the end of which was a common wooden box with four holes in it, each about an inch and a half in diameter. Into them a number of men in blouses were trying to blow through a tube a little arrow. On the top of the box, perfectly happy, sat, quickly nibbling cabbage-leaves,—munching a little,—and then, apparently unconscious of the presence in creation of any beings but themselves, nibbling again,—six rabbits and a guinea-pig. All of a sudden I heard a slight general exclamation of triumph, caused by a competitor having shot into one of the holes; and almost at the same moment the blouse-covered arm of the man who

had done so was stretched towards the largest and fattest of the rabbits, who, while in extreme happiness he was nibbling a piece of the green cabbage-leaf which he had just broken off, was suddenly lifted up by the ears, to be killed, skinned, fricasseed, and eaten by the conqueror; and yet his violently kicking hind-parts were scarcely out of reach of his quondam comrades, when,—so like mankind,—the remaining five went on, with their long thin ears lying on their backs, placidly nibbling and munching, utterly regardless of the game of Death actually performing before their eyes.

After passing several turnabouts, billiards, and amusements of various sorts, I came to a lad of about seventeen dressed in a blouse, who, with a large table covered with square pieces of gingerbread of different sizes before him, was unceasingly exclaiming, "On les vend à un sou et à deux sous la pièce. S'ils ne sont bons, on ne les paie pas! On a l'avantage de les goûter d'abord!"[1] Then looking upwards towards the clouds, from which a few drops of rain were now beginning to fall, he said, appealing to me,

"Je croyais que le Bon-Dieu était juste!

[1] Going for a halfpenny and a penny a-piece. If they are not good, you need not pay for them. You have the advantage of tasting them first.

mais," he added, covering over his gingerbread with a cloth, " il n'est pas juste du tout!"[1]

It was Sunday; and as I continued walking up the Champs Elysées, just ornamented by the completion, at the cost of sixteen pounds sterling apiece, of the colossal statues of Papin, Corneille, Poussin, Molé, Jean Bart, Jeanne Hachette, le Grand Condé, Le Maréchal Ney, Jacquart, Molière, Jean Goujon, Le Cardinal Richelieu, Dugay-Trouin, Jeanne d'Arc, Le Grand Turenne, Le Général Kleber, I could not help feeling the inconsistence in a nation thus to honour her public men, and yet to live unmindful of the Omnipotent Power that created them!

At the " Rond Point," or circular space, about half way up the Champs Elysées, where six roads meet, I found completed, on its pedestal, an immense colossal statue of France, beautifully executed, holding, with extended arms, in each hand a crown of laurels. On both sides of the pedestal was appropriately inscribed,

" Aux Gloires de la France."[2]

Among the endless variety of modes of shooting for amusement, I observed in the rain a

[1] I thought that God was just! but he is not just at all!

[2] To the Glories of France.

number of people firing with percussion-caps at a man's head, whose eyes (two candles) were to be blown out by the air rushing from the barrel of the gun. A little further on, surrounded by a group of admirers, were a quantity of plaster figures, many of which had been more or less wounded by the crossbow bullets to which—three shots for a sou—they had been exposed. Beneath them, lying fast asleep, with his shaggy side completely covered with the débris of the broken images, was the rough black dog of the owner of the game.

Without knowing what I was to see, I followed a man through a slit in a canvas wall, within which I found a tame stag telling people what o'clock it was, &c. On coming out of it, "Est-ce que ça vaut deux sous?"[1] said a boy to me, eagerly putting his face close to mine. I did not like to injure the proprietor of the stag, and, not being sufficiently acquainted with the inquirer's taste to answer the question he had put to me, I extricated myself from the dilemma by putting into his hand two sous, and saying nothing—on which and with which—in he rushed.

"Eh bien, Messieurs, qui demande la commotion?"[2] exclaimed the proprietor of an electrify-

[1] *Is* it worth a penny?

[2] Now then, gentlemen, who'll have a shock?

ing machine, who, almost as fast as he could receive the sous that were tendered to him, electrified not only the hands that contained them, but, amidst roars of laughter, bunches of rustics, men and women, pressing around them. A little girl, who came forward to receive the shock, bore it very well; but a large young woman standing near her squalled out, and put her hands to the backs of both her knees.

Along the principal road of the Champs Elysées were closely ranged, on both sides, stalls full of trinkets of all descriptions. One was full of pipes; many consisted of toys, most of which — emblematic of a Frenchman's taste — were, I observed, drums and dolls. In one were bread, wine, spirits, and red eggs; in another, cold boiled sausages; in another, a woman, whose face was wet with rain and perspiration, frying, over charcoal, sausages, which —just as if they wanted me either to buy them or save them — spluttered loudly as I passed them. In the jewellery department were displayed wedding-rings enough to have married, twenty times over, all the ladies in Paris. The scene, throughout its whole length, was ornamented with thousands of flags, and yet men with arms full of them were hurrying along.

Diving again into the interior, L. found a hussar, a handsome man in a long beard, bare throat, military cap, scarlet jacket richly embroidered, and crimson trowsers, selling quack medicines to an extensive circle of people, who had crowded around him, and whom he always called "l'aimable société qui m'environne."[1] He was standing up in a sort of long barouche; above, and over his head, was a cabriolet, in which were seated, in military uniform, blowing and beating themselves to death, a pair of trumpeters, a key-bugler, and two drummers. After displaying a cake of his medicine—holding it out at arm's length between his fore-finger and thumb, to show as much of it as possible—which he assured his hearers could cure anything, a sickly-looking man stepped up on the wheel of the carriage. "Entrez, mon ami!"[2] said the hussar, assisting into the carriage the limping impostor, who, with a number of twitches in his countenance, expressive of great agony, explained he had not only pains everywhere, but that he could not in the slightest degree raise his left arm.

"Vous le jurez?"[3] exclaimed the hussar, with great animation.

[1] The amiable company who surround me.
[2] Come in, my friend! [3] Will you swear so?

"Je le jure!"[1] said the impostor, completing the oath, by simultaneously raising, as is customary in a French court of justice, his right arm to Heaven.

Preliminaries having been thus adjusted, the hussar desired the man to prepare for his cure. Accordingly he threw off his hat; unbuckled his stock; took off his coat; then his waistcoat; and, although a number of "ladies" were present, he threw off his shirt. The hussar then set to work, and rubbed him as seriously and as recklessly as if he had been soaping a pig, his band all the time playing a suitable accompaniment to every movement he made.

"Raise your left arm!" said he. The man did so, and pronounced himself to be PERFECTLY CURED!!!

Another impostor went through very nearly the same form. At last, up came a man hobbling on crutches, who said he had an excruciating pain in his hip.

"NO!" exclaimed the hussar, throwing his head back, extending his right arm, expanding his chest, and looking as magnanimous as if he would die a hundred thousand painful deaths rather than do what was wrong. "Public decency forbids I should cure you *here!* but," he

[1] I swear it!

added, with a look of well-feigned charity and generosity, "here is a cake you may take home with you to your wife!"

Having put the gentlemen to rights, he next addressed himself to the ladies; explained to them, without the slightest concealment, the variety of little evils to which it appears their flesh is heir; and ended by telling them, most truly, that his cakes were quite as good for them as for their husbands, their lovers, or brothers. As soon as he had concluded, to my astonishment, quantities of people, like the English in 1825, and afterwards in 1845 during the railway mania, "came forward;" and the avidity to possess the specific was so great that the hussar could hardly pocket their money and deliver his yellow cakes fast enough.

I now proceeded to a large open space in the interior of the Champs Elysées, in which, besides nearly thirty bands that were playing different tunes at the same time, showmen bellowing with their utmost strength, were, through speaking trumpets, vaunting the wonders of their respective exhibitions, in addition to which were to be heard constant explosions of gun-firing. As soon as I had a little recovered from the stunning effects of these extraordinary noises, under the shelter of my umbrella—for it was

raining steadily—I endeavoured to ascertain the principal causes of such a superabundance of joy.

Around the square were arranged in line—as in an English fair—canvas theatres, on the exalted platforms of which ladies in evening gowns, cut very low at top and very short at bottom,—gentlemen in brilliant uniforms,—and menials with their faces powdered and with cheeks daubed with red paint, were contending together for notice. A smaller set of tents contained—to judge from the pictures displayed outside—wonders of all descriptions. In the middle of the ground were whirligigs, montagnes Russes, wooden horses each under a canvas roof, which, turning round with it, sheltered the rider from the weather, carriages and boats flying round horizontally, long poles, soaped, with prizes at the top, others surmounted by eagles for pistol and gun practice.

As the rain was coming down very hard, I took shelter in a little theatre, on one of three reserved benches (for which I paid 6*d.*), each of which had a stuffed seat and back. The remainder, which were of white new rough wood uncovered, were filled with people who had paid for their admission two sous each. After sitting by myself—for no one else paid for the stuffing—for about five minutes, the curtain gently

rising, disclosed to us a table, at which were seated three monkeys, one dressed in a blue coat, with two large scarlet worsted epaulettes. The master, addressing himself to this distinguished officer, asked him where he came from. In reply, he instantly drew from his breast-pocket his passport, which he unfolded and presented. "What is your name?" Showing every one of a double range of beautiful white teeth, he grinned and chattered four or five times most violently.

A monkey, dressed in a cook's white cap, white linen jacket, large loose bright-blue calico trowsers, striped down the sides with silver lace, brought in a pair of candles. In retiring he showed no tail, but his hands hung down below his knees. The master now began to tie round each of the three monkeys' necks a white napkin. At the same moment the monkey cook, by untowardly bringing in and placing on the table a large plate of salad, set them all chattering most violently. In short, like greedy children, they kept looking at their dinner, instead of sitting demurely to have their pinafores put on. As soon as the last of the three was thus prepared, they all together poked out their long, black, thin, hairy arms, and amidst roars of honest laughter stuffed lettuce-leaves into

their mouths, until the dish was perfectly empty. The monkey waiter then brought in wine; as soon as it was despatched, he walked off the stage with the empty bottle in one hand, and a basket in the other. He then carried off the two candles, and the curtain slowly dropped.

In the second scene two little ponies ran round the stage; then came in a monkey dressed as a young lady; then a poodle dog skipped, looking fearfully at the rope every time it revolved towards his feet; then he walked round the stage on his fore feet, with his hind legs in the air; then cantered, holding up first one fore leg, and then one hind one; and when all was over, ran with joy to his master, wagged his tail, and, after a variety of movements, showed his fidelity by licking his hand.

Next appeared a barouche, drawn by two white poodles, and driven by a monkey, with a comrade footman, who kept grinning behind,—both dressed in blue coats, with red collars and gold lace. In the carriage sat a monkey lady. In driving the vehicle round very fast, it upset, and the curtain, amidst roars of laughter, dropped upon the catastrophe.

In the third scene, a monkey, with a sabre in his hand, and riding a dog, was followed by four monkeys on foot, the first of whom, as he pro-

ceeded on his hind legs, leant his head on the dog's tail, while the other three, also bending their backs, reposed in like manner upon him and upon each other. After sheathing his sword, the rider got into a swing, in which—as might be expected—he underwent with perfect ease, and apparent enjoyment, a variety of antics.

Two dogs, with the word "California" on their hats, now walked in on their hind legs, each with a basket of yellow metal in one hand and a shovel in the other.

Three monkeys mounted on dogs now rode a steeple-chase. One, dog and all, jumped through a hoop covered with paper. In leaping over a variety of fences, which the dogs took with great ease, the countenances of the riders assumed that serious look which, under similar circumstances, on larger faces is occasionally to be seen during the winter in some of our hunting counties.

A dog, walking on his hind legs and carrying a musket, now led in a monkey, also dressed in uniform, with two large red epaulettes. A monkey, clothed as a clergyman, with white bands projecting from his throat, brought in a placarded sentence of

"CONDEMNATION TO DEATH, TO BE SHOT BY HIS COMRADES."

While a bell was slowly tolling, the master

tied a white handkerchief round the head of the culprit, who, on one of the dogs levelling a gun at him and then firing it off, dropped motionless. A mournful tune was heard, and the monkey priest—as if he had just eaten something that had woefully disagreed with him—really looked very uncomfortable. A monkey dressed as a grave-digger, in rusty black clothes, wheeling in a black cart, bearing on its sides in white paint death's head, put the dead monkey into it; in, however, trundling it away, he ran the wheel violently against a post, on which the lid of the dead-cart, by a pair of little hairy arms, was pushed upwards. The corpse looked out—grinned—chattered violently, and at last, unable any longer to control himself, jumping out, he ran across the stage amidst paroxysms of laughter, during which the curtain dropped, and in two minutes the house was not only emptied, but almost filled again, with a happy people, who for two sous apiece were to receive the enormous amount of enjoyment I have but very faintly described.

On coming out into the rain, I found, close to the canvas theatre from which I had emerged, a crowd of people watching a small tin pot lying on the ground. At the opposite end of the little space roped off, stood the master of

the concern, holding with both hands an enormous hollow human head, with white curly hair, laughing eyes, and an almost toothless mouth, grinning from ear to ear.

A fine-looking countryman in a blouse, stepped up to him, and, in return for the payment of one sou, the master put over his head the large hollow one he held in his hands. He then gave him a stick, with which, blindfolded by the huge extra scull that rested on his shoulders, he was to walk forward, halt, and gain the prize by hitting the tin pot. He, however, to the music of a drum which instantly began to beat, walked in the wrong direction, and the great laughing countenance of the mask which overwhelmed his head, contrasted with the anxiety with which with all his strength he struck the ground instead of the pot, which he had evidently determined to smash, was productive of great happiness.

In large booths or tents, parties of "ladies and gentlemen" were to be seen seated at little green tables, on each of which appeared a black bottle, three or four tumblers, containing in different quantities a red fluid. In the middle of the crowd a number of young men were amusing themselves by firing almost perpendicularly with powder and balls at a golden eagle

perched on the top of a lofty pole. On one of the exalted platforms of the small canvas theatres, the clown was riding about on a pony, very ingeniously constructed of a hairy substance, lined with oiled silk inflated with air, which by being suddenly compressed by the rider's thighs, caused the head and neck of the little animal to relax or start up exactly as was desired.

As from these joyous assemblages I walked away, I witnessed a trifling scene which was really affecting.

A tall stout man upwards of six feet high, of about forty, and with a handsome beard, was singing, and playing on a hurdy-gurdy, to a number of people. On his right stood his old mother; on his left, his four children, three nice-looking little girls, of about seven, nine, and fourteen years of age, and his son about ten; all were singing and accompanying him, the two eldest girls on harps, the younger one and the boy on fiddles. As the whole family sang and played, the rain continued to fall unceasingly, and, although the poor little girls had tied white handkerchiefs over their glossy hair, their nankeen frocks were evidently dripping wet.

Among the various objects of attraction was Punch, who, instead of his dog, had sitting on

the narrow stage of his exalted theatre a most spiteful cat that, to the merriment of the crowd, bit and scratched him, Death, the undertaker, everybody, and everything that approached it.

On a small table there stood, among the multitude of umbrellas, a tall man dressed like a sailor, with a magnificent beard, and with hair flowing down his shoulders like a woman's. At his side was a canvas painting headed—

"AVANT—PENDANT—APRÈS,"[1]

indisputably illustrating, by three pictures of himself, the effects of the oil he was offering for sale. In the first portrait he appeared bald and beardless; in the second (just after he had begun to use the oil), there was on his chin and head a strong growing crop; in the third he appeared—as he stood before them—with the splendid beard and chevelure I have described.

Within five yards of him, a man dressed in a white cap, like a cook, was selling as fast as he could make them, cakes which he baked by pinching the savoury dough of which they were composed with hot tongs, on which the rain occasionally hissed as it fell.

A little further on, hoping to get under shelter, I followed a party through a slit in a canvas

[1] Before—during—after.

screen, within which in the open air there stood for exhibition in an evening gown a young woman who had not only a regular long beard and mustachios, but whose shoulders and back were covered with hair. "Touchez le, Monsieur!"[1] she said to me, pointing to her beard. The men present, showing their white teeth, laughed, but some ladies, who had walked in immediately after me, stood looking at her back and chin, and then at each other, with countenances of silent horror, which it would be quite impossible to describe.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the whirligigs, wooden horses, and carriages heavily laden with joyous faces, were spinning round in all directions. Guns were firing, cymbals clanking, drums beating, wind instruments of all descriptions resounding, and, louder than all, the speaking-trumpets of the various little theatres and shows were apparently announcing to the whole world the unspeakable delights of the grand Sunday fête of the Republic.

In returning homewards, I saw in the Champs Elysées, in the open air, and in front of the Café des Ambassadeurs, amidst some thousand empty chairs, twenty-four waiters in white neck-

[1] Touch it, Sir!

cloths and white aprons standing chattering to each other in the drizzling rain. As I was pitying them, the master of the establishment, a young man of great intelligence, walked up to me. He observed that I saw before me 400 tables, 3000 chairs, and that, to supply the guests he had expected, he had engaged for that day eighty waiters. I sincerely condoled with him on the loss he must inevitably sustain. "Ah!" he replied, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, and a countenance beaming with good humour. It was all he said, or seemed to wish to say, on the subject. I then spoke of the unfortunate political condition of Paris. "We have plenty of Royalists," he said, "but they are all quarrelling among each other about the individual. We have also plenty of honest Republicans, but they quarrel about the individual too. People tell me we must cut off the heads of one of the two parties; but," he added with the very same slight shrug, "it is impossible!"

At the corner of the Place de la Concorde I found—all wearing sharp-pointed beards—the Garde Mobile, or Gendarmes Mobiles, the finest looking troops in Paris. The variety of names which this force has been obliged to wear is rather striking. It was at first called "Guet

Royal;" then "Guet Assis;" then "Garde de Paris;" then "Guet de Paris;" then "Garde Nationale Soldée;" then "Légion de Police." By the decree of the 10th of April, 1813, there was created and organised, for the protection of the metropolis, a corps entitled "Gendarmerie Impériale de Paris." By the Royal ordonnance of the 31st May, 1814, it took the name of "Garde Royale." On the 14th April, 1815, by order of the Revolutionists it resumed the name of "Gendarmerie Impériale." On the 10th of January, 1816, by order of the Bourbons, it returned to the name of "Garde Royale;"—and on the 16th of August, 1830, a decree was issued, changing its name to "Garde Municipale."

Their full-dress uniform (for they have three costumes) is at present composed of a strange and very striking mixture of colours, as follows:—The black cap,—bound at top with silver, ornamented at the side with a double angle of silver and scarlet, and a cockade of silver also edged with scarlet, and in front by a scarlet tuft, a resplendent silver eagle and wreath, beneath which projects horizontally the black peak;—is secured on the head by black patent-leather straps beneath silver chains that meet under the chin. The coat, which has long skirts lined with scarlet, is dark blue, with scarlet edging to

the cuffs. The epaulettes are of white worsted; the buttons of silver. The cross-belts, which pass diagonally over the chest, of light yellow, edged with white. From the left shoulder there hangs through and round the left arm a long white cotton aiguillette, festooned to the upper right breast buttons of the coat. The trowsers are light blue; the boots black. Affixed to the back is a small light-brown hairy deer-skin knapsack, surmounted by a blue greatcoat, neatly fastened in a roll by three yellow straps. The gloves are very light yellow. The broad belt of the bright-barrelled musket and the small pouch for percussion caps are of a darker yellow, similar to that of the cross-belts.

Close to the guard-room, dressed in black glazed hats on which was written—

"Salubrité,
"Cantónnier,"

and in blouses braced round the waist by black leather belts, were several men, employed by the police to keep the streets clean; they work from four in the morning till four at night, for which they receive 40 sous (1*s.* 8*d.*) a day, paid to them three times a month.

In Paris the proprietors of every house are required to sweep the foot-pavement opposite to their respective domiciles. The remainder of

the street is cleaned by the city, who, instead of letting the work by contract, employ such numbers of "Cantonniers" as they may deem necessary. In winter, of course, more are required, besides which 3000 additional men have occasionally been employed to break the ice in the gutters and carry away it and the snow to the Seine.

On ascending the steps of the church of the Madeleine, most magnificently ornamented, I stood for some time on the exalted platform looking at the moving mass of umbrellas which, without interval or interruption, appeared to extend across the Place and Pont de la Concorde to the lofty columns of the National Assembly. Within the church I heard resounding mass and prayers: outside, and close to me, men in blouses were working—without metaphor—like the very devil, with saws, tin wire, and lamps, preparing for the illuminations.

A tide of well-dressed people, without crushing each other's dresses, were slowly flowing into the church at one door and out of it by another. On entering with the stream, after listening for a few moments to the organ loudly pealing, I observed on both sides of the door, half seated and half kneeling, a lady, dressed in the height of the fashion, to receive (each in a crimson velvet purse bound with gold) contributions on behalf of the

poor. One, in mourning, was about forty; the other, nearly thirty, and who was endeavouring to make her mouth look as devout and as pretty as possible, was in colours. Both had in their laps splendid prayer-books bound in crimson velvet and gold.

In the vicinity of the church was a body of troops standing in the rain under arms, or rather leaning on them. Nothing could exceed the good humour that beamed in their countenances. On their right, looking as merry as a grig, I observed the drummer, like a hen on her nest, sitting with his scarlet trowsers on his drum to keep it warm and dry.

After mingling in the chequered scenes I have described for about nine hours, I crawled home quite tired at half-past six. However, as I felt resolved to see the fête out, as soon as I had had my dinner—and, instead of heating wine, a little rest—I sallied forth again, and was no sooner out of my door than I found myself, as before, in a moving mass of umbrellas.

After looking, until it became dark, at various illuminations—before lighting the lamps, I saw the men employed to do so pour off the water that lay in a stratum above the hard tallow—and especially at the fountains on the Place de la Concorde, now converted into glittering cas-

cades flowing over baskets of roses, I proceeded to the bridge, which was so crowded, that with considerable difficulty and by very slow degrees I was enabled to advance. The only point at which I and everybody had an appearance of hurrying was through a broad pool of rain water, about eight inches deep, at the edge of which all paused until, amidst loud laughter, they mustered courage enough by twos and threes to run through it.

The good humour and real politeness of the crowd were beyond all description; and although everybody had not only to take care of him or her self, but of an umbrella, which, for want of room, often unintentionally committed very grave offences, I heard around me in all directions nothing but joy and jokes. In trying to advance my parapluie during the heavy rain, I very unfortunately knocked a young gentleman's hat off into the mud. "Ah!" exclaimed a man in a blouse, as the owner ran to pick it up, "vous aurez un coup-de-soleil!"[1] The proprietor, however, as he put the dripping thing on his wet head, laughed as good-humouredly as the rest.

As I passed the magnificent colossal group of the Tritons, sea-horses, &c., in the middle of the bridge, representing the Genius of Navigation,

[1] Ah! you will have a coup-de-soleil!

I remained of opinion that the artist had entirely spoilt it by leaving the plaster snow-white. On crossing the bridge, however, and, after a deal of patience, obtaining à place close to the railings overlooking the Seine, I had occasion to acknowledge my error: for while, fancying that with more wisdom than other people I had discovered a great fault, I was actually looking at the majestic group, it all of a sudden, and apparently of its own accord, became tinged with a light bluish hue, producing the most beautiful effect that can possibly be conceived. The change proceeded from a small barge moored about one hundred yards down the stream, in which was concealed a powerful artificial light of the colour described, which, through a large lens, like that of a magic-lantern, was at a given moment made to radiate upon the white group to give to it the unearthly, mysterious, lovely tint, from all directions hailed with well-merited applause.

The picture was now complete: for simultaneous with the alteration of light an immense mass of water, conducted through iron pipes of ten and eighteen inches in diameter, was made to flow from beneath the group in cascades over the masses of artificial rocks, interspersed, as I have stated, with fir-trees of various ages and—as if from wind or from

the force of the torrent—in various attitudes. In the river beneath every barge and boat was beautifully illuminated, and wherever my eyes wandered there appeared through the darkness a picturesque mixture of light, colours, and flags. In a short time the pale blue group, as well as the rocks, the boats in the river, and even the countenances of the people that stood dripping by my side, assumed a beautiful red hue, then they became bright green, and, when the artificial lights which gradually and successively had caused these striking changes expired, the blue bull's-eye which, although it had been for the moment overpowered, had continued unceasingly shining upon its object, recovering its power, shed its pale lovely cerulean influence as before.

As, perfectly unconscious of the rain, I was enjoying the scientific changes I have described, I heard, at a considerable distance, a very slight insignificant explosion, followed instantly by a general murmur of applause. Some said, Oh! some, Ah! some, Ai! in short, the groan of delight from the whole assembled multitude was apparently composed of the joint utterance by innumerable voices of the vowels a, e, i, o, u, formed into one long drawling word. On looking in the direction in which everybody seemed to look and

groan, I saw, high up in the darkness, a dense mass of falling stars of every possible colour, announcing the commencement of the fire-works at the Champs de Mars, at the Barrière du Trône, on the Seine, and in various other localities. Occasionally the success of these feux d'artifice was only announced to us by a faint and distant cheer; but every five or ten minutes they rose and burst at a great height, with a variety and splendour which appeared to afford everywhere intense delight.

During the time I remained leaning against the railings overlooking the Seine, only about two rows of people behind me (all of whom were under umbrellas) could manage to get an occasional glimpse of the cascades, illuminations, &c., to the remainder almost invisible; and yet at no moment did I receive the slightest pressure, nor did I hear a single complaint or even observation respecting the innumerable little streams of water which from one person's umbrella were running into his neighbour's neck, and *vice versâ*.

At ten o'clock at night I abandoned my position to go to my lodgings. In returning along the Pont de la Concorde, I came into a tide of people, all, like myself, homeward-bound, all in good humour, all happy. There was no pressing, no confusion. Most of the women had

nothing on their heads but white caps; many were carrying in their arms dripping children. As the merry mass moved along, the rain, which for the last hour had been steadily increasing, was to be seen pattering upwards from the asphalte pavement of the Place de la Concorde. On reaching the covered colonnade of the Rue de Rivoli, it was, of course—especially for ladies whose silk cloaks and backs were dripping wet—a haven of considerable importance, yet I particularly observed no one tried to hurry into it before the person that preceded him, or even to enter it until he or she could do so without pressing upon any one else. On the whole, as I entered the welcome door of my home, I felt very deeply that, instead of regretting the weather they had experienced, there was nothing in the fête I had just witnessed that conferred half so much real honour on the Republic as the urbanity, politeness, and social virtues which the French citizens, under circumstances of untoward disappointment, had just evinced in the celebration of its anniversary; and yet, although liberty, fraternity, and equality had really been the happy characteristics of the day, it is an anomalous fact that, while every citizen of Paris was enjoying the festival of his independence from the power of monarchy, the

garrison of Paris, consisting of an army of 60,000 soldiers, were—excepting the guards I have mentioned, and occasionally a dragoon trotting through the streets with a despatch—confined to their barracks the whole of the day, to prevent the overthrow, by "the people," of the very republican system, the establishment of which was apparently producing among them so much happiness and joy!

The expenses of the fête, indirectly as well as directly, must have been enormous; and yet, strange to say, although I had been awakened in the morning by the gratulatory roar of the cannon of the Invalides, and although my ears had been assailed by peals of applause and of noises of approbation of every possible description, I did not, from morning to night, once hear the voice—even of a child—exclaim "VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE!"

As, on reaching my room, I was pretty well tired out, I soon made preparations for going to bed; and yet, before doing so, I could not help reflecting with pride and pleasure on a statement still lying on my table, in Galignani's newspaper, announcing the respect which in England, on that day week, Prince Albert and the Royal Commission had publicly paid to the sabbath, by suspending on it all work at

the Crystal Palace, although by doing so their pledge to the whole family of mankind to open it on the 1st of May was in danger of being broken.

The following little "dulce-domum" paragraph, contrasted with the scenes I had just witnessed, pleasingly corroborated the same important moral:—

From the 'Times' of Monday. "Yesterday the Duke of Wellington attended the early service and received the sacrament in the Chapel Royal, St. James's."

THE OCULIST.

BEFORE I left England I had been strongly recommended to ascertain in London who was the best oculist in the French metropolis; I, however, took especial care to do no such thing, but, on the second day after my arrival in Paris, called upon Mr. Swann, an English chemist of very high character, and, after explaining to him my anxiety on the subject, I put the important question to him.

"Sir," he replied, "I will give you the name and address not only of the best oculist in Paris, but, I believe, in Europe!" he added that the proper way of consulting him was to go to his house, where he received his patients every day except Saturday till two o'clock; and as he further advised me to go early, on the next morning I left my lodgings at a quarter before seven, and crossing the Place de Vendôme (the sentinel at the foot of Napoleon's column, pacing backwards and forwards, had in a great-coat—which, I believe, belonged to the sentry-box—a large hole—

"If there's a hole in a' yere coats,
I rede ye tent it:
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
An' faith he 'll prent it")—

afterwards the Boulevart des Italiens, and then entering the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, I proceeded along it until I saw over a handsome porte-cochère the No. 50.

I asked the concierge if Dr. Sichel lived there?

"Au premier, Monsieur,"[1] she replied.

So up stairs I mounted, and on the first landing place, ringing at the bell, the door was opened by a lad dressed in a sort of half uniform half livery, who showed me into two drawing-rooms, handsomely carpeted, the walls of which were surrounded by chairs, on which I saw, seated in silence, and in various attitudes, eight or ten persons. The boy told me in French "to give myself the trouble to sit down." On my doing so he went to his little desk, opened a little drawer, and, putting his hand into it, he brought, and, without the utterance of a word, delivered to me, a little bit of wood about an inch and a half square, on which was inscribed the figure 11.

[1] On the first floor, Sir.

"What's this?" said I to him in French.

"Monsieur," he replied, "c'est votre numéro;"[1] and then, turning on his heels and walking across the carpet, he seated himself at his desk with his face towards the wall.

In glancing at those who at the early hour I have named had come before me, I saw in a chair opposite me an officer in blue uniform and red collar, wearing the cross of the legion of honour; beside him sat a lady in a white bonnet, within which was an exceedingly pretty face, a quantity of black hair parted on the forehead, and in the place of whiskers two slight wreaths of light green flowers. Next to her sat a poor-looking paysanne in a milk-white cap, with frills beautifully plaited, and with a black shawl neatly thrown over her shoulders, confined across the breast by one long pin stuck in diagonally. Of the party assembled, some without very much expression of countenance were leaning their chins on umbrellas, others sat ruminating with their arms stiffly extended, their hands one over another resting on a stick. One poor lady, evidently suffering great pain, kept her white pocket-handkerchief on her eyes. Next to her sat a powerful-looking man in a blouse.

I was examining my little wooden ticket, and

[1] Sir, it is your number!

was reflecting on the extraordinary disposition for order and system which, in spite of her interminable political disorders, and repeated annihilation of every system of government, pervades France, when the bell rang, and the boy, as suddenly as if the wire had pulled him too, jumping up and then opening the door, ushered in two ladies, to the eldest of whom he gave a wooden ticket, which she received with silence, and then with her young friend sat down almost immediately opposite to me.

No. 11's eyes immediately looked at No. 12's eyes sympathetically to discover, if possible, what was the matter with them, at which the eyes of No. 12's friend sparkled and glistened, as much as to say, "You are mistaken, Sir, if you think *we* are either sick or sorry!"

The bell every now and then intermittently gave another ring, until in about a quarter of an hour the room was nearly full of eyes, some evidently suffering so severely that with habitual caution I began to reflect whether, in my visit, I might not possibly catch more than I had come to have cured.

For a considerable time we all sat in mute silence, and indeed, in our respective attitudes, almost motionless; save that every now and then a gentleman, and sometimes a lady, would arise,

slowly walk diagonally across the carpet to a corner close to the window, press with his or her hand the top of a little mahogany machine that looked like an umbrella-stand, look down into it, and then very slowly, at a sort of funereal pace, walk back.

All this I bore with great fortitude for some time; at last, overpowered by curiosity, I arose, walked slowly and diagonally across the carpet, pushed the thing in the corner exactly as I had seen everybody else push it, looked just as they did, downwards, where, close to the floor, I beheld open, in obedience to the push I had given from the top, the lid of a little spitting-box, from which I very slowly, and without attracting the smallest observation, walked back to my chair.

The silence continued for a long time; at last with great joy, I first heard and then saw the massive door of admission to Dr. S. open, and I was expecting to see No. 1 rise from her chair, when a sort of clerk, who hardly a minute before had walked across the carpet into the room beyond the said solid door, re-appeared, carrying through the two waiting-rooms on his right arm a dark-coloured coat and waistcoat.

Several other patients now arrived, and in a few minutes the solid door again opened, and the

same clerk again walked out of it, carrying in his right hand a pan of ashes out of a grate.

Although my time was of some little value to me, I felt it was no use to be impatient, and as everybody looked good-humoured and contented, I determined to try and follow their example.

I own, however, that my countenance fell a little (I am describing what not only occurred on my first visit, but that which recurred on every subsequent one I made) on seeing the boy who, unobserved by me, had disappeared from his desk, open the entrance door, cross the carpet, and walk towards the solid door, carrying in both hands a tray containing a large cup of coffee, two or three rolls, and some butter, which he took into the chamber in which we were all eventually to appear. Subsequently, he opened in the drawing-room a cupboard, into which—seating himself close before it—he put a large cup of coffee, a large slice of bread, and, lastly and instinctively, his own head. In fact, it was evident that, such is the fame and amount of practice of Dr. S., that his patients, competing one against another, are in the habit of invading his house and seating themselves in his drawing-room before he has dressed or before he or his servants have breakfasted.

At about eight o'clock—which was quite as

early as any physician could reasonably be expected to begin his labour—the lad reappeared, and, calling out "Numéro 1," a poor woman arose from her seat, and entered the Doctor's door.

In about seven or eight minutes No. 2 was called, and so on till Nos. 4 and 5, when I observed that the next person, and after him the next, that were called, were two gentlemen (each taking in with him a lady), who had only just arrived. This appeared to me so unjust that I could not resist complaining of it to a man in a blouse, who had, for upwards of half an hour, sat in silence besides me.

"Ils sont docteurs!"[1] he replied; and I then learned it is the habit in Paris, in all waiting-rooms of this nature, for professional men bringing patients or clients—the terms, alas! are but too often synonymous—to be admitted as fast as they arrive—in fact, to take precedence of everybody else.

By this rule I was often bothered a great deal; for while I sat, believing I was next to be called, the bell would ring, and there would enter the waiting-room a gentleman, of whom I heard whispered, with a slight shrug—the meaning of which I but too well understood—"Encore un docteur!"[2]

[1] They are doctors! [2] Another doctor!

"The De'il flee awa' with the doctors!" I very improperly muttered to myself. However, every dog has his day, and accordingly, in due time, on the lad calling out my number, I arose, and, entering the door I had so long been wistfully looking at, I was received by Dr. S., whose intellectual countenance at once promised me all I could possibly desire.

I was going to speak to him, but he very properly insisted first of all on looking at my eyes, and having done so, begging me to be seated, and sitting opposite to me, he said to me in French, with a look of perfect resignation, "I am willing now to *hear* whatever you may think proper to say;" and he added that, as I was apparently an Englishman, I might address him in my own language.

Nothing could be more sensible, satisfactory, and pleasing than his whole manner. He spoke English with great fluency and with good pronunciation; and after he had explained to me the nature of the disorder in my eyes, which he termed in writing "Blephamphthalmie," and which he said he had no doubt he could cure, he requested me to follow him into an adjoining room, where he would give me a prescription.

In this little chamber there sat, close to a comfortable fire, an intelligent-looking young

man of slight figure, with a beard and mustachios. On a small table before him were pens, paper, sand, ink, coffee, rolls, and butter. Dr. S. dictated to him for about a minute, and then, leaving me seated opposite to him, he returned into the larger apartment in which he had received me.

Besides the gentleman before me, I saw in one corner of the little room a round tin table, surrounded by a projecting rim, around which were seated several persons, men and women, each incessantly dabbing, first one eye and then another, with a sponge repeatedly moistened from a tumbler full of liquid.

While this transaction was going on, the gentleman opposite to me, the instant Dr. S. had left the room, began to write out my prescription, which I expected would have been expressed —as it had been pronounced—in very few words.

I observed, however, that after filling one side of a sheet of large note paper, he turned it over, and on the other side continued to write;—then, in deep reflection, he sat for a few seconds looking at the ceiling;—then he wrote a line or two;—and stopped;—then took a bite at his roll;—munched;—reflected;—and then wrote again. As soon as he had finished, he arose,

knocked hard with his knuckle at the door of Dr. S., who almost immediately entered.

In a very calm, impressive manner he gave directions to several patients, who, besides those dabbing, were seated in the room; and with great pleasure I observed that to the apparently rich and poor—for he neither knew nor cared for the name of any of us—there was not in his manner, language, or anxiety to explain himself, the slightest shade of difference;—his whole mind being evidently entirely engaged in curing them of their respective disorders.

Proceeding for an instant into one corner of the room, he returned with a small squirt in his hand, and, walking up to a very pleasing-looking young woman, without the utterance of a single word, with his left fore finger he drew down the lower lid of her right eye, and then with his right hand squirted into it something which to my utter astonishment set her off spitting and making horrible faces, just as if she had swallowed the most nauseous medicine!

"Ah!" she said, in French, "I taste it all in my throat; ah!" she repeated, spitting into her handkerchief several times, "que c'est mauvais!"[1]

"Well . . . !" said I to myself, with a long

[1] How nasty it is!

sigh, "there is no end to the high-ways and by-ways of this world!"

Leaving her to make exactly what faces she liked, Dr. S. now walked to his secretary, who delivered to him my prescription, which he read word by word, with an attention that appeared to engross his whole mind. He then not only read it again over to me, but explained it to me very carefully; in short, his appearance, demeanour, and conduct, were altogether strongly corroborative of the high character he had attained, and which causes him to be engaged in the way I have described, every day excepting Saturday, until two o'clock, when he drives in his carriage to patients who are too rich, too ill, or too idle to wait upon him.

On leaving him, I deposited my prescription with Mr. Swann, from whom during the few minutes I remained in his shop, I happened to learn a few of the innumerable clever ways in which medicine is now concocted in France.

The most nauseous drug, in the form of paste, is wrapped up in wafer-paper made soft and pliable by being damped with perfectly sweet oil, by which means a very large mouthful of physic may be swallowed with exactly as much ease as a piece of turtle or a mass of masticated meat of the same size. For children, a

peck of pills are sent at a time to a confectioner, to be covered over with so thick a coating of sugar, that they may be very agreeably sucked for a long time; and thus, merely by making children promise faithfully not to bite them, medicine is now administered in the form of sugar-plums!

"Succhi amari, ingannato, intanto, ei beve,
E dall' inganno suo, vita riceve."

THE LAST VISIT OF AN OLD SOLDIER TO THE TOMB OF THE EMPEROR.

HÔTEL DES INVALIDES.

I HAD, for upwards of an hour, been gazing, or rather gaping—everybody in Paris was doing the same—at the rows of coloured lamps, magnificent statues, and other reminiscences of the grand by-gone fête of yesterday, and, resting heavily on my stick, was standing on the Pont de Concorde, between the group of sea-horses

and the temporary colonnades, which like a pair of wings had grown from each side of that magnificent edifice the National Assembly, when I observed that there had occasionally passed me several officers in full uniform, and several people dressed *en bourgeois*, whose hurried pace, contrasted with the sauntering attitudes of the crowd through whom they had wound their way, evidently showed they were on some trail—in short, hunting after something.

As I had nothing very particular to do, I watched the course they pursued, and finding that as soon as they came in front of the Assembly they all, as if by word of command, turned to the right, I proceeded to the point, and waited until there approached me walking very quickly an officer in the uniform—blue coat with broad red facings—of the Garde Républicaine. On my asking him to be so obliging as to tell me where he was going, with the utmost kindness of manner he informed me he was hastening to the Hôtel des Invalides, to join in the fête commemorative of the death of Napoleon, of which that day, he added, was the anniversary. As soon as we had mutually bowed to each other, my informant proceeded on his course, quite refreshed, and in a few seconds I found myself slowly following him along the

Quai D'Orçay, until on my left I came to the magnificent esplanade, 1440 feet in length, by 780 broad, leading from the Seine to that splendid pile of buildings, the Hôtel des Invalides. This avenue, which of late years has been bounded on each side by low temporary barracks, one story high, capable of containing 7000 troops, was all alive with people, most of whom were arranged in two rows, leaving, in the broad pavé in the centre of the road, a passage, which I soon learned was for Prince Louis Napoleon, whose arrival was momentarily expected.

Instead of taking up a position at this point, I proceeded to the iron gates of the Garden, and without provoking a difficulty, or teazing anybody by asking questions, I walked into it as familiarly as if I had been born there. On each side of the handsome broad approach to the magnificent hospital before me were drawn up in line the 3000 veterans who inhabited it, 2000 of whom had served under "L'Empereur"—and a more interesting picture could scarcely be witnessed.

Holding black halberds, at the upper end of which was a small tricolor flag, surmounted by a piece of crape, they were dressed in a cocked hat, worn crossways, à la Napoleon, blue loose

coat, lined with red, red cuffs and sleeves, silver buttons, a single white cross belt, and a short thin sabre. Among the ranks of brown faces enlivened with little ear-rings, here and there hung many an empty sleeve; beneath them were to be seen many a wooden leg. A few appeared hale; but the greater number were thin, shrivelled, bent, and toothless. Some stood tottering, and yet almost all looked gay, with eyes still sparkling with enthusiasm. One only was yawning. In the rear I observed several moving about on crutches.

Not a beard was to be seen. They had lived without it—had conquered without it—had received their wounds without it, and very properly they now disdained to adopt it. Comparatively speaking, few even wore mustachios, and it was pleasing to reflect, that, while the countenance of Europe has lately become overgrown with hair, the weather-beaten faces of the veterans of France and England continue as closely shaved as when they grappled with each other on the bloody fields of Egypt, the Peninsula, and Waterloo.

Besides those on duty in the two lines before me, and in the interior of the building, a number of the veterans were either standing or loitering about.

Occasionally their attention as well as my own was attracted to some officer of rank, in full uniform, hastily walking up the space between them towards the great hospital. After several had passed — each, I observed, was more or less commented upon — there strutted by, to my great astonishment, a remarkably stout, portly, handsome, well-fed, oily-looking priest, in his canonical dress, with the cross and scarlet riband of "Grand Commandeur of the Legion of Honour" dangling on his black breast.

"What! do they decorate the *priests?*" said I, to a veteran by my side. With indescribable apathy, he replied, "Oui, Monsieur, on leur donne les mêmes croix que les militaires."[1]

"Was it so in the time of the Emperor?" I said.

"*Ah* que non!"[2] he exclaimed, tossing up his head with such haughty recollections that he lost his balance, and staggered backwards a little. "Sacre nom!" he added, as soon as he had recovered himself.

One of the Old Guard now conversed with me for some time. He told me he had served in Paris an English nobleman (Lord * * * * * *)

[1] Yes, Sir, they give them the same crosses as the army.

[2] Oh, no! . . . Holy name!

—"très brave homme—jusqu'à son papa l'a rappelé."[1]

Finding that I wished to get a good view of Prince Louis Napoleon, he advised me to walk up to the entrance door of the Invalides, at which he would—he said—descend from his carriage. I accordingly followed his advice, and, reaching the point, found no one there excepting a sentinel, and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Invalides, General Petit, a fine-looking old soldier, with a healthy colour, white mustachios, and an intelligent countenance, evidently accustomed to command. He was dressed in a hat bound round with very broad gold lace; a gold sash; across his blue uniform and gold epaulettes he wore a broad crimson riband; round his arm and the handle of his sword was a piece of crape.

I had scarcely reached the spot, when I perceived by a movement among the veterans who were not on duty—for those in line stood as erect and as firm as they could—that the object of their expectation was in view. Instead, however, of driving up to the Invalides, Prince Louis Napoleon descended from his carriage at the iron gates, and I soon saw him, followed by a numerous staff, advancing on foot along the road which traverses the garden, and which is

[1] Very fine fellow—until his papa called him home.

about 160 yards in length. As he approached me, I of course took off my hat, and without presuming to bow—many years ago, when he was in England, I had been slightly acquainted with him—I was standing uncovered with it in my hand, when to my surprise he was pleased to acknowledge me, with so much apparent good will and kindness, of which I had afterwards repeated proofs, that as soon as he passed I quietly slipped among his staff, and with the procession slowly marched on—I hardly knew where.

After several turns and twists, of which there remains in my mind but a confused dreamy sort of recollection, I found myself walking up the aisle of a chapel,—sixty-six feet high, the floor of which, 210 feet long, was covered with black cloth,—between two rows of soldiers wearing their caps, and holding in their hands halberds bearing a small tricolor flag surmounted by crape. Excepting compartments in which were shields bearing in silver the letter **N**, the church was all hung with black. The whole wall around the altar—transparently veiled with crape—was covered with black cloth, and the chairs throughout the aisle were also black. In the time of Napoleon there were here suspended 3000 banners of victory. On the evening, however, before the entrance of the allied army into Paris

(the 31st March, 1814), Joseph Buonaparte, through the Duc de Feltre, minister of war, ordered them to be burnt, and the sword of Frederick the Great to be broken. Thrice were these orders given before they were obeyed.

Towards the roof, the chapel was ornamented with countless flags and trophies faded, and in holes apparently from shot and musketry. Beneath them, in a gallery, were to be seen a variety of beautiful bonnets, each encircling a couple of rows of flowers, and a face, I suppose — to tell the truth, I did not analyze them—representing either Spring, Summer, Autumn, or Winter. Excepting the aisle along which we passed, the body of the church was choke full of gentlemen, principally in uniform. The altar, veiled with crape, was but a temporary screen, behind which, and immediately beneath the lofty gilt cross on the summit of the great dome, reposed, after all its eventful travels, the body of Napoleon, in a tomb which has already cost 6,163,324 francs, of which 1,500,000 have been for the marble alone.

His nephew, surrounded by the principal officers, took up his position on the left of this altar. Immediately above him, suspended from the roof, was the great parasol of the Emperor of Morocco. For about two or three minutes he stood—and of course everybody else stood—

perfectly upright. He appeared wrapt in thought, until, suddenly awakening from his meditations, he slightly bowed and sat down. In a few seconds those immediately about him sat down too, and then, like a third echo, a rustle was heard, caused by everybody else, sitting down. "Portez vos armes!"[1] exclaimed, in a firm, strong tone, the officer commanding the veterans, standing with their cocked hats à la Napoleon. The muffled drums rolled. The priests, congregated in a small square space, half-way up the church, now began the service of high mass, which, assisted by an organ, and also by a band, they performed with admirable voices and great effect. On the rails of the altar there hung a great round yellow wreath of immortelles, a foot and a half in diameter.

The countenance of Prince Louis Napoleon throughout the whole ceremony wore that mild, pensive expression for which it is remarkable. Of the rest of the congregation, a considerable proportion, especially the youngest, looking up at the gallery, instead of at the altar, seemed to be thinking more about the eyes of the living than the bones of the dead;—in fact, to say the truth, they were not very particularly attentive.

As soon as the solemn requiem was over,

[1] Shoulder arms!

Prince Napoleon rose, and, followed by his attendants, slowly walked down the aisle, and then quitting the chapel proceeded into the great court, 315 feet long by 192 broad, called the "Cour d'Honneur,"[1] in which I found assembled for review the whole of the veterans of the establishment capable of standing in the ranks, in which they were already arranged. Above them, on the outside of the south wall of the quadrangle, at the height of the second story, there stood, with folded arms, with a cocked-hat placed crossways on his head, and with two or three circular wreaths of yellow "immortelles" at his feet, a bronze-coloured colossal statue of NAPOLEON, 12 feet high, a fac-simile, in plaster, of that on the summit of the Place de Vendôme.

At any time it would have been to me a great enjoyment to witness this assemblage; but there was one circumstance which rendered it particularly interesting. On the anniversary of the death of Napoleon, the wreck of the great army who followed him with reckless enthusiasm wherever he went claim the privilege of appearing in the review which follows the requiem I had just witnessed, in the old-fashioned, eccentric, and almost grotesque uniforms in which they had fought and been wounded. As, therefore,

[1] Court of Honour.

I followed the Prince and his staff down the ranks of men, some of whom, with severely wounded faces, appeared so lean and wasted, as if the slightest puff of wind would blow them down, I occasionally passed military costumes which almost startled me, so different were they from that to which the eye had gradually become accustomed. Some of the jackets in front scarcely covered the breast-bone, and when viewed behind appeared to cover nothing at all; in fact, the wearer was all trowsers, epaulettes, and hairy cap. Several men wore bright yellow leather pantaloons, and Hessian boots bound with gold with gold tassels in front; some were dressed in black breeches, and long black gaiters strapped round above the knee; some wore yellow trowsers, with the name of their regiment on the skirt-tails of their coat.

As Prince Louis Napoleon marched down the ranks of bright, intelligent hazel eyes that, as he approached them, appeared to be re-animated for the moment with pristine vigour, he occasionally stopped before any veteran whose wounds, appearance, or history made him particularly worthy of attention, and spoke to him. While he was so engaged, the contrast between his easy pliant manner and the straight, stiff, upright attitude of the veteran, of whose head

nothing but the thin lips were seen to move, was very remarkable. At one of the soldiers who was thus distinguished I gazed, as I passed him, with great interest. He was a short, spare, diminutive, thorough-bred looking little creature, of Arab breed, with an aquiline nose, vigorous countenance, eyes bright as a hawk, and with a countenance altogether highly excited, probably by the recollection of former days, by the sight of the nephew of his old master, and by the few flattering words just uttered to him. But what he seemed to be most proud of, and what seemed also to be exceedingly proud of him, were four bullet-holes in the cloth-turbaned cap on his head. He had been one of Napoleon's body-guard; had been constantly about his person; and he now stood before his nephew in the full costume of the ancient corps to which he had belonged, well known and respected by the whole army: "Mameluke de la Garde!" The words were evidently impressed in his brain.

As soon as Prince Louis Napoleon had finished his inspection, accompanied by his suite, he walked in procession through the garden to the iron entrance gate, where were assembled a large crowd, and, amidst loud cheers of "Vive Napoléon!" he entered his carriage and drove off; and as the veterans had already been dis-

missed from their parade, the garden in which I stood was soon thronged with them. The crowd outside, with faces pressing against the railings, seemed to look with intense interest and delight on the old uniforms stalking about before them, as if they and their wearers had just arisen from the fields of Austerlitz, Iena, and Marengo. Several of these veterans, not members of the Hôtel des Invalides, as they walked into the crowd to return to their homes, were followed by a halo of people, almost treading on each other's heels, from over anxiety to obtain a glimpse of the uniforms which had been "the Glory of the Empire." Even within the garden, many of the wearers of the old costumes were surrounded by their comrades clothed in the garb of the Invalides. The great favourite, however, was the fierce, fiery, fire-eating, enthusiastic little Mameluke, with the four bullet-holes in his cap. I saw several old grenadiers, almost as thin and emaciated as skeletons, one after another shake his uplifted small hand; and when, after having received their welcome homage to his valour, he entered the crowd, it, I have no doubt, formed his guard of honour till he reached his humble dwelling in Paris.

As soon as the excitement of the moment had subsided, when the crowd outside had dispersed,

while a few groups only of veterans were to be seen conversing together, and when the leanest and most infirm had seated themselves on the benches which in various directions had been appropriated for their use, I looked for a few moments at the general outline of the magnificent building of the Hôtel des Invalides, the entrance-front of which, 612 feet in length, surmounted in the rear by the spacious dome, is composed of four stories, with an additional story or row of windows in its tall slated roof.

On the extreme left are the quarters—occupying four windows in front—of Prince Jerome, Napoleon's brother, the governor of the establishment. On the extreme right are the quarters—also occupying four windows in front—of General Petit, the lieutenant-governor. Behind this splendid front are four infirmary squares, each of the four sides of which is one story high, with one set of windows in the roof; also four officers' squares, of the same elevation. The ground occupied by the buildings, courts, and gardens of the Hôtel des Invalides is sixteen acres.

After looking about me for a short time I sat down on one bench and then on another, to converse with the veterans who were occupying it; and although nothing oftentimes could be more frail than their bodies, yet I certainly was very

much struck not only with their polite, highbred manners, but with the extraordinary vigour which, generally speaking, remained in their minds. To one of the most sturdy of my companions I expressed a wish to walk over the building; and as he cheerfully proposed to be my guide, I felt I had better allow him to go his own way, and accordingly, just as if he had been exceedingly hungry, or had fancied that I was, he led me first of all into the cooking department; composed of one small kitchen for the soldiers, and one large one for officers.

In the former — which, although very high and well ventilated, was scarcely 30 feet square, and which contained no open fireplace— were two large hot plates, each containing four great patent caldrons for boiling, and ovens for baking, all heated by coal. In this small space there can, by the admirable arrangements described, be cooked provisions for six thousand persons per day! In the caldrons, which were all sociably bubbling together, there appeared some green stuff that looked like spinach, or smashed greens. On a table adjoining were large pewter plates full of brown beans, just peppered, salted, and vinegared, and with a small heap of salad sitting on the top. Each of these messes was for twelve soldiers. There were also to be cooked

for that day's consumption, for the veterans alone, no less than 5200 eggs.

"Don't you give them any meat?" I said to the head cook, a highly intelligent-looking man, dressed, head and all, in milk-white.

"Monsieur," he replied, "on Monday we shall kill thirty-five sheep for the men alone!"

In the large kitchen for the officers were two caldrons, similar to those described, each capable of boiling 1200 lbs. of meat, with a fireplace, before which appeared two spits of enormous length, covered from end to end with revolving joints of meat, roasting by wood, burning a few inches only above the ground.

From the kitchen, the sole object of which was to sustain the *body*, my conductor very naturally led me to the larder instituted by Napoleon for the nourishment of the *mind* of his veterans, a library containing about 17,000 volumes of an exceedingly tough nature—"indigestaque moles"—namely, jurisprudence, theology, belles lettres, and strategy, ornamented with a model of the Hôtel, with a portrait of Louis-Philippe swearing to observe the Charter, and with the well-known picture of Napoleon riding up Mount St. Bernard, in so unhorseman-like an attitude, that, had he ever assumed it, he must inevitably have rolled off backwards.

After passing along, on the second story, a corridor or colonnade, forming in bad weather a beautiful promenade for the inmates of the establishment, I asked my guide to show me the dormitories of the men. He said they did not like to be visited by the innumerable strangers who came to see the establishment, adding, with a smile, "as if they were wild beasts;" however, the words were scarcely out of his mouth, when, with that politeness which in France constitutes the wish of a stranger to be the law of the land, he opened a door, and led me through one of the largest, containing about fifty beds, composed of a straw paliasse, wool mattress and bolster, separated from each other by a chair, for which there was just space enough. Over the pillow of each veteran—several of them I observed, each in his uniform, either sitting ruminating in his chair or reclining on his bed — was affixed a shelf, on which were folded clothes and articles of different sorts. The lot, however, whatever it was composed of, appeared invariably surmounted with a huge cocked-hat box, of coloured pasteboard. There are in the first and second stories of the establishment eight of these spacious well-aired dormitories, bearing the following names:—Salle de Vauban; d'Hautpool; de Luxembourg; de

Mars; d'Assas; de Latour d'Auvergne; de Bayard; de Kleber. Besides the above are several smaller dormitories, containing from four to eight beds each.

My guide now conducted me to a very busy and interesting scene.

On entering a long corridor, open to the air, I found assembled a large number of old soldiers crowding round a door, into which they were apparently waiting for admission, but before which there was pacing up and down, as sentinel, a one-armed veteran, who, for want of a better, was holding in his *left* hand his drawn sword, the empty scabbard of which was suspended by a white belt across his chest. Each man in the crowd had an empty bottle in one hand, and in the other (if he had one) a white napkin, containing his knife, fork, and tin drinking-mug. Of those who were approaching, many were stone-blind, each tapping the ground hard with his stick at every step he took. In one instance I saw two sightless old soldiers leading each other. In all directions was to be heard the stumping of wooden legs. One veteran wore a black cap, in consequence of a wound in the skull. Many were singing. The instant the clock struck four a general restless movement took place. A drum close behind me suddenly gave a loud and

startling roll. At the words "Allez! entrons!"[1] uttered by several voices at once, the one-armed sentinel stood aside, and the whole mass, without pushing each other, but without losing a single moment of time, flowed through the door into an immense dining-room, 150 feet in length by 24 in breadth, in which in a few minutes I had the satisfaction of seeing them seated on wooden stools, around thirty-one circular tables, at each of which were twelve veterans. The walls which contained this interesting assemblage of old warriors, who, although seated, all wore either their cocked hats or undress caps, were covered with pictures of great battles, and at the end there very properly appeared the portrait of Louis XIV., the founder of the establishment.

As soon as all were seated, and while a cheerful hum of conversation was resounding throughout the hall, a bell rang, in obedience to which there very shortly appeared entering at the door a quantity of men-cooks, carrying trays full of green stuff, embossed with poached eggs; and in a few seconds the mouths which just before had been talking were all busily eating.

A few, however, of the blind, who — like wounded animals separating themselves from the

[1] Come! let us enter!

herd—preferred dining by themselves, got up, and with their dinners in their hands, and a bottle of wine (their daily allowance) under their arms, they tapped across the floor—out of the door—along the open passage—until, coming to the foot of a staircase—they ascended each to his own room of utter darkness. Those who have not appetite to eat their allowance of food, &c., may claim money instead; and to those who have wooden legs their shoe-money is honestly refunded.

There are in the Hôtel des Invalides three other large dining-rooms, similar to that I have just described; and as they all could not contain much above half the number of inmates, there are two services for each meal. One of the four large halls is used as a mess-room for the officers, who are served upon plate, the gift of Marie-Louise. It contains twelve tables, with twelve chairs at each.

As I had insisted on my attendant leaving me to eat his dinner, I sat down on a stone bench close to the open door of the dining-hall, before which the one-armed sentinel continued to pace; and as beside me there reposed a fine old fellow who was not to dine till the second service at five o'clock, we very soon entered into conversation. After talking very

quietly on a variety of subjects, on all of which he appeared to be exceedingly well informed, I asked him whether he was with the Emperor at Waterloo? He said "No;" he had been taken in Russia, and at the period I referred to had been marching as a prisoner for nine months.

"You must have undergone great hardships in that Russian campaign," I said to him.

"Monsieur!" he replied, with great energy, "depuis que ce monde a été un monde, jamais le soldat n'a tant souffert!"[1]

"Allez, mon vieux papa!"[2] he added, rising from the stone bench on which we were seated, to conduct by his long lean arm to the foot of the staircase a tall, old, blind fellow-comrade, who, tapping his stick at every step, was evidently from false reckoning bearing down right upon us.

"You were beaten," said I to him, as soon as he had again quietly seated himself by my side, "not by your enemy, but by climate."

"Non, Monsieur," he replied with great firmness, "faute de vivres!"[3]

"If a horse," he added, "has nothing in his belly,"—twitching himself up, he here put both

[1] Sir! since this world has been a world, never has the soldier suffered so much!

[2] This way, my old papa!

[3] From want of food.

his fists into the vacuum in his dark-blue cloth waistcoat—"il ne peut pas aller; c'est le même pour le soldat." [1]

"It is very true;" I said, "you must have had a rough time of it."

"Ah!" he said, after several moments' mute reflection, "ça me paraît un rêve d'avoir échappé de ce que j'ai vu!" [2]

At this moment a veteran, with two worsted stripes on his arm, passed us. I asked my comrade what was his rank. He replied he was a corporal; that a sergeant has *one* stripe in silver, a sergeant-major two in silver; the same as throughout the French service. He told me the soldiers of the army of France rank as follows:—1. Invalides; 2, Les Marins; 3. Garde Républicaine; 4. Gendarmes Mobiles; 5. La Troupe. [3]

As soon as we were both sufficiently rested we separated. In crossing the great entrance garden of the Invalides I stopped to look at a long line of very highly ornamented brass guns and mortars, trophies of victory from Prussia, Algeria, &c., overlooking the scârp-wall and fosse,

[1] He can go no longer: it is the same with the soldier.

[2] Ah! it seems to me like a dream to have escaped from what I have seen!

[3] The Line.

or green ditch, which bound the northern front. About forty feet in the rear of these pieces of artillery there are, parallel with them, a row, with intervals between each, of stone benches, almost all of which were occupied by the old soldiers—many of whom had, no doubt, taken part in capturing the guns before them—some with a wooden leg or two sticking out horizontally; some with one arm; some with a patch before an eye, &c. &c. One was reading a newspaper; many were smoking. On one of these benches I sat down, touching my hat to nobody and to nothing, an attention immediately returned in like manner by the old soldier beside me. In front, and between us and the guns, were strolling up and down the intervening terrace four French ladies beautifully dressed, with a footman in a gold-laced and gold-bound hat, very gaudy livery, and milk-white gloves, stumping close behind them. On the back of the Hôtel des Invalides I had observed, written in large black letters, "Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité;" and "yet," said I to myself, "the governor of the noble establishment on which these words are inscribed is a field-marshal and a prince; the lieutenant-commandant is a general, having under him a colonel-major, 3 adjutant-majors, 3 sub-adjutant-majors,

14 chefs de division, 14 adjutants de division, 14 sub-adjutants de division, 1 almoner, 2 chaplains, 1 head physician, 1 head surgeon, 1 head apothecary, 10 assistants, 26 sisters of charity, and 260 servants of all kinds. The governor has 40,000 francs a year; the lieutenant-general commanding 15,000; the intendant 12,000; the colonel-major 7000. The veteran soldiers are moreover divided into sergeant-majors, sergeants, corporals, and privates; and yet upon the Hôtel des Invalides—as upon everything in Paris—is there inscribed "Liberty, fraternity, and *equality!*"

From both ends of the terrace on which I had been sitting, extending from it to the Hôtel des Invalides, I had observed, shaded by trees, a row of a hundred little gardens, each 30 feet long by 10 feet broad, all padlocked and full of paths, borders, and flowers; at the far end of each was a small arbour, bower, or smoking-house. As these tiny retreats are much sought for by many of the veterans, the governor registers the names of all applicants, from whom, on the death of a tenant, the man of best character is selected.

"Your garden," I said to a fine, tall, erect, but very old soldier, who, with the corners of his cocked-hat over his thin shoulders, stood

leaning on the long staff of a little hoe in an attitude of repose and reflection that reminded me very forcibly of Corporal Trim, "your garden is in beautiful order."

"Ah! Monsieur," with a slight sigh replied the old veteran, who in his younger days had probably marched over the greater portion of Europe without once thinking about a garden, especially of one ten feet broad, "ça distrait un peu!"[1] In several of these little enclosures I observed, as I walked slowly by, the tenant, in full uniform, ruminating in his bower. In one instance the wooden-legged owner had taken off his cocked hat, and, half asleep, was sitting, with snow-white hair, which occasionally moved on his brown temples, as the air, as if fearful to awaken him, passed gently through it. In another of these small paradises I observed seated in the bower, opposite to a very old Adam wearing bushy mustachios, a bent Eve, apparently about seventy-five years of age. She was the old soldier's "auld wife," availing herself of the permission which used to be granted to the public to visit the establishment from morning till sunset. The veteran told me that, by a late order of the governor, every stranger — wives included—were now restricted from entering till

[1] Ah! Sir, it diverts my attention a little!

twelve and were turned out at four. "Il n'est pas bien aimé pour ça—allez!"[1] added the old man. His partner said nothing.

Although the remains upon earth of the fine army of Napoleon have very properly declined to copy "young France" in the last new fashion of turning her face into a hair-brush, yet within the Invalides there are, I was informed, four beards, paid for by artists, who wish to insert them in pictures representing the various battles of Algeria.

I had now seen nearly all I desired. There, however, still remained a question, which for some time I had wished to ask; and as one of the old soldiers, whose flowers I had been admiring, invited me to enter his garden, and, eventually, "de me reposer un peu"[2] in his arbour, after talking upon many details connected with the establishment, I asked him where his comrades, on their march from this world, were buried? He replied, pointing with his stick towards the south, "Dans le cimetière de Mont Parnasse."[3]

I asked him what was the average mortality.

"Ma foi, Monsieur,"[4] he replied, shrugging

[1] He is not much liked for that—arrah!

[2] To rest myself a little.

[3] In the cemetery of Mount Parnassus.

[4] Faith, Sir!

up his shoulders, "in dying we follow no rule; each goes as he is called for; we go sometimes in crowds, sometimes one by one."

"How many," said I, "marched last year?"

He replied, "Rather more than 300!"

The old man's manner was so dignified and gentlemanlike, I had enjoyed conversing with him so much, and I had such reason to be thankful for the courtesy he had shown me, that I felt it would be ungrateful to leave uppermost in his mind the subject on which we had been conversing: I therefore inquired about some of the various battles in which he had been engaged; and when, after patiently listening to the details he gave me, I observed that his heart was beating high from, and his memory brimful of, noble recollections, I shook hands with him, and then left him seated in his arbour.

On reaching the Place de Concorde there were walking before me in full uniform apparently two little boys, who had preceded me nearly all the way from the Invalides. One had in his hand a circular wreath of yellow "immortelles."

"What, if you please, is the uniform those boys are wearing?" said I to two officers who happened at the moment to be walking alongside of me.

"Pardon, Monsieur?" replied he to whom

I had particularly addressed myself, but who had failed to hear what I had said.

My question was again on the very brink of my lips when, one of the "*boys*" before me taking off his military cap to cool himself, I perceived, to my astonishment, he was old and bald-headed! I therefore only inquired what was his uniform. His object was, I knew, to deposit his wreath at the foot of the column in the Place de Vendôme, and I accordingly walked there. While I was proceeding along the Rue de Castiglione I observed a man as he passed a shop take off his hat to a print of Napoleon. On reaching the column on the Placé de Vendôme, before which a one-armed sentinel was proudly pacing, I found a little girl sitting in the rain selling round circular garlands of yellow flowers. An old gentleman, with a riband at his breast, purchased one,—walked up to the rails,—hung it on one of them,—and then, taking off his hat to it, turned on his heel and slowly walked away. The two little soldiers I had passed merrily threw theirs over the rails and then walked on. At eight o'clock in the evening I met a boy of about eight years old going to deposit one—he was probably the son or grandson of some "vieux soldat de l'Empereur."[1]

[1] Old soldier of the Emperor.

In the time of Louis-Philippe this practice was discouraged; few wreaths were deposited, and those were removed at night. This year there were, I was informed, more than usual, and yet, out of the population of Paris—among whom were 60,000 troops, besides the Garde Nationale —there were only deposited 163 yellow wreaths and one blue one! So much for military glory based upon unjust and insatiable ambition!

MILITARY MODELS.

THE day before I left England I had been promised that a letter would be written in my favour to Colonel Augoyat, commanding engineer in charge of the military models in the Hôtel des Invalides ; and accordingly, at about five o'clock in the evening, after having wound my way up a sort of interminable square well-staircase in the north-western angle of "Les Invalides," I came to a door and a bell. On pulling the latter, there appeared before me a servant, who told me the Colonel was not at home. I therefore left my card; and as the man had explained to me that his master usually went out at eight in the morning, I said I would call to-morrow a few minutes before that hour, and accordingly on the following morning, at five minutes before the time I had named, I walked up the very same stairs, and, stretching out the same arm, pulled the very same bell again.

Colonel Augoyat received me with the kindest and most polite attention; and as of his own accord he at once proposed to show me the models—which for many months had been closed to the public—I considered I was evidently reaping the benefit of the introduction that had been promised to me; and therefore, without referring to it, I accompanied him to the apartments over which he presides.

The models were almost all covered over with paper pasted together, which, he informed me, kept out the dust better than linen sheets. With considerable trouble these coverings were removed. To describe the magnificent works which, one after another, and with great difficulty, Colonel Augoyat was so good as to show me, would be utterly inpracticable. I will therefore briefly enumerate those which happened to interest me the most.

1. A model of Mont Cenis, 3850 yards high; showing the new and old roads, and giving a view of the difficulties which opposed their formation.

2. The city of Bayonne, showing the fortified position the French army under Soult had occupied during three months.

3. Perpignan, in the Pyrenees, showing the surrounding mountains, which rise so abruptly

that, from their summit, it appears as if stones might be chucked into the town beneath.

4. A magnificent model of Grenoble.

5. A most interesting model of Brest; showing its port, harbour, ships lying in the sea, roads, and ten leagues of surrounding country.

6. Cherbourg; showing the artificial breakwater,—a narrow spit a league long, composed of immense stones,—the various harbours, and stupendous works by which they are defended.

7. Toulon, with its harbour and surrounding country.

8. The town of Strasbourg, and a portion of the Rhine.

9. The town of Metz.

10. One of the new forts round Paris.

Although either by writing or by drawing it is impossible to give a description as vivid as the reality, yet—strange as it may sound—the magnificent military models of the Invalides evidently impart an idea of the surface of the world in general, and of the important places which they represent in particular, infinitely more instructive than it is possible for any one even visiting the various localities to obtain.

For instance, in reconnoitring a regular fortification from the exterior, little is to be seen but a series of green slopes, running one into

another, and terminating in the guns of the citadel; and even in inspecting it from the *interior*, all that an experienced officer can do is, visiting one front at a time, to look towards works the revêtements of which have been purposely constructed to be concealed from the line of fire, and consequently from the line of sight. He must thus visit them in detail, and, having gone through this tedious process with respect to every front, he has then, by dint of memory and power of mind, to connect all the tesselated data he has obtained into one mosaic picture.

Again, in surveying a river or a series of harbours, a naval officer may, in his boat, visit, *seriatim*, the various sinuosities of each, which he has then mentally to add up, to form the general idea that is required.

In like manner, an intelligent man, by riding about a country, may view it from various points, from no one of which can he see either the opposite sides of the various hills that present themselves, or the features of the ground lying immediately behind them; all, therefore, that *he* can do is, to connect, as skilfully and as faithfully as his memory will allow, the details he has seen into one idea, or, as it is called, general knowledge of the country.

Even from a balloon, in order to inspect thirty

or forty square miles of country, it is necessary to rise to a height which, practically speaking, mystifies almost to obliteration the picture beneath.

In the models, however, of the Invalides, not only are the features of the country, with its various agricultural produce, accurately represented, both as to form and colour; not only is every portion of a fortification accurately represented, but the whole, including rivers, harbours, and roads, are, by the reduction of scale, concentrated within so small a space, that the super-inspecting eyes of the most inexperienced visitor can at once obtain a knowledge of the country, and even a perception of the general strength and purposes of the various military works represented, which the actual localities would fail to afford him.

From these valuable representations we proceeded to the workshops in which they had been constructed, and in which I found a most interesting model, in embryo, of the siege and city of Rome, which, by means of tools of various sorts, had been neatly constructed out of large blocks of wood. After "le modelage"[1] is finished, it is supplied with what are termed "ses décorations,"[2] composed of powdered silk, of various hues, for agricultural crops; little trees of various descriptions; tiny houses, of different sorts; slabs

[1] The modelling. [2] Its decorations.

of looking-glass for water; filaments of the finest white silk for smoke from artillery, &c. &c. &c.

Not satisfied with having obligingly afforded me, at so early and so unusual an hour, the gratification of witnessing the models of the principal fortresses and naval arsenals of France, Colonel Augoyat requested me to accompany him into his office, where he wrote, and presented me with, an order to visit "le Musée d'Artillerie;"[1] and as I felt that these repeated attentions were conferred on my friend in England rather than on myself, in taking leave of him I ventured to thank him in his name, as well as my own. To my utter astonishment, Colonel Augoyat informed me that he had not received any letter from our mutual friend respecting me, but, he added, with a slight bow, which I shall never forget, and which it is my pleasing duty to record, that he had had pleasure in complying with the wishes of an Englishman and a stranger!

In crossing the suspension-bridge, "le Pont des Invalides," I observed that, instead of a sentinel, there was written on each of the piers,

"Les Ponts sont placés sous la sauve-garde de la République.—Proclamation du Gouvernement du 27 Février, 1848."[2]

[1] The Museum of Artillery.

[2] The bridges are placed under the protection of the Republic.—By order of Government of the 27th February, 1848.

"What a blessing it would be," thought I to myself, "if the Nations of Europe, instead of exhausting their finances by maintaining in time of peace such enormous military forces, would—from the same noble sentiment—join with England in committing the peace of the World to the "sauve-garde"—to the good sense and good feelings—of the whole family of mankind!"

MUSÉE DE L'ARTILLERIE.

On turning to the right, I saw pass close before me in the street along which I had to proceed, a party of six people, two in uniform and one without his hat, carrying very fast a black tressel, on which, wrapped in a blanket, and with a white circular wreath of immortelles on it, there lay a small coffin.

As I did not feel disposed to hurry along with it—and indeed as I had occasion to go into a shop where I remained some little time—I thought no more of the little coffin, until, having arrived at the Musée de l'Artillerie five minutes before 12, the hour at which it was to be opened to the public, on entering the large church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, within fifty yards of me, there it was, resting on two tressels. Nobody appeared to take the slightest notice of it; the six followers in waiting were gaping about them in any direction but towards it; and as I also looked about me, I observed written on the wall of the church the following notice :—

"AVIS.

"Vous êtes instamment priés, par respect pour le lieu saint, de ne pas cracher par terre."[1]

As soon as the clock began to strike, the little crowd of visiters who for some minutes had been assembled around the gate of the Museum evinced a slight nervous movement, of short duration, for, simultaneous with the last stroke of the twelve, the doors were slowly thrown open, and, as if rejoicing at our freedom, we all for a moment hurried into a passage, in which the first object that arrested my attention was an immense chain, 643 feet (about one-eighth of a mile) long, and weighing 7896 pounds, suspended along both walls. It was called, in a catalogue of 267 pages, which for tenpence I had just purchased at the door, "La Chaîne du Danube,"[2] from having been used by the Turks for a pontoon bridge on that river, and was afterwards taken at Vienna by the French army. Beneath it, standing erect and lying prostrate, were great guns of all characters and countries. Among them, looking like logs of timber, were two short, stumpy, wrought-iron cannon, about 4 feet

[1] NOTICE.

You are earnestly requested, in respect for this holy place, not to spit on the ground.

[2] The Chain of the Danube.

long, which, in the year 1422, had been abandoned by the English before the town of Meaux.

From this gallery I entered a small room, containing interesting specimens of various pieces of ordnance, especially two magnificent large guns, covered with Arabic inscriptions, and standing on their breeches as erect as sentinels on each side of the entrance-door into the great "Salle des Modèles,"[1] around the walls of which, on a broad table, which throughout the whole length of the room occupies the centre, and on narrow tables affixed to all four walls, I beheld deposited, with very great taste, almost every description of weapon and implement of war.

Along the walls were arranged in family groups all dated 1843 and wearing percussion-caps, specimen pistols, fusees, carbines, muskets, and bayonets, of Sweden, Belgium, Saxony, Sardinia, Russia, Prussia, Norway, Holland, Hesse-Darmstadt, Denmark, Bavaria, Austria, England, Wurtemburg, and the United States of America. Of these weapons, those of Russia, the stocks of which were of beautiful black walnut, appeared to me the best devised and appointed. Those of the United States, although inferior to Russia, were very creditable. Those of England were stout and substantial; but in

[1] Model-room.

comparison to the corresponding arms of one or two other countries, they appeared rudely made.

In different parts of the room I observed no less than fifteen or twenty French soldiers, in the uniform of various regiments of cavalry and infantry, intently scrutinising these arms; and in the course of my life I never felt more desirous to give away tenpenny pieces, than I did to slip into the hands of each of those soldiers who was referring to his catalogue the franc he had paid for it. At all events, the simple fact of his having purchased it demonstrates indisputably the military value and importance of a museum of this description.

On the various tables, especially on those running down the middle of the room, were models of almost every known description of gun, mortar, howitzer, limber, carriages, ammunition-waggons, forage-carts, also models of guns mounted *en barbette*, of ship guns firing through port-holes, &c. On the ground were displayed shot and shells, both of stone and iron, of various weights and calibres.

After ascending a handsome well-lighted stone staircase I walked towards what is called "la Salle des Armures,"[1] on entering which there appeared before me, down the whole length of

[1] Hall of Armour.

the room, mounted on green horses, a series of knights in armour, of various descriptions, supported on the right and left by knights in coats of mail on foot. At the end of the room, on a table, there stood a little brass statue of the "Emperor Napoleon on horseback."

From the roof hung various flags. On the walls, around and beneath a series of portraits of the master-generals of artillery of France, from 1373 to the present day, were arranged shields, helmets, stirrups, spurs, and lances, of ancient form. Lastly, the floor was of old oak, waxed and polished till it was as slippery as glass. The armour of the first knight on horseback (a specimen of that worn in the reigns of Charles VI. and Charles VII. of France, and in England of Henry VI. and Edward IV.) was not only exceedingly heavy, but his poor horse stood, moreover, overwhelmed within a suit of ponderous mail, that, like a lady's petticoat, reached almost to the ground; and I was wondering how, under such afflicting circumstances, the green horse could ever have managed to get into a trot, when I observed that, as if to prevent him from doing so, there was in his mouth a curb-bit, 14 inches long! So much for the "go-a-head" notions of "auld lang syne."

From this knight, who, as I have stated,

stands at the entrance of the Salle des Armures, there proceeds a gallery extending round four sides of a square, forming four salles.

In the first there appeared, of various dates, halberts, armour, coats of mail, helmets, cuirasses, several of the latter nearly pierced with two, three, and four balls, musket and grape shot. Also arrows, tomahawks, cross-bows, arquebuses, matchlocks, muskets, carbines, and pistols, of various ages.

In the second I found, very beautifully arranged, wall-pieces 14 feet long; arquebuses, matchlocks, models of guns; also an assortment of magnificent arms, of great value, in a glass case, &c. &c. &c.

In the middle of this infinite series of instruments and weapons of every possible description, invented by the ingenuity of man for the mutilation and destruction of his race, I was rather surprised to see calmly sitting on the window-sill, and nearly surrounded by soldiers who were carefully inspecting the various weapons around them, a fine, mild, beardless young priest, whose black gown, white bands, and eccentric-shaped cocked hat, appeared strangely contrasted with the scene around him.

In the third gallery were muskets and wall-pieces which appeared almost too heavy to

wield; yatagans, poignards, and daggers of all sorts; battle-axes, models of pontoons of every known description; double-barrelled muskets, with a bayonet 6 inches long, like a strong knife.

In the fourth I found swords, plain as well as serrated, as long and as straight as spits, as if the object of the inventor was not only at a time to run seven or eight men through the body, but afterwards, and at one operation, to saw off all their heads. There were weapons like scythes, for mowing people down; immense battle-axes for splitting their skulls. There were also tastefully arranged in a glass case modern and ancient swords, brightly ornamented, and of great value—on the blue steel blade of one of them I read, in letters of gold, "Vive le Roi!" —colour-lances crossed; lastly, a serrated sword, two feet long, that could have sawn down an oak-tree.

In this room I observed an unusual number of soldiers busily pointing out to each other the various weapons which happened to attract their attention; and as their heads leant towards each object in succession, the bright brass helmets of the hussars, the oilskin-covered shakos of the infantry, the bright plates in the caps of the artillery, and the red, green, and yellow epaulettes of each, formed altogether a mixture that

gave living interest to the collection, which contains no less than 3864 specimens of ancient and modern implements of war.

During the campaigns of Napoleon the Museum was greatly augmented by spoils from almost every nation in Europe; but in 1814—when the hour of retribution arrived—the allied armies took possession of almost all that had belonged to their respective countries. The Prussians alone packed up and carried off 580 chests full of arms.

To the Museum is attached—solely for the use of the officers of the garrison of Paris, and consequently not open to the public—a valuable library, of 6000 volumes, besides maps, plans, and naval charts.

POST-OFFICE.

THE French Post-office undertakes to deliver not only to every city, town, village, or hamlet in France, but to every house, cottage, and mill, within the territory of the republic, every letter that is addressed to it.

There are in France no less than 500,000 persons, including the heads of offices, préfets, mayors of all sizes, &c. &c., who can frank letters on the subject of their respective departments; but the President of the Republic and the Director-General of the Post-office, M. Edouard Thayer, are the only two individuals who have unlimited power to frank letters to any one. They do so by a few words stamped in red, of which the following is a fac-simile.

The council of administration, of which M. Thayer is president, is composed of M. Piron,

also "administrateur" of the first and principal division of the department, and M. Langevin.

On my calling at the Post-office to ask permission to see its details, M. Piron, who had happened to read a publication by me descriptive of the London Post-office, was good enough not only to insist on taking me over the whole, but he most obligingly introduced me to the president, M. Thayer, who also did me the honour to accompany me over a considerable part of the important establishment over which he presides.

The business of the French Post-office department is subdivided into five branches.

To M. Piron, as administrator, is solely committed the supervision, under various officers, of the following duties:—

1. The correspondence—the organization—and determination of the routes of the couriers, and of the transportation of the mails by railways, mail-carts, or by private contract; the preparation and depôt of maps and plans; the arrangement of correspondence with the different offices; inquiries after lost packages of letters; the drawing up of conventions and treaties with foreign offices, and correspondence relative to their execution.

2. The general superintendence and inspection of the letter postal service; the employment

of the officers of every grade; the installation of the superintendents and letter-sorters; the formation of the reports to be furnished to the Inspectors of Finance and of the Post Office; investigation and correspondence relative to inquiries after letters and newspapers.

3. Correspondence relative to exemptions and infractions; expenses of the staff in all the departments; repression of fraud; disputed matters.

4. The verification and auditing of articles and accounts.

5. Examination of dead letters and papers; also of those refused or unclaimed.

To M. Langevin is committed—

1. The creation and suppression of relays; the regulation and payment of the courier service—also of postmasters; drawing up the books of routes for the couriers; arrangement of post-horses at Paris.

2. Superintendence of the contracts for the conveyance of despatches; agreements for the construction and maintenance of the mail-carts, of the travelling post-offices and letter-carriages, and of all the matériel necessary for the conveyance of the mails; superintendence of the couriers, porters, and messengers of the Post-office.

3. Steam-boat service.

4. Financial department.—Preparation of the

budget and management of the expenses; the reimbursement of sums improperly received; payment of the salaries of the staff of Paris, and also in the departments.

5. Maintenance of steam-boats, &c.; preparation of treaties to be made with contractors; fabrication and delivery of postage stamps.

6. The superintendence of the receipts and expenditure at Paris and in the departments, &c. &c.

The remainder of the business of the office is committed to M. Chocquet, M. de Leindre, and M. Babeau, each of whom superintend details of considerable importance.

Besides the bureaux in the General Post-office, there are also in Paris twelve principal and fifteen supplemental offices, where the public can prepay or register letters for the departments, or for foreign countries, or forward or receive by post, money. The principal offices, distinguished by the first twelve letters of the alphabet, are open to the public from eight in the morning till eight at night, excepting on Sundays and fête-days, when they are closed at five o'clock.

Under the system of centralization which characterizes every public office in France, an Englishman is constantly surprised to see how very simply and scientifically operations, clumsily

executed in England, are performed in Paris. For instance, after M. Piron had risen from his multifarious papers to accompany me; I observed him give one gentle tap with the wooden holder of his pen against the boarded wall in front of his desk. His secretary immediately appeared. He then touched a sort of spring which caused a bell outside the opposite wall of the room to strike *one*, on which in came his messenger. Now, in England, to produce these two articles, at least twenty times as much noise would have been manufactured; indeed, in London, if one great man drives to the open door of another great man, the great man's porter immediately shuts it in the face of the great visitor's great footman, that he, the great visitor's great footman, may have an opportunity of disturbing every man of genius in the neighbourhood by belabouring an ugly-faced knocker within half a dozen inches not only of his own nose but of the nose of the great man's porter who within is holding the handle of the door belaboured, on purpose to open it with a flourish as soon as the rude, barbarous, unscientific operation has been fully completed.

The business of the Post-office in Paris, like that of London, is divided into two great operations, namely, the receipt and the delivery of letters.

As all the arterial postal lines, from Paris to the departments of France, and beyond them to the rest of the world, radiate for greater or less distances from the metropolis on railways, from the termini of which the letters are despatched by steamers, diligences, malle-postes, canals, &c., there are now no mail coaches in Paris. The letters to and from the main office to the metropolitan termini of the various railways are conveyed in closed fourgons, which will be described; those to and from the main office, from and to the several post-offices in Paris, in large roomy calèches. On the arrival of the different descriptions of carriages at the great post-office, all are brought into a large, light, well-ventilated room, containing long tables, upon which they are tossed down.

On one side of these tables I observed seated a row of postmen, in blue uniform coats—on one there was a medal—with red collars, whose sole duty (which does not require any very great amount of intellect) is to arrange the letters with all their faces looking the same way; and when this has been effected, they are handed to a row of clerks on the opposite side of the table, who divide them into two great classes, namely, letters for Paris, and for the rest of the world. They are then stamped by seventy-five "garçons

de bureaux,"[1] dressed in blouses with red collars. Those for Parisians remain on the ground-floor, those for the inhabitants of the departments and for the rest of the human race, by means of a pulley and rope, are made to ascend into a region above.

I had often remarked that on French letters, and indeed, generally speaking, on those from the Continent, the post-mark is much more clearly defined than on our English letters. On searching for the reason of this difference, I perceived it to be that the lines and letters of the French stamp, in which there is a contrivance for altering the date, project; whereas, in England, they are often excavated from a flat surface.

The final distribution of the letters from all parts of the world to Paris is performed at ten tables, by fourteen men at each, all in uniform, and superintended by a "chef facteur,"[2] responsible for all. In this duty I beheld, quietly working in one room, 150 postmen, who were themselves to deliver the letters they were sorting. At five minutes before the time for actually starting I heard a bell ring, on which the whole 150 postmen in uniform before me rose, and all at once began each to place his batch of letters into

[1] Office clerks. [2] Superintendent.

a neat patent-leather despatch box, suspended from his neck by a black belt, and containing three compartments; one for letters, one for newspapers, and one for money. Beneath the lid is a portfolio for registered letters; and to the outside is affixed an inkstand, with a hole for a pen. Every postman, besides being in uniform, has on his breast a gilt badge, on which is his number.

As soon as these arrangements were concluded, the 150 men, in a body, left the room. We accompanied them to the interior of a hollow square, formed by the various offices of the department, where we found assembled nine omnibuses, into each of which there quickly stepped fifteen men (a table-gang); every omnibus, therefore, was a "table." As each man, wearing a glazed hat, took his place, he pulled his black shining letter-box, which in walking had hung behind him, round in front, upon his knees, where it lay as quietly as a baby in the lap of a monthly nurse. When the fourteen men, and their fourteen black boxes, were thus stowed almost as close as herrings in a barrel, the "chef facteur," who has the command of all, and who is solely responsible to the Department for the postage of the whole, gave the signal for departure; and thus, sometimes one after another, and some-

times by two or three at a time, away drove the nine omnibuses to their respective arrondissements, the postmen of that immediately around the principal office starting to their destinations on foot.

As soon as all these 'buses had merrily driven out of the yard, I returned with M. Piron to the interior of the building, to witness the assortment of the letters for the departments and for the rest of the world. For this operation is devoted the whole of the second floor, composed of spacious halls, admirably ventilated, and during the day lighted by large windows on each side, and before sunrise and after sunset by gas lamps, surrounded by green shades.

The country letters are divided into sixteen stations. Those which, by the pulley and rope, had ascended *en masse* to this floor, are poured out in about equal quantities upon a series of desks, at each of which presides an intelligent-looking clerk with mustachios, and occasionally with a beard, who has before him, at the extremity of his table, sixteen pigeon-holes, into which he rapidly throws every letter that belongs to the district written above it. While he is proceeding, looking like a gamester dealing out cards, sixteen men, each carrying a basket, proceed regularly from one sorting-table to

another; and as the pigeon-holes of each are all numbered alike, as they each contain letters for the same place, every basket-man, leaning over one sorting-desk after another, abstracts from the same pigeon-hole of each the letters for the same district, which, as fast as he collects, he takes to other tables, where, by other clerks in beards of every possible fancy, they are finally arranged, and then, instead of being crammed into white leather sheepskin-bags, which, in consequence of the different shaped parcels conveyed by our post-office, are deemed necessary in England, they are packed in square parcels, about 2 feet long by 18 inches broad and deep, wrapped up or swaddled in brown paper, secured by very strong string, of which an extraordinary quantity appeared to me to be uselessly expended. Indeed it was wound round twenty or thirty times without apparent method, reason, or necessity. The operation of sealing these parcels is, however, very cleverly performed. Beneath a large pot full of hard sealing-wax there is on each table of the department an alcohol lamp, —the flame of which, by a micrometer screw, can be increased, diminished, or extinguished,— of sufficient power to liquify the mass in about twenty minutes. For the important process of sealing, the wax is, therefore, always ready, in a

fluid state. For the purpose of applying it, there is affixed, at right angles, to the handle of the seal a stick, which the sealer dips into the liquid wax, and, as soon as he has transferred a sufficient quantity of it to the paper and string, by a simple twist of his wrist he applies to it the seal. Before the adoption of this ingenious process, which is only a year old, not only for every packet, but for every seal on each packet, it was deemed necessary, as is still the case in the English post-office, to raise a stick of hard wax to the flame of a candle, ignite it, wait a little, and then apply it. The smoke caused by the endless repetition of this rude operation was not only unhealthy, but it blackened the walls and ceilings of the halls. Indeed, M. Piron pointed out to me on the lintels above and outside the windows, the deep black stain of the old discarded process.

In wandering from table to table, looking at the sealing-up process I have described, I came to that portion of the establishment from which letters to foreign countries are despatched. One of these compartments I could not help measuring; it was 7 feet 10 inches long, by 9 broad. "And this," said I to my obliging conductor, "in your universe, represents 'la GRANDE Bretagne?'" M. Piron returned my smile, and at

the same time pointed out to me, as was really the case, that England's little table was very much larger than that of any other nation of the globe.

On the ringing of a bell, the whole of the sealed-up brown-paper parcels were carried off by porters and other employés to the interior yard, when they were quickly pushed into well-made, enclosed, four-wheeled vans, called "fourgons," of the shape of an English hearse, painted crimson, highly varnished, and bearing on the sides the words, "Transport des Dépêches."[1] Each of these carriages was drawn by a pair of capital, stout, active, sleek entire horses, and as fast as they were filled were despatched, with a guard, to the metropolitan termini of the various railways. The scene was not only very animating, but, as involving the correspondence of Paris with every portion of the civilised globe, was highly interesting. While the well-made fourgons were trotting out of the great yard they were often crossed by the heavy cabriolets of the department, which, with equal energy, were to be seen trotting in, with the words "Service des Dépêches" painted on their backs, "République Française" on their sides, and drawn by stout and often well-bred horses; not only neighing

[1] Conveyance of mails.

very loudly as they entered, but carrying round their necks bells, which gave cheerfulness, and almost merriment, to their arrival. Indeed, between the horses that were entering and those in cabriolets that had entered—and which, without being unharnessed, without being tied up, and without any one to attend to them, were standing between the shafts of their respective carriages, with their faces to the dead wall—there was, by neighs, more or less loud, a constant interchange of post-office questions and answers, to which, however intently the mind might be occupied, it was impossible occasionally not to listen.

The whole scene—rattling of wheels and neighing included—was, however, *within* the precincts of the Post-office. This, in France, is very properly considered as absolutely necessary; and it was observed to me, by one of the attendants, who had been in England, that he had been much astonished to find that in London the public are allowed to crowd around so important a service as that which at the moment he was performing. I told him, however, as regards the principal office, he was mistaken, not only in his inference but in his fact: what had offended him he had probably witnessed at one of the branch offices of the London Post-office.

As soon as the fourgons were all despatched, excepting the occasional tinkling of a restless bell, or a merry interjectional neigh, the great yard was quiet. I therefore proceeded to a part of the department particularly interesting to all foreigners.

On entering a short narrow passage I saw before me three small windows, on one of which was inscribed "A to F;" on the next "G to O;" and on the third "P to Z;" thus unequally dividing the alphabet into six, nine, and eleven letters. From these three windows are delivered the whole of the letters arriving at Paris from all parts of the world, addressed "Poste Restante." In the interior, opposite to each window, is a box about three feet square, divided into small compartments, each containing the letters which alphabetically belong to it. For the duties of this office,—which is open from eight in the morning until seven at night, every day in the week excepting on Sundays and on fête-days, when it is closed at five P.M.,—one clerk at a time is found to be sufficient.

While I was in front of these three windows a Frenchman with mustachios was bothering this poor clerk most unreasonably through the left one to look for a letter he had lost out of his own pocket-book since he had been at the

window, and which he supposed must somehow or other have got through it into the interior and into one of the compartments far out of his reach before him. With the utmost civility the clerk looked over all his compartments three times, and yet the man was not satisfied. After looking them over again, he said, slightly bowing, to a lady who was standing before the middle window, "Il n'y a rien pour vous, Madame."[1] The poor thing looked dreadfully disappointed, and, being evidently unable to go away, she maintained her position. I, then delivering my card, asked if there was anything for me. I got three prizes, on the receipt of which I heard the poor lady beg the clerk to look again, as she was *sure* there must be one for her. With the utmost good-humour he did as he was requested. I did not, however, wait the result.

Monsieur Piron was now kind enough to show me some of the "bureaux" by which the principal duties of the department committed to his sole charge are transacted. Without describing their details, I will briefly state that, on the whole, the arrangements of the Paris Post-office for the receipt, sorting, and distribution of letters, are very creditably performed. Indeed, in the two or three instances

[1] There is nothing for you, Madam!

I have mentioned, the French have an improved management which we might profitably adopt.

In the attempt, however, which their House of Assembly has made to adopt the magnificent British system of postage invented by Mr. Rowland Hill, they have, I conceive, partly failed—for the simple reason that, under severe pecuniary embarrassments, they were afraid of sinking under the operation; and thus, unwilling to continue under their old system, and yet unable fully to adopt the new one, they have sought for refuge in a half measure, which, of course, cannot even produce half results. The habits of the inhabitants of Paris are not favourable to the adoption of Mr. Hill's system of prepayment. A large proportion of the population live in regions high above the pavement of the streets; and although their letters are left for them with the concierge below, they have no servant whom they could conveniently despatch and intrust with money for prepayment; and as, contrary to our regulations in England, the charge is the same whether the letter be prepaid or not, the consequence is, that, of the letters brought to the General Post-office from the receiving-houses around it, the postage of *four fifths* is unpaid.

Collection and Distribution of Letters in Paris.

There are daily in Paris seven collections of letters, corresponding with the seven deliveries.

The hours of the collections are regulated according to the distance between the several offices and the Central Post-office. The boxes situated at the extremities of the town are taken away at fixed hours, indicated for the commencement of each collection. One may calculate five minutes' delay for every five hundred mètres in approaching the central office. The boxes within a perimeter of 800 mètres from the central office are taken away half an hour after those of the Fauxbourgs, those of the General Post-office an hour later. In no case does the delivery of a letter of the city for the city require more than three hours. Letters deposited in the box at the precise moment of the departure, or in those of the perimètre, are distributed an hour and a half or two hours at latest after the hour of the Depôt deposit.

The first distribution, which commences at half past seven, and terminates all over Paris at nine o'clock, comprehends the letters of the departments and of foreign countries, also those of Paris collected in the boxes the night before, from nine to half past nine at night.

The second comprehends, besides the Paris letters collected in the boxes from half past seven to a quarter past eight, those of the second English courier.

The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth comprehend, besides the Paris letters collected in the boxes, those which at different hours of the day have arrived by supplementary couriers, or by the railways.

The seventh comprehends the letters of Paris for Paris, collected in the boxes from five o'clock to forty-five minutes past five at night, the letters of supplementary couriers from Marseilles and Lyons, letters from Italy, Algeria, &c.

Money Letters, or Registered Letters.

In each of the post-offices at Paris, are received money letters and registered letters for all parts of France, for Algeria, and for those places where France possesses post-offices. Prepayment is obligatory for money letters, and optional (facultative) for registered ones.

Both descriptions must always be presented at the offices. Money letters pay a double postage; registered letters, besides the ordinary charge determined by weight, a fixed and supplementary tax of five sous. They, as well as registered letters, are required to be placed in an

envelope, secured at least with two seals in wax, covering the four folds of the envelope; both descriptions of letters are remitted on receipt at the domicile of the person to whom they are directed.

Postage Stamps.

The stamps or figures, sold by the administration, for the franking of letters, represent five different values: the first, colour bistre, two sous; second, colour green, three sous; third, colour blue, five sous; fourth, orange colour, eight sous; fifth, colour red, twenty sous, or one franc. The public is at liberty to combine these figures or stamps, the franking being complete in all cases where the stamps employed represent a value equivalent to the postage due. The stamps are sold at all the post-offices, by the postmen, receiving-houses, and by the sellers of tobacco.

Charges.

Letters of Paris for Paris are charged three sous (green stamp) when their weight does not exceed fifteen grammes; a supplementary charge of two sous is made for each additional fifteen grammes, or fraction thereof.

On the 1st of January, 1849, the charges for the postage of letters according to distance were

abolished, and replaced by a uniform charge of 20 centimes (2*d.*), which by the loi des Finances of the 18th May, 1850, was raised to 25 centimes (2½*d.*), for every letter not exceeding in weight 7½ grammes addressed to any part of France, Corsica, or Algeria.

For letters above 7½ grammes and not exceeding 15. . .	the charge is .	50 centimes.
Above 15 to 100 grammes .	„	1 franc.
Above 100 and not exceeding 200 an additional. . . .	„	1 „
Letters for *Great Britain* not exceeding in weight 7½ grammes	„	80 centimes.
Letters *of the same weight* to Belgium or Switzerland. .	„	40 „
Letters *of the same weight* to Belgium or Switzerland, from places which do not exceed 30 kilomètres.*	„	20 „

The following comparative statement of the amount of work performed by the Post-offices of Paris and London shows how large is the correspondence of France:—

There were despatched from Paris per day during the year 1850—

Letters	161,000
Newspapers and imprimés .	210,000
Total . . .	371,000

* A kilomètre is 1009 yards English.

There were despatched, during the year 1850, per day, Sundays exclusive, from the London Post-office, for delivery either within or without the London district—

1. Letters, books, and other packets, exclusive of newspapers, despatched by the General Post beyond the London delivery . . .	162,000
2. Letters, books, and other packets, including chargeable newspapers, delivered within the 3-mile circle of the London district . .	124,000
3. Newspapers and other documents allowed to be stamped as such and despatched by the General Post, exclusive of non-chargeable newspapers (of which no record is kept), posted and delivered within the London district . .	114,000
Total . . .	400,000

PRÉFET DE POLICE.

A FRENCH gentleman, who for many years had been the prefect of a department, and who had just returned from a visit to England to his peaceful domicile in the neighbourhood of * * , expressed to me, as we happened to rest together on a stone bench in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, his astonishment at the good order that prevailed in London. "In England," said he, "all people appear to respect the law. Here all evade it. In solidity you English are like the ancient Romans; in vivacity we resemble the Athenians: and yet, although in England you punish crime with great severity, you appear to be ignorant of the means of *preventing* it; in fact, you require an Act of Parliament to punish notorious evils prevented in Paris by a simple order of police, and in the smallest commune by a simple order of the maire!"

"Yes," said I, "but it is to that very *simplicity*, as you term it, that we particularly object."

The system to which he alluded is, I believe, something as follows.

France is divided into eighty-six departments, to each of which there is appointed a préfet.

Every department is subdivided into forty arrondissements, to each of which there is a sous-préfet.

The arrondissement is composed of various cantons, which are headless.

Every canton is composed of from twenty to forty communes (the smallest fractional subdivision), each of which has its maire, who, practically speaking, regulates his little district in whatever way he considers will be most beneficial to the community.

Now the prefect of the police of Paris, the only prefect of police in France, possesses on an enormous scale the same description of arbitrary power that is confided to every little mayor; and thus, co-existent with the monarchy, the emperor, and the republic, there has existed and there does still exist in France a despotic authority inconsistent with powers which in theory are declared to be supreme.

The prefecture of police, an organization of enormous action, is composed of various departments of active service, forming a cone of which the apex is the prefect, in whose office of

government, as in a hive, upwards of three hundred busy working clerks are constantly employed. The principal person in the department is the "Chef de la Police Municipale,"[1] under whom there are—

1. The "*Chef des Services de la Súreté,*" commanding a brigade of exceedingly adroit men, many of whom are not only in plain clothes, but, for the purpose of capturing murderers and robbers, &c., often change their disguise three or four times a day, to suit the localities they have to visit.

2. The "*Chef d'Attribution des Hôtels Garnies,*" who, besides suppressing clandestine gaming-houses, watch over all political refugees.

3. The "*Chef d'Attribution des Mœurs,*" for the regulation of houses of ill-fame, &c.

4. The "*Chef d'Attribution des Voitures,*" for the regulation and observation of all public carriages.

Lastly, "*Brigades Centrales,*" composed of sergents de ville, who, in uniform and in various disguises, besides other duties, perform those intrusted to the London police.

In addition to the above there are, under the direction of the "préfet of police,"—

A "*Chef de Service de la Navigation,*" pos-

[1] Chief of the Municipal Police.

sessing authority over every boat in the Seine, with power to regulate what it shall bring, and in what manner it shall disembark its cargo.

A "*Chef de Service de la Salubrité*," who has dominion over drains of every description, with power to visit all closets, which can only be emptied by people authorized to do so, and which must be inspected as soon as emptied; also the inspection of all gas-lights and gas arrangements.

A "*Chef de Service des Halles et Marchés*," who takes care of the provisions of Paris, grain, flour, &c.

Every one of the twelve arrondissements of Paris is subdivided into four "quartiers," or sections, each superintended by a "Commissaire de Police," who, in his bureau in the centre of his district, is, in fact, the efficient head of the police; and yet, although every person looks only to his own commissaire, and although of the "préfet de police" it may truly be said or sung, "Oh no, we never mention him," yet all the departments I have enumerated, under his sole direction, not only work independently, but harmoniously interlace together, playing into each other's hands, giving to each other every information in their power, and even arresting for each other any

one whom in the prosecution of their own duties they may observe infringing upon the regulations of any other department in the several services to which they belong; in short, every one acts, not only for his own district, but for all Paris: and thus the eye of the prefecture of police, by night as well as by day, like Shakspeare's Ariel, is here, there, and everywhere; indeed, almost a single anecdote will exemplify its powers. When Caussidière—now in London, and who was condemned with Louis Blanc—was in February, 1848, made "prefect of the police of Paris," knowing that he had long been watched, he inquired at the office over which he presided for his own "*dossier*." On reading it he exclaimed with astonishment, "Non seulement mes actions, mais mes *pensées* intimes!!"[1]

Again, in the case of an application for the arrest of a British subject whose eccentricities in France had been construed into insanity, and who in fact *was* mad, the police of Paris refused a warrant for his apprehension; and on being pressed to do so on the ground that at the very moment in question he was actually conducting himself before them as a madman, they produced his "dossier"—composed by their own agents—showing not only how much eau de vie he had

[1] Not only my actions, but my intimate *thoughts!*

drunk, but the places and the houses at which, on that very day, he had, previously to appearing before them, swallowed "seven glasses of it," and, as it was therefore the brandy and not the brains in his head that appeared to be in fault, the application for his detention was refused.

The necessity for the police of Paris is supposed to rest upon a principle everywhere acknowledged in France, that "no one member of the community has a right to do that which is hurtful to all, and therefore that all persons should be prevented from doing so by regulations," or, in other words, by the exercise of despotic authority. The working of this system, composed of much good and some evil, may be exemplified as follows.

Industrial establishments, "établissements industriels," are divided by the police into three classes, namely, dangerous, unhealthy, and offensive (incommode).

As regards the first, no one in Paris is allowed under any circumstances to do what may be dangerous to the community without obtaining an express order from Government; and accordingly, under this head no steam-engine can begin to work within the city until it has passed an examination; and even then, if it be of high-pressure, it is not allowed to work, except within

walls of certain thickness and under a roof of very little substance.

As regards the second, all manufactures of glue, size, and of everything deleterious to health, must be carried on far from buildings.

As regards the third, any machinery or manufactory, however safe, however innocuous, and although it may have cost a couple of millions of francs, may, by a simple order of police, be shut up, if, from noise, from smell, or from any other cause, it prove "incommode" (inconvenient) to the neighbourhood.

The outside of every domicile and building is watched by the department of the police, whose duty is to see that its fabric is secure, that its chimneys, gutters, &c., are sound, and that no sign-board, blind, or anything else, projects farther than is convenient to all.

Every shopkeeper is rigidly prevented from selling anything injurious to the health of the community. For this reason no one is allowed to act as a chemist, to prepare or sell any medicine, until he has passed a strict examination; and after he has received his patent, he is prevented from selling any poisonous substance until he has appeared before the préfet de police to petition for permission to do so, and to inscribe the locality in which his establishment is

situated, and even then he is restricted from selling poison except under the prescription of a physician, surgeon, or apothecary, which must be dated, signed, and in which not only the dose is designated, but the manner in which it is to be administered. The pharmacien or chemist is required to copy the prescription at the moment of his making it up, into his register, which he is required to keep for twenty years, to be submitted to the authorities whenever required. Moreover, poisons of all sorts, kept by a chemist, are required to be secured by a lock, the key of which must be in his own possession.

Besides these securities, the commissaire de police, accompanied by a doctor of medicine, or by professors of the "Ecole de Pharmacie,"[1] occasionally visit the shops and laboratories of all chemists to ascertain that the drugs in their possession are of proper quality.

As a further security to the public, the préfet de police is required to arrest and punish all vendors of secret remedies which have not, as required by law, been submitted to a commission of five professors of medicine to examine the composition and price of the medicine proposed to be administered to the public, and of which the

[1] School of Pharmacy.

sale has not been authorised in the bulletin of the National Academy of Medicine.

No secret remedy can be sold or even be advertised by a chemist or by any one, unless it has been specially authorised by Government. It is the duty of the National Academy of Medicine to examine, and, if it approves of, to legalize, the sale of any medicine that has not been invented by a physician.

The following judgments, which I copied from the newspapers while I was in Paris, will practically explain the manner in which the public are protected from the ignorant or careless sale of medicines or poisons :—

"*Secret Remedies.*—M. Jean-Marie Toussaint, jeweller, appeared before the Correctional Police for the illegal sale of medicine, and of a secret remedy described by him as 'Poudre dépurative.' The accused alleged in his defence that this powder is a secret of his family; that he has cured, by means of this powder, many persons of distinction. The tribunal condemned the jeweller-physician (bijoutier médecin) to a fine of 100 francs."

"*Poisonous Substances.*—M. H——, chemist, of Paris, has been condemned by the Correctional Police to pay a fine of 100 francs, for having on his premises a poisonous substance not locked up."

In the west end of Paris the police have lately permitted chemists to sell Morison's pills, &c.; as they were informed that unless they

allowed the English to swallow their own quack medicines (remèdes secrètes), in short, that if they were to be stinted from their habit of taking medicine of the composition of which they were utterly ignorant, they—the Bull family—would probably leave Paris in disgust.

On the same principle, and with the same objects in view, the police, attended by persons of science, inspect the cellars of wine-merchants to shield the public from adulteration or falsification. They visit cooks'-shops to see that the meats sold are wholesome, and the apparatus (usually of brass) clean. Bakers are divided into four classes, and in order to ensure to Paris a constant supply of three months' flour in advance, class No. 1 are required always to have on hand 140 sacks; class No. 2, 80; class No. 3, 60; and class No. 4, 50. The price of bread is regulated by the prefect every fortnight, according to that of grain in the corn-market; and *common* bread is required not only to be of a certain weight, but to be pure, unadulterated, and to be baked in ovens of a proper construction.

But besides watching over the lives, properties, health, safety, comfort, and food of the inhabitants of the city of Paris, the prefect of police, by stringent and very extraordinary efforts, is

the supervisor of the morals—"attentats aux mœurs"—of the people.

No house of bad conduct is allowed, as in England, of its own accord to fester up and break out wherever it likes; but such evils, which it is deemed advisable not altogether to prevent, are licensed to exist in certain localities, and are forbidden from others, especially from the vicinity of any school, public institution, or church. From the instant they are established the exterior and interior are placed under the constant and especial surveillance of a particular department of the police, the regulations of which appear to have no other object than despotically to reduce to the minimum the list of evils consequent upon that which, if not implanted, has deliberately been allowed to take root. For instance, each mistress of a house of this description is obliged, within twenty-four hours, to bring with her to be enregistered at the prefecture of police every female who may be desirous to live with her. On her arrival there, the delinquent is seriously admonished to relinquish her intention; and to induce, or rather terrify and disgust, her, she is informed in detail of the surveillance to which she will be subjected. If the candidate be very young, instead of this course she is, in the first instance, carried from

the brink of ruin to the hospital of St. Lazare, where work is given to her, and endeavours are made to reclaim her. If from the country, a letter is addressed by the police to her parents or nearest relatives, informing them of her position, and urging them to save her. If no answer be received, and if her friends cannot be found out, a letter is written to the mayor of her commune, requesting him to endeavour to do so. If her friends decline to come forward, or if it be ascertained that she is friendless, a last effort is made in the hospital of St. Lazare to reclaim her, and, if *that* proves to be in vain, her name is then irrevocably inscribed; and, destitute of character and of liberty, she passes the remainder of her life under the dreadful appellation of "une fille inscrite." Not only is every change of her domicile recorded in the books of the police, but on the ticket she is obliged to bear,—and which at any hour and by any person she may be required to produce, —there must be inscribed the results of the weekly professional visits to which she is subjected. At no hour, or under any pretext, is she permitted, as in England, to appear at the windows of her residence, and she is especially interdicted from appearing in the gardens of the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, the Luxembourg,

or the Jardin du Roi. She is allowed only to walk in certain places; not to appear without a bonnet; she must be dressed in "toilette décente," [1] must not wear clothes "trop éclatantes." [2] On the contrary, if they be too gaudy, or if her conduct be in any way improper or obtrusive, she is liable then and there to be arrested by any member of the police, and imprisoned in the Lazare for two months.

Of the houses to which I have alluded only a certain proportion are allowed to receive any females but their own regular lodgers.

A short time ago the Duchess of ——— happened to pay a short visit to one of these abodes. On its being discovered by the police, they insisted on her name, like that of all the rest of its inmates, being "inscribed" in the books of the department; and it was only by paying a very high fine that her Grace escaped from the regulation which would have subjected her—poor thing—for the rest of her life to the visits, at any hour and at any place, of that portion of the police who especially watch over "attentats aux mœurs."

Besides the above precautions, a party of police, principally disguised, are especially appointed to discover and to make known to the

[1] Decent costume. [2] Too gaudy.

police every female, "fille isolée," in Paris of decided bad conduct—termed "clandestine"—in order that they also may be summoned and their names "inscribed," from which moment, like the most destitute, they can *never* rid themselves of the haunting presence and severe regulations of the police, which, utterly regardless of their feelings, despotically guards the public health.

The authority which the police of Paris exercise over labourers and servants of various descriptions is — especially in a republic — most extraordinary.

Every workman or labouring boy is obliged, all over France, to provide himself with a book termed "un livret," endorsed in Paris by a commissaire of police, and in other towns by the mayor or his assistants, containing his description, name, age, birth-place, profession, and the name of the master by whom he is employed. In fact, no person, under a heavy fine, can employ a workman unless he produce a "livret" of the above description, bearing an acquittal of his engagements with his last master.

Every workman, after inscribing in his "livret" the day and terms of his engagement with a new master, is obliged to leave it in the hands of his said master, who is required, under

a penalty, to restore it to him on the fulfilment of his engagement. Any workman, although he may produce a regular passport, found travelling without his book, is considered as "vagabond," and as such may be arrested and punished with from three to six months' imprisonment, and, after that, subjected to the surveillance of the "haute police" for at least five and not exceeding ten years. No new "livret" can be endorsed until its owner produces the old one filled up. In case of a workman losing his livret, he may, on the presentation of his passport, obtain provisional permission to work, but without authority to move to any other place until he can satisfy the officer of police that he is free from all engagements to his last master. Every workman coming to Paris with a passport is required, within three days of his arrival, to appear at the prefecture of police with his "livret," in order that it may be endorsed. In like manner, any labourer leaving Paris with a passport must obtain the "visé" of the police to his "livret," which, in fact, contains an abstract history of his "vie industrielle."[1]

As a description of the political department of the police of Paris would involve details, the

[1] Industrial life.

ramifications of which would almost be endless, I will only briefly state, that from the masters of every furnished hotel and lodging-house (who are required to insert in a register, endorsed by a commissaire de police, the name, surname, profession, and usual domicile of every person who sleeps in their house for a single night), and from innumerable other sources, information is readily obtained concerning every person, and especially every stranger, residing in the metropolis. For instance, at the entrance of each lodging, and of almost every private house, there sits a being termed a "concierge," who knows the hour at which each inmate enters and goes out; who calls on him; how many letters he receives; by their post-marks, where they come from; what parcels are left for him; what they appear to contain, &c. &c. &c. Again, at the corner of every principal street there is located, wearing the badge of the police, a "commissionnaire," acquainted with all that outwardly goes on within the radius of his Argus-eyed observations. From these people, from the drivers of fiacres, from the sellers of vegetables, from fruiterers, and, lastly, from the masters of wine-shops, who either from people sober, tipsy, or drunk, are in the habit of hearing an infinity of garrulous details, the police are en-

abled to track the conduct of almost any one, and, if necessary, to follow up their suspicions by their own agents, in disguises which, practically speaking, render them invisible.

"You are," said very gravely to me a gentleman in Paris of high station, on whom I had had occasion to call, "a person of some consideration. Your object here is not understood, and you are therefore under the surveillance of the police."

I asked him what that meant.

"Wherever you go," he replied, "you are followed by an agent of police. When one is tired he hands you over to another. Whatever you do is known to them; and at this moment there is one waiting in the street until you leave me."

Although the above sketch, which, on the whole, I believe to be a faithful one, delineates, I am fully aware, a system which in England would be deemed intolerable, and which, indeed, I have not the smallest desire to defend, yet it must also be evident that, on the whole, it is productive of a series of very great benefits to the community.

If a population such as swarms within Great Britain could exist without any restriction whatever, it would, of course, enjoy what would

justly be termed perfect liberty; but if that be impracticable, and if laws and restrictions be necessary evils, it follows almost inevitably that the enjoyment of a very small liberty ought not to be considered of greater importance than the attainment of a very great public benefit.

For instance, in a land of perfect liberty, such as California, any man ought to be entitled not only to sell medicinal drugs in any way he may think proper, but—as he has also a right to be utterly ignorant of their nature or effects—he ought to be allowed to keep coffee in one box, sugar of lead in another, tea in another, arsenic in another; moreover, he has an undoubted right, after his dinner, to go to sleep, and while he snores aloud to leave his own shop-nigger to sell for him, to men, women, and children of any age, his own goods, in his own way. Again, in such a land of perfect liberty, every man ought to be allowed to endeavour to cure anybody that wants to be cured by him. He may be wrong in supposing that a mixture of sand, vitriol, and water is good for the eyes; that ink, lamp-black, and cobbler's wax, in equal parts, are good for the complexion; that a very little arsenic and soft soap are good for digestion; and that blistering a baby's feet draws inflammation from its gums: but if other free people not only

agree with him in opinion, but from long distances come to him on purpose to give him two shillings and nine-pence for a packet of his remedy, he is no doubt fully entitled to sell it. In like manner, in a perfectly free country, every woman has an undoubted right to be admired or abhorred, or, in other words, to lead a virtuous or an immoral life, just as she may prefer. And yet, if the laws of God and man concur in punishing one individual for murdering another, there surely exists no very great inconsistency in depriving any member of a very large community, for the public good, of the tiny "liberty" of slowly undermining the health, destroying the happiness, and ruining the prospects of an unlimited number of his or her fellow-creatures. And yet, although this common axiom is as fully admitted in Great Britain as in France, there exists between the two countries a wide difference of opinion as to the extent to which it should be applied; and thus, while the French people, ages ago, surrendered themselves at discretion to the principles, good, bad, or indifferent, to which I have referred, the English, although they concur in the theory, very slowly and very cautiously have been and still are progressively carrying it into effect by the establishment of a "new" poor law, of a "new"

London police, of laws forbidding the dead to be buried among the living, abolishing Smithfield market, preventing the sale of medicines by ignorant, illiterate people, &c. &c. &c.; and although the "*liberty*" of selling quack medicines ("remèdes secrètes") is still claimed and allowed, there can be no doubt that it, and various other little pet "liberties" of a similar description, will in due time be slowly, carefully, but effectually, put to death.

Between the English and the French systems of police there of course will and always ought to remain the same difference which characterises the tastes, habits, and opinions of the two nations. It is, however, very gratifying to observe, that in the mean while both are satisfied with the efforts they have respectively been making to attain the same good object. In England, the "new poor law" and the "new police" are now almost as highly praised, as on their original establishment they were execrated and condemned; nay, the establishment even of extramural burial-grounds and extramural slaughter-houses is by anticipation already far from being unpopular.

In France, the intricate system I have but faintly described also gives satisfaction to the majority of the community; indeed, it is an ex-

traordinary fact, that, although the power of the monarchy, of the republic, of the empire, and even of the army, one after another have been swept away, and although at almost every revolution the raw will of the people has for a certain period become the sole law of the land, yet the police of Paris has never foundered in the storms which have destroyed every other authority; on the contrary, the system is about to be adopted in the great, populous, and free city of Lyons. It is also a singular fact (at least on very high authority I was told so), that, besides this feeling from without, so strong an esprit de corps exists within the police of Paris, that no individual in its regular service has ever been known to betray it. Persons of any description who give useful information to the department are paid for it; but since 1827 no man of bad character has been retained in its regular service.

As far as the narrow limits of my own observation extended, I feel bound to speak in its favour. Excepting a single habit of Frenchmen to which I cannot more distinctly allude, during my residence in Paris I never witnessed any public act of the slightest indelicacy; on the contrary, I everywhere beheld a polite and a well-conducted people, who appeared by their

admirable bearing to each other, and above all to strangers, to have originated, rather than have been subjected by, the organized force which like the atmosphere everywhere prevailed around them.

The direction of every letter I received may have been scanned,—every parcel given to my concierge may have been peeped into,—the name of every person that called on me may have been noted down:—I may have been watched,—dodged,—followed: wherever I went there may have appeared upon the walls and pavement I passed—as my shadow—the figure of a commissaire-de-police in uniform, or in disguise: but I must own that, whenever these light amusing ideas gambolled across my mind, I did the French people the justice to place into the other scale the single heavy fact, that while I, unmolested, unembarrassed, and in perfect security, could wander wherever I liked, there lay self-imprisoned throughout the day in Paris 30,000 people who—it is a well-known fact—dare not show their faces to the police, and who are as completely subjected by its power, as the old-fashioned, bullying, window-breaking mob of what were then very properly termed "blackguards," have been by the firm, admirable arrangements of our blue-clad London police.

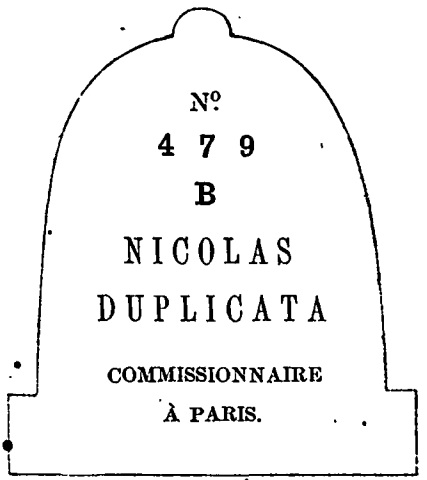
If in visiting Paris my object had been to conspire against the happiness of the people; to endeavour to overthrow their government; and to involve them once again in the horrors of another revolution, I should no doubt—to use a vulgar expression—have deeply cursed "the eyes and limbs" of a power that would not only have confounded my politics, and have frustrated my knavish tricks, but have punished me, promptly, severely, and arbitrarily.

THE COMMISSIONNAIRE.

It is an extraordinary fact, that while in every capital on the Continent, and even at Edinburgh and Dublin, there are at the corners of the principal thoroughfares persons of good character, well known to the community, who at a moment's warning may safely be intrusted to execute the numerous little commissions which in any establishment occasionally require a trusty messenger, no such arrangement exists in London, or in any of our English great cities or towns.

In Paris this social luxury has been so admirably supplied, that, like iced water at Naples, the community could now hardly exist without it. Accordingly, at the intersection of almost all the principal streets there is posted by the police an intelligent respectable-looking man (there are about 12,000 of them), cleanly dressed in blue velveteen trowsers, and a blue corduroy jacket, on the breast of which is affixed a brass ticket,

invariably forfeited by misconduct, bearing his occupation and number, as follows:—



The duties of this commissionnaire are not only at various fixed prices to go messages in any direction, and at determined rates to perform innumerable other useful services, but he is especially directed to assist aged and infirm people of both sexes in crossing streets crowded with carriages, and to give to strangers who may inquire their way every possible assistance.

The luxury of living, wherever you may happen to lodge, within convenient reach of a person of this description, is very great. For instance, within fifty yards of my lodgings

there was an active, honest, intelligent, dark-blue fellow, who was to me a living book of useful knowledge. Crumpling up the newspaper he was usually reading, he could, in the middle of a paragraph and at a moment's notice, get me any sort of carriage,—recommend me to every description of shop,—tell me the colour of the omnibus I wanted,—where I was to find it,—where I was to leave it,—how I ought to dress, to go here,—there,—or anywhere:—what was done in the House of Assembly last night,—who spoke best,—what was said of his speech,—and what the world thought of things in general. On the other hand, he was, if possible, more useful to the sergeant of police of the district than to me. He could tell him where I went, what I bought, what I said, what I thought, and, above all, how I looked when I was not thinking. He could explain to him all about my eyes, how inquisitive they both were, what odd places they visited, &c. &c. When my friend was absent, as of course he often was, engaged in the service of others, I repeatedly employed a brother commissionnaire, at some distance from my lodging, who was exceedingly loquacious and intelligent. One morning as, while waiting for an omnibus, I stood talking to him, he told me he wished very much to get employment in Lon-

don, of which he had heard a great deal, and, on my asking him what he could do if he was there, he burst out with such surprising eloquence on the subject, that I desired him to call upon me at eight o'clock in the evening, after I had had my dinner.

I was reclining in an easy chair when he entered. I told him that, among other investigations I was making, I wanted to understand what were the qualifications of a Paris commissioner; and I added, that, if he would explain to me what he was in the habit of doing, I would write it down, in abbreviation almost as fast as he could utter it.

Upon this, away he started, but at such a tremendous pace, that it was utterly impossible to follow him. Laying down my pencil over and over again, I told him that *that* would not do. We had I think as many false starts, as if he had been running for the Derby; at last I succeeded in teaching him the rate at which he was to canter, not gallop; and accordingly I then easily, without the alteration of a single word, copied from his curbed mouth the following long-winded, rigmarole story, which will not only explain the extraordinary volubility of tongue and facility of expression of a Paris commissionnaire, but the services, good and (I regret to add) evil,

which it appears he is occasionally in the habit of performing.:—

The Statement of —— Commissionnaire.[1]

" Monsieur! je cire les bottes; je scie le bois; je le monte dans les appartements; je porte les malles et bagage, et tout ce qui se présente; je porte les lettres, des paquets; je frotte les appartements, puis les escaliers; je lave les parterres et les salles à manger; je fais des ménagements avec un brancard; ça se porte à deux hommes avec des bricoles en cuir; je traîne la charrette, des malles, du bois, des meubles; je bats les tapis, je les décloue des appartements, et je les porte à la barrière en dehors de Paris, ouï, Monsieur! je les rapporte à les personnes à qui ils appartiennent; je les pose; je sais faire un appartement; je fais des lits dans l'appartement; je mets en couleur le parquet des appartements: je garde un malade la nuit, le jour (a shrug), à la journée (a shrug), et à la nuit aussi (a shrug); je conviens du prix avec les personnes qui m'emploient cinq francs pour

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[1] " Sir, I black boots; I saw wood; I take it up into the apartments; I carry portmanteaus and luggage, and whatever offers itself; I carry letters and parcels; I rub the floors of apartments and stairs; I wash the floors and the dining-rooms; I change furniture from one house to another with a hand-barrow,—carried by two men with leathern straps; I draw a cart with portmanteaus, wood, or furniture; I beat carpets, take them up out of the apartments, and carry them to the barrier outside Paris (yes, Sir); I bring them back to the persons to whom they belong; I lay them down. I know how to arrange a room; I make the beds; I colour the inlaid floors of the apartments; I watch a sick person through the night and day (a shrug), for so much a day (a shrug), and for the night also (a shrug); I agree as to the price with those persons who employ me, for five francs the night, eight

la nuit, huit francs pour les vingt-quatre heures, quand les personnes ne me nourrissent pas ; en outre, je garde les morts dans l'appartement pendant les vingt-quatre heures qu'ils restent exposés ; enfin (three shrugs) je fais tous ce qui se présente : je touche les billets de commerce à ordre, quand on me charge de la commission, et que l'on me donne le billet pour le toucher ; je rapporte l'argent à la personne qui m'a confié le billet, et la personne me paie ma commission ; j'engage au Mont de Piété tout ce que le public me veut bien confier,—bijoux (a shrug), bagues (a shrug), chaînes, montres, or, ou argent ; j'engage cuillières et fourchettes, en argent, à manger ; j'engage pendules, du linge ; on engage tout (a shrug) au Mont de Piété, meubles, pianos, matelas, candelabres, lustres : enfin, on engage tout ce qui a de la valeur ; et je rapporte l'argent et le papier d'engagement à la personne qui m'a bien voulu confier cette commission-là, et en même temps la personne me paie ma commission.

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francs for the twenty-four hours, when they do not feed me ; besides, I watch the dead in the apartment during the twenty-four hours that they remain exposed ; in short (three shrugs), I do whatever is offered to me. I receive commercial notes, for whoever will charge me with the commission, and who will give me the note to enable me to receive it ; I bring back the money to the person who has intrusted me with the note, and the person pays me for my commission ; I pawn at the Mont de Piété whatever the public is willing to intrust to me,—jewels (a shrug), chains, watches, gold, or silver ; I pawn silver spoons and forks, for eating ; I pawn clocks, linen ; they take everything in pawn (a shrug) at the Mont de Piété, —furniture, pianos, mattresses, candelabras, lustres ; in short, they take in pawn everything of value ; and I bring back the money and the pawnbroker's ticket to the person who has intrusted me with the commission, and at the same time that person pays me for my commission.

" Après, je dégage des effets du Mont de Piété, pour toutes les personnes qui veulent bien m'honorer de leurs commissions, pourvu que la personne mette sa signature sur le revers du papier que le Mont de Piété lui a donné le jour où elle a engagé les objets quelconques.

" Je vais en commission dans les départements de toute la France, et dans l'étranger (shrug) la même chose, moyennant le prix convenu et en prix raisonnable; je prends les chemins de fer (shrug), la diligence (shrug); je vais au plus vite, et je reviens au plus vite : je brosse un cheval, moi! je lui donne à manger; je lave la voiture; je sais conduire la voiture : je fais la cave; je rince les bouteilles; je mets le vin en bouteille; j'empile les bouteilles quand elles sont bouchées et goudronnées; je descends les pièces de vin à la cave avec une grosse corde à l'aide d'un camarade, et le prix c'est deux francs par pièce. Dans mon pays je suis laboureur—tout ce qui concerne à travailler la terre. Je déracine les arbres; je les scie en

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" Afterwards, I redeem pawned articles from the Mont de Piété, for all those persons who choose to honour me with their commissions, provided that the person puts his signature on the back of the paper which the Mont de Piété delivered to him on the day when he pawned the aforesaid articles.

" I act as commissioner throughout all the departments of France, and also (shrug) in foreign countries, according to the price agreed on, and at a reasonable price; I travel on the railroads (shrug), in the diligence (shrug); I go as quick as I can, and I come back as quick as I can; I rub down a horse, I can! I feed him; wash the carriage; drive the carriage; arrange the cellar; rinse out the bottles; bottle the wine; pile up the bottles after they are corked and stamped; lower the hogsheads of wine into the cellar with a thick rope, with the help of a comrade, and the price is two francs for each hogshead. In my own country I am a labourer, and do every-

plusieurs traits de scie; je le fends; je l'empile pour qu'il sèche; ensuite je le charge sur mûlets, et je l'emporte à la maison pour brûler à l'usage de la maison; ensuite je fauche les foins et les blés, je transporte les blés dans la grange (shrug), et le foin aussi; je bats le blé et je le renferme dans le grenier; alors on le prend au fur et à mesure pour le faire moudre et pour faire du pain. Je taille la vigne, je pioche la vigne; j'y met des échalats à chaque pied de vigne pour que la vigne ne se courbe pas; en même tems j'attache la vigne à l'échalat avec de la paille qui a été trempé dans l'eau, et de la paille triée exprès pour attacher la vigne à l'échalat, pour que les raisins mûrissent mieux, et qu'ils ne se traînent pas sur la terre. Maintenent je fais la vendange, ça veut dire ramasser les raisins; je les emporte à la maison avec une hotte qui se porte sur le dos à l'aide de deux bricoles qui sont attachées et cloués à la hotte. Quand la hotte est pleine des raisins, elle pèse deux cent livres. Après, je l'emporte

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thing relating to the cultivation of the ground. I root up the trees; I saw them into several lengths; I split the wood; pile it up to dry; then load it on mules, and carry it to the house to be burnt; afterwards I mow the hay and corn; carry the corn into the barn (shrug), and the hay also; thrash the corn, and put it away into the granary; from whence they take it out by little and little to have it ground and to make bread. I prune the vines; dig round them; put props at the foot of each to support it from bending; at the same time I fasten the vines to them with straw which has been soaked in water, and selected expressly to fasten the vine to the prop, so that the grapes may ripen better, and that they may not trail on the ground. Now I commence my vintage, that is to say, gather the grapes; I carry them to the house in a rough basket, which is carried on the back by means of two straps, fastened and nailed on to the basket. When the basket is

à la maison, et je la vide dans une grande cave, qui est faite exprès pour caver le vin. Mes vendanges durent quatre jours (shrug), cinq jours; et quand j'ai fini de vendanger ma cave est pleine: alors je m'occupe tous les jours de piger (écraser) les raisins avec un pilon en bois qui est rond et qui est fait exprès pour cette chose-là. Il est très large du bas. Ensuite au bout de quinze jours mon vin est cavé. Je le tire par dessous pendant que la cave en fournit. Ce vin là c'est la première qualité. Je le mets dans un tonneau à part, et je le conserve pour vendre, pour payer les contributions de ma vigne. Le mare qui reste dans la cave je le prends avec des sceaux et je le porte au pressoir; là je le presse, et le vin que j'en retire c'est pour usage de ma famille. Ce vin-là est inférieur au premier (shrug) (parce que le premier vient des grains des raisins les plus mûrs qui se trouvent écrasés). Maintenant, le mare qui me reste, que je retire du pressoir, je le mets dans une cave exprès pour cela, et j'y

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full of grapes, it weighs two hundred pounds. Afterwards, I carry it to the house, and empty it into a large cellar made expressly to contain the wine. My vintage lasts four days (shrug), five days; and by the time I have finished my vintage my cellar is full; then I employ myself every day in crushing the grapes with a wooden pestle, which is round, and made expressly for the purpose. It is very wide at the bottom. Afterwards, at the end of fifteen days, my wine is in the cellar. I draw it off from below as long as the cellar supplies it. This wine is of the first quality. I put it into a cask by itself, and I keep it to sell, in order to pay the contributions of my vineyard. The residue which remains in the cellar I take away in pails, and carry it to the wine-press; there I press it, and the wine I get from it is for the use of my family. This wine is inferior to the first (shrug) (because the first is made of the ripest grapes which are crushed).

mets sept (shrug) à huit (shrug) sceaux d'eau, et je laisse bouiller ça pendant cinq ou six jours: ensuite, ce mare-là j'en fais de l'eau de vie; je fais cuire ce mare-là dans un alambic. Au fur et à mesure que ça est cuit, la vapeur concentrée me rend l'eau de vie à 22 degrés, alors que je le réduis à 18 degrés (vu qu'à 22 degrés il est trop fort, il fait du mal au tempérament) en ajoutant de l'eau. C'est comme ça qu'on travaille chez nous; on fait son vin (shrug); on fait son eau de vie (shrug); on bat son blé; on fait du pain pour un mois. Le four où l'on cuit le pain est en commun. Il appartient à mon village. On cuit cinquante cinq pains de huit livres chacun. Quand le four a besoin d'être réparé, c'est le sindic du village qui fait faire les réparations nécessaires. Il paie avec les revenus du village, comme il y a des revenus des terres que nos ancêtres ont donnés pour une école de garçons et de demoiselles. Cette école on la tient six mois de l'année, et on donne au maître d'école des

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Now, the residue which remains, which I take out of the wine-press, I put into a cellar made on purpose for it, and I add to it from seven (shrug) to eight (shrug) pails of water, and I let it all boil during five or six days; after that, I make brandy from this residue. I warm this residue in a still. By slow degrees, as it becomes heated, the concentrated vapour produces me brandy of 22 degrees strength; which I reduce to 18 degrees (because at 22 degrees it is too strong, it is bad for the constitution) by adding water to it. That is the way we work in our country; we make our own wine (shrug), we make our own brandy (shrug), we thrash our corn, we make bread enough for a month. The oven where we bake our bread is in common; it belongs to my village. They bake fifty-five loaves, of eight pounds each. When the oven requires to be repaired, it is the syndic of the village who has what is necessary done. He pays with the revenues

garçons soixante-dix francs, et à la maîtresse d'école pour les filles cinquante francs pour les six mois. Ces revenus là sont des terres labourables, prés et champs appartenant au village. Ces terres-là se louent à la criée: on les donne à celui qui en offre le plus haut prix; pourvu que, s'il n'a pas de quoi payer la rente, il fournisse une caution solvable qui s'en rende responsable."

After a short pause and a heavy aspiration, he added—

" Revenons aux Commissions!

" Quand il passe une belle femme, parfois, il y a un monsieur qui me dit, ' Commissionnaire, suivez cette dame-là, ' et tâchez de savoir son nom; vous me rapporterez son nom ' et son adresse; voilà ma carte où je demeure: ayez le ' nom bien exact, et rendez moi la réponse chez moi à ' six heures du soir; je vous payerai votre commission

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of the village, proceeding from some lands which our ancestors gave for a school for boys and for girls. This school is kept during six months of the year, and they give the boys' schoolmaster seventy francs, and the girls' schoolmistress fifty francs for the six months. These revenues are from lands under cultivation, meadows and fields belonging to the village. They are let by auction; to him who offers the highest price they are given on certain conditions: if he has not sufficient security of his own to answer the payment of his rent, he must find a solvent bail to answer for him.

" But to return to the Commission.

" Sometimes, when a beautiful woman passes by, a gentleman says to me, Commissioner, follow that lady, and try to find out her name; you must bring me back her name and address; here is my card and direction where I live: get the name very exact, and bring me back the answer to my house

' généreusement ' Je lui réponds, ' Monsieur, Madame reste ' rue (shrug), (n'importe!), &c. Elle se nomme Made- ' moiselle ——. Maintenant, Monsieur, c'est à vous de lui ' écrire si ça vous fait plaisir. Ce monsieur alors me dit, Venez ' demain à neuf heures du matin ; je vous donnerai une lettre ' pour remettre à mademoiselle.' Maintenant je vais porter la lettre ; monsieur me voit de retour. ' Voici la réponse ' à votre lettre!' ' Ah, je vous remercie, commission- ' naire! Eh bien! combien vous dois-je, commissionnaire?" ' Monsieur, cette demoiselle m'a fait attendre longtemps ' pour avoir la réponse ; ainsi, Monsieur, ça vaut bien trente ' sous ; vous savez que c'est loin!' ' Eh bien, voilà trente ' sous, commissionnaire ; si j'ai besoin de vous demain, je ' passerai à votre station.' Maintenant ce monsieur me fait des questions. Il me demande, ' A-t-elle un beau mobilier ' cette demoiselle là?' Je lui réponds, ' Oui, Monsieur ' (a shrug). ' J'ai vu un bon lit, un secrétaire commode, une ' belle pendule sur la cheminée, et un tapis cloué au par-

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at six o'clock this evening : I will pay you liberally for your commission. I answer him, ' Sir, Madame lives in —— street ' (shrug), (never mind where!), &c. ' She is called Mademoi- selle ——. Now, Sir, you can write to her, if that is agree- able to you.' This gentleman then says to me, ' Come to- morrow morning at 9 o'clock ; I will give you a letter to deliver to Mademoiselle.' Now I go and carry the letter ; Monsieur sees me return. ' Here is the answer to your letter!' ' Ah! I thank you, Commissioner! Well! how much do I owe you, Commissioner?' ' ' Sir, this young lady kept me waiting a long time for her answer ; so, Sir, it is well worth thirty sous ; you know it is a long way off!' ' Well, here are thirty sous, Commissioner ; if I want you to- morrow I shall pass by your station.' Now, this gentleman puts to me some questions. He asks me, ' Has this young lady got handsome furniture?' I answer him, ' Yes, Sir (a

' terre. Ainsi (shrug), Monsieur, voilà tout ce que j'ai vu. ' Monsieur, je m'en retourne à ma station.' ' Eh bien ! ça ' suffit, commissionnaire ! Si j'ai besoin de vous, je vous ferai ' demander.' ' Je vous remercie. Bon jour, Monsieur ' (shrug). Maintenant, quand un concierge me refuse le nom de la personne que je lui désigne, par exemple, une grande blonde qui vient de rentrer à l'instant même, qui est allée au fond de la cour, à l'escalier à droite, je dis au concierge, ' Monsieur le concierge ! seriez-vous assez ' bon pour me donner le nom de cette grande dame qui vient ' de rentrer toute seule là ?' Le concierge me dit, ' Mais ' qu'est-ce que vous voulez faire de ce nom-là ?' Je lui ' dis, C'est un monsieur qui m'a chargé la commission de ' savoir le nom de cette demoiselle-là (correcting himself), ' de cette personne-là,'—parceque je ne savais pas quelquefois si c'est une dame ou une demoiselle. Le concierge me dit, ' Si c'est ainsi, pour vous obliger, je vais ' vous le donner. C'est Mademoiselle (un tel).' Moi je

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shrug). I saw a good bed, a convenient writing-table, a beautiful clock on the chimney-piece, and the floor was carpeted. In short (shrug), Sir, I have told you all I saw. Sir, I am going back to my station.' ' Well ! that will do, Commissioner ! If I want you I will let you know.' ' I thank you. Good day, Sir' (shrug). Now, when a doorkeeper refuses to tell me the name of the person whom I describe to him—for example, a tall fair lady who has just come in, who has crossed over to the back of the courtyard, to the staircase on the right hand—I say to the doorkeeper, ' Monsieur doorkeeper ! would you be so good as to tell me the name of that tall lady who has just gone in there all alone ?' The doorkeeper says to me, ' But what do you want with her name ?' I say to him, ' It is a gentleman who has given me the commission to learn the name of that young lady (correcting himself)—of that person, because I have not known sometimes

fais une honnêteté au concierge, en lui payant (shrug) un verre de vin.

" Alors il y a une autre question que je vais vous expliquer. Quand un monsieur n'a pas confiance en sa femme, il la fait suivre par un commissionnaire, quand elle est allée se promener toute seule. Alors le monsieur dit au commissionnaire, ' Suivez cette personne là : vous me direz ' en détail partout où elle s'est arrêtée ; je viendrai prendre ' la réponse à votre station ce soir.' Alors je dis à monsieur, ' Monsieur, Madame s'est arrêtée rue — (shrug), numéro — ' (shrug). Madame est restée une demi-heure dans cette ' maison-là ; pendant ce temps-là je faisais faction en face la ' porte-cochère de l'autre côté de la rue, pour savoir quand ' elle sortirait de cette rue-là. Madame a été au magasin ' de nouveautés, rue—(shrug), numéro—. De là Madame ' a monté dans une voiture citadine, qu'elle a arrêtée dans le ' rue en sortant du magasin de nouveautés. Moi j'ai ' couru de toutes mes jambes pour suivre la voiture.

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whether she was a married or an unmarried lady. The doorkeeper says to me, ' If such is the case, to oblige you, I will tell you. She is Mademoiselle ' (such a one). On my part, I show a little civility to the doorkeeper, by giving him (shrug) a glass of wine.

" Now there is another subject which I will explain to you. When a gentleman has no confidence in his wife, he employs a commissioner to follow her when she goes out alone. Then the gentleman says to the commissioner, ' Follow that lady ; you must tell me in detail every place where she stops : I shall come to your station this evening for an answer.' Then I say to the gentleman, ' Sir, Madame stopped in (shrug) —— Street, Number —— (shrug). Madame remained for half an hour in that house ; during that time I walked up and down opposite the carriage-gate on the other side of the street, in order to know when she would leave the street. Madame

' Madame est descendue rue—(en fin voilà), numéro —. ' Madame a renvoyé la voiture après avoir payé. Madame ' est entrée dans cette maison-là, et elle y restait une heure ' et demie. De là sortie de cette maison-là, madame est ' allée directement chez elle. Madame est rentrée à cinq ' heures et demie. Je n'ai vu personne, en fait, de monsieur ' qui a parlé à Madame. Ainsi, Monsieur, voilà tous les ' renseignements et tous les détails que je peux vous donner ' (shrug) pour aujourd'hui.' Le monsieur me dit, ' C'est bien, ' commissionnaire ; combien vous dois-je ?' Je dis, ' Mon- ' sieur, vous êtes assez généreux pour comprendre combien ' que ça vaut cette commission-là.' ' Voici, commission- ' naire, deux francs. Etes-vous content ?' ' Oui, Monsieur, ' je suis content.' ' Si j'ai besoin de vous demain je vous ' ferai dire, ou j'irai vous dire moi-même à votre station.' Je lui dis, ' Oui, Monsieur (shrug), c'est bien. Je vous re- ' mercie ; bon jour, Monsieur (shrug), voilà' (shrug). Le lendemain voilà le monsieur qui arrive. ' Dites donc, com-

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went to the warehouse for novelties, —— Street (shrug), Number ——. From thence Madame got into a hackney carriage, which she stopped in the street on coming out of the warehouse. As for me, I ran as fast as my legs could carry me to follow the carriage. Madame got out of it in —— Street, say Number ——. Madame sent away the carriage, after having paid for it. Madame went into that house, where she remained an hour and a half. On going out of that house, Madame went straight home. Madame returned home at half-past five. I did not see any description of gentleman speak to Madame. In short, Sir, these are all the details and information which I can give you (shrug) for to-day.' The gentleman says to me, ' Well done, Commissioner : how much do I owe you ?' I say, ' Sir, you are generous enough to comprehend how much that commission is worth.' ' Here, Commissioner, are two francs. Are you satisfied ?'

' missionnaire, faites-moi la même commission qu'hier,—vous ' savez? Venez avec moi ; vous vous tiendrez en face de ma ' porte-cochère ; quand il sortira une dame—une petite brune ' —elle doit sortir dans une demi-heure ; elle a une robe de ' soie Ecossaise, un chapeau vert, et un grand schal, à fond ' bleu, à fleurs rouges—vous suivrez cette dame-là ; tenez- ' vous à une distance, un peu éloignée, que cette dame-là ne ' se méfie pas que vous la suivez ; rendez-moi la réponse bien ' exacte ; vous me direz partout où elle s'est arrêtée, le nom ' de la rue, et le numéro de la maison, dans toutes les ' maisons où elle s'arrêtera. Je viendrai prendre la réponse ' ici à votre station ce soir à (shrug) sept heures.'

" Voilà sept heures arrivées. ' Monsieur, j'ai fait votre ' commission bien exactement. Madame s'est arrêtée en ' partant de la maison sur le boulevart chez un marchand ' de chaussures. Madame s'est arrêtée quinze minutes ; de là ' Madame est allée rue —, numéro — ; Madame est restée ' deux heures dans cette maison-là ; de là Madame est sortie,

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' Yes, Sir, I am satisfied.' ' If I want you to-morrow, I will let you know, or I will go to your station myself.' I say to him, ' Very well, Sir (shrug), it is all right. I thank you. Good day, Sir' (shrug). Well (shrug), the next morning the gentleman arrives. ' Tell me, Commissioner, can you do the same commission for me that you did yesterday? you understand? Come with me ; you will keep yourself opposite my carriage-gate ; when a lady comes out—a little brunette—she is to come in half an hour ; she has a gown of Tartan silk, a green bonnet, and a large shawl, with a blue ground and red flowers—you will follow her. Keep yourself at a distance, some way off, so that she may not suspect that you follow her ; bring me back a very exact account ; you must tell me wherever she has stopped, the name of the street, and the number of the house, of all the houses where she may stop. I shall come and get your answer here at your station this evening at (shrug) seven o'clock.'

' elle est allée au Jardin des Tuileries ; Madame a cause une ' demi-heure avec un monsieur, très bien mis, pas trop grand, ' un brun ; un monsieur qui peut avoir trente-huit ans ; ce ' monsieur porte moustaches. De là Madame a quitté ce ' monsieur ; elle est rentrée à la maison à (shrug) six heures ' et demie. Voilà tout le trajet que Madame a fait ' aujourd'hui.'

" Quelquefois une dame me fait également suivre son mari que je connais ; pour que ce monsieur ne me reconnaisse pas, je m'habille en bourgeois proprement. Mon camarade, en face, a suivi un monsieur pendant dix jours à six francs par jour : dans ces dix jours il n'a pu rien découvrir, ni rien savoir ! "

As soon as the commissionnaire, who, excepting to draw breath, had never once stopped for

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" It is now seven o'clock. ' Sir, I have done your commission very exactly. On leaving her house, Madame stopped on the Boulevard, at a shoemaker's shop. Madame stayed there fifteen minutes ; from there Madame went to —— Street, Number ——; Madame stayed two hours in that house ; from thence Madame came out ; she went to the Garden of the Tuileries ; Madame was talking there for half an hour with a gentleman, well dressed, not very tall, of a dark complexion ; a gentleman who may be about eight-and-thirty ; this gentleman wears moustaches. From thence Madame parted from this gentleman ; she returned home to her own house at (shrug) half-past six. This is all the tour that Madame has made to-day.'

" Sometimes a lady in the same way makes me follow her husband, whom I know. In order that this gentleman may not recognise me, I dress myself decently, like a citizen. My comrade, opposite, once followed a gentleman for ten days, at the rate of six francs a-day : in those ten days he was not able to discover or find out anything ! "

a single moment, had concluded describing to me in his own way, and in his own extraordinary words, his various qualifications, I asked him why he wished to go to England. He replied he could not now gain his bread.

"Has the revolution prevented people from sending messages?" I observed, rather incredulously.

"Monsieur," he replied, "on ne fait rien. Les choses chères ne s'achètent pas à présent!"[1]

"But," said I, "people have the same money as before—why don't they spend it as before?"

"Everybody," he replied, "is afraid of the future. Everybody is economical; everybody is hiding, hoarding, or saving his money, because he knows that affairs cannot continue as they are, that sooner or later there must be another revolution!"

I asked him whether, generally speaking, the commissionnaires of Paris were now as well off, better off, or worse off, than in the time of the monarchy?

His answer was, that since the revolution he had not taken one-half of what he used to gain in the time of Charles X. and Louis Philippe.

[1] Sir, nothing is going on. At present nobody buys expensive things.

"Why have you not?" said I.

The Commissionnaire's reply struck me very forcibly:—

"Monsieur," said he, "parce qu'il n'y a pas de luxe!" After a short pause he added, "Le luxe c'est la plus belle branche du commerce—c'est ce qui fait sortir l'argent. Les choses chères ne s'achètent pas à présent parce qu'il n'y a pas de luxe!"[1] He then explained in very good language that the poor lived by the luxury of the rich, and that when artificial wants were discouraged the receipts of the commissionnaire were proportionately diminished. In short, he merely explained to me what two or three bloody revolutions, ending in a republic, had practically expounded to *him*.

[1] Because there is no luxury. Luxury is the finest branch of commerce. It is what causes money to move. Expensive things are not purchased now, because there is no luxury.

HALLE AUX VINS.

Close to the Seine, and to the "Ile St. Louis," adjoining the Jardins des Plantes, and opposite the "Port aux Vins," there exists, on the site of the celebrated abbey of St. Victoire, surrounded on three sides by its own wall, and on the side looking upon the Seine by iron railings, a little city, more than a quarter of a mile long by nearly a quarter of a mile broad, founded by Napoleon in 1813, and since finished, for the welcome reception in Paris—the merry heart of France—of about five hundred thousand casks of wine.

On entering a large gate in the eastern half of the iron railings, I saw running straight before me a paved road, and at right angles to it, and consequently parallel to the Seine, another one equally broad. On the left, close to the entrance-gate, was the great Government bureau, besides which, in the space between the railings and the pavé, and also along that at right angles to it, I beheld, shaded by a triple row of trees, an innumerable quantity of little wooden, zinc-

covered offices, of various colours, teeming with windows looking all ways at once, each belonging to a wine or spirit merchant, whose name was painted thereon. On the side next the Seine there were no less than 99 of these little shanties, to each of which was attached a tiny garden. The interior of this immense space, nearly surrounded by trees, is principally composed of rectangular blocks of low buildings, divided into broad streets or boulevards, also shaded by trees, appropriately designated by names suited to every palate, and, indeed, almost sufficient to make a person's mouth water to read or even write, namely,—

1. Rue de Champagne.
2. Rue de Burgogne.
3. Rue de Bordeaux.
4. Rue de Languedoc.
5. Rue de la Côte-d'Or.

As a certain animal is recorded to have stood starving between two bundles of hay, so, with so many delicious streets before me, I hesitated for some time as to which I ought first to enter; at last I determined to engage as my conductor a man in a blouse, who happened to be standing near me, and, committing myself entirely to his guidance, we entered the Rue de Bordeaux, a fine, handsome paved street, sixty-six feet broad,

bounded on each side, first by a double row of oaks and horse-chesnut trees, and then by a row of long, low, substantial, stone buildings, divided into seven arch-doored vaulted compartments. In this street not a cab, a hackney-coach, a carriage, a person on horseback, a clergyman, gentleman or lady, on foot, were to be seen; but along its whole length there were, as might naturally be expected, arranged twelve rows of casks, full of a bright red fluid, in many instances, like a blush on the human cheek, to be seen oosing through and suffusing the staves.

Over every arched door there was written upon the whitewashed stones, in letters of black, the name of the wine-merchant to whom it belonged. On entering one, instead of being asked what I wanted, I was with the utmost kindness invited by the master, who then immediately walked away, to remain in it as long as I liked. In various directions I heard, in utter darkness, little, refreshing, trickling, guggling noises; and as I stood listening to them I indistinctly,—by the faint light of a tallow candle, affixed here and there to a tin slide, stuck sometimes into the head of a barrel, and sometimes into its ribs or hoops,—perceived human fingers in motion, amidst seven piles, one above another, of barrels enjoying absolute rest. On coming out

in several directions were to be seen a man or two rolling a barrel towards a one-horse dray.

In the Rue de Champagne, each side of which, shaded by trees, was divided into fourteen lofty vaulted cellars above ground, similar to those just described, the street was nearly full of men hammering and hooping up barrels. From the centre of this street I entered a subterranean cave or gallery of only ten yards less than a quarter of a mile!—containing cellars on each side. On the floor of this dark-arched alley, intersected in the centre by one at right-angles of similar length, I observed a pair of wooden rails, along which men in white tucked-up shirt-sleeves, were rolling casks of wine; here and there in the arched roof was a small square hole, through which streamed a corresponding patch of sunshine, illuminating the ground beneath. I purposely trod on one of these, and instantly my boot, which I had not seen for some minutes, became visible.

In one part I heard a violent hammering, and on arriving at the point from which it was proceeding, I found men on both sides of the rails occupied by candlelight in belabouring the convex surfaces of empty casks, until each bung, as if it could stand the din of war no longer, began first to loosen, and at last almost to jump out,

which was the object desired. Within the cellars, as I passed them, I occasionally caught glimpses of men tapping casks with syphons. On arriving into the open air, we ascended by a flight of broad stone steps to a series of magazines for spirits, built of hollow bricks, of the same enormous size; indeed, after I had been for some time walking through the long galleries I have described, I fancied as I passed the casks which were being emptied of their contents that I felt almost giddy.

After taking leave of the spirit department, we proceeded to a large long shed close to the great south surrounding wall of the establishment for measuring the exact quantity of brandy contained in each butt. For this purpose, on a platform about ten feet from the ground, were ranged in a row twenty large open copper vats; above them was a small railway, upon which the barrels to be tested, hoisted by a crane, were rolled along, until each was exactly over the copper vat, into which its contents were to be decanted; the bung was then extracted, and the ardent spirit rushing out was accurately gauged by a glass tube and brass scale outside the vat; by the turning of a large cock in the bottom of the vat, by a second transmigration it again rushed back to the butt from which it had just departed, and which,

during the time of its measurement, had been lowered beneath to receive it. The exact contents of each cask were then officially marked upon it in red by gentlemen inhabiting a bureau or office in the middle of the twenty vats, in front of which were lying, waiting to be gauged, several rows of large butts of spirits.

I was now conducted into an upper gallery, containing a series of cellars on each side, such as I have described, full of casks of wine of all descriptions. The odour was so strong, that, as my guide in his wooden shoes clattered along at my side, we often, I observed, were slightly disposed to reel against each other. Sometimes my hair and clothes smelt of brandy; sometimes as a whiff of claret passed me I tossed up my head, and thought for the moment of "absent friends," —a younger man would probably have put it "Sweethearts and wives,"—in short, by the time I had visited the contents of the Rue de Champagne, de Bourgogne, de Bordeaux, de Languedoc, and de la Côte-d'Or, I felt that by highways and byways there had reached me rather more wine and brandy than I had desired, and yet my guide assured me that out of Paris, at the Port de Vercis, on the Seine, there are magazines of wine containing more than three times as much as in the whole of the cellars

around us. How truly therefore may every inhabitant of Paris sing, in the air of "Vive Henri Quatre,"

"J'aimons le bon vin"![1]

At the west end of the establishment I found ranged in a row, and shaded by trees, twenty-three little wooden offices, of various colours, belonging to different wine-merchants, also six large offices for "sappeurs, pompeurs," &c.

In my progress through the various streets and cellars I have described I did not see a single drunken or even intemperate-looking man, and all (it was on a Monday) wore clean shirts.

As I had now gone through the interior of the Halle aux Vins, I walked through the shaded Rue de Champagne, to the bureaux of the Government, situated close to the great gate by which I had entered. These offices, by notices over their respective doors, are described as follows:—"Conservation," "Inspection," "Contrôles et Comptes Généraux," "Déclaration de sortir pour Paris," "Recette de l'Octroi;"[2] above them is a story inhabited by the "employés" of the department. As I wished to

[1] I love good wine.

[2] General management, Inspection, Accountant's office, Declaration for Paris, Receipt of Duty.

speak to the "Conservateur,"[1] I asked one of the porters in attendance if he was at home. The moment I opened my mouth I perceived the old man's countenance gradually to lower, until at last out it came—head over heels—that "he had been eight years in the English prison of Ports*mooth*." Poor fellow! the recollection of it naturally enough haunted him; but as he talked to me a little sulkily on the subject, I submitted to him that he had only suffered one of the numerous evils which his "Empereur" had without mercy inflicted upon the whole of Europe. The old porter shrugged his shoulders, his countenance relaxed, and we ended by a joyous talk together about war and wine.

As fast as the one-horse carts, heavily laden with wine, continued entering the gate, they were severally stopped by two officials in blouses, who — one on each side — walking forward, struck a gimlet into whichever barrel he fancied, extracted the instrument, held a small pewter dish beneath the tiny hole it had made, caught a little of its contents, stuck a peg into the hole, hammered it, broke it off, gave it a tap, tasted the wine, spit it out on the pavement, which was quite red with the operation, and then made a signal to the carman to drive on.

[1] Principal manager.

As wines entering the Halle aux Vins do not pay the octroi, the object of this analysis is merely to ascertain and record the description of fluid contained in each cask; but on my proceeding to the gate at which the wine goes *out*, and at which the octroi is levied, I found the operation conducted with greater accuracy.

The three tasters there had in front of their blouses a small pocket like that in a lady's apron full of little white pegs, the ends of one of which next for duty were almost constantly to be seen protruding from their three mouths. Every day there pass them about fifteen hundred barrels, every one of which has to be tasted. As soon therefore as a cartload arrives, each of these men, walking quickly up to it, stabs a barrel, from which usually there instantly—like what is called breathing a vein —spirted out a red stream, flowing sometimes vigorously, sometimes feebly, and sometimes so indolently that it merely trickled down the cask, in which case he pushed in a long wire, on extracting which, the wine flowed in a stream.

The tasters are not only apparently steady, sober men, but I observed they had particularly clear complexions.

While one of them was very busily labouring at his vocation, I ventured to ask him what was

the amount of duty which wine paid on leaving the "Halle" to go into Paris. Instead of being angry with me for bothering him, the man, with a kind countenance and with great politeness, after spitting out half a mouthful of Burgundy on the pavement between us, told me that, whatever might be the quality, good, bad, or indifferent, the octroi was at the rate of twenty-one francs for 100 litres.

On going out of the gate of the Halle aux Vins, open to the public from six to six in summer, and from seven to five in winter, I found on the banks of the whole of that portion of the Seine which bounds it on the north, a beach or paved inclined plane, sixty yards broad, on which were lying in groups barrels of wine that had just been disembarked. Beyond them in the river were moored four barges laden with wine; and as I had now seen all that I or that Bacchus himself could have desired, I told my friend in his blouse and wooden shoes I was much obliged to him, and, suiting my action to my word, I made him a little present.

"Comme ça, mon garçon," said he, holding out his hand to me that I might shake it, which I did very cordially.

"... Je vous remercie!"[1] and so we parted.

[1] Well, my boy.... I thank you!

VERSAILLES.

It was Sunday, and not only Sunday, but it was the Sunday which, in the chain of Time, followed the Sunday on which there had been the great Sunday fête in celebration of the Republic. I had therefore concluded it would be a day of rest, instead of which I found myself between Scylla and Charybdis;—that is to say, I was to choose whether I would remain in Paris, to be hurried with the crowd to see a magnificent boat-race, which by the inundation of the Seine had not been able to come off on Sunday last, or whether I would go with another crowd to a fête at Versailles. Of the two evils I thought the latter was the least, and therefore, after church, I walked to the Versailles railway-station, took a first-class ticket, and having, as it were, got into the mouth of a funnel, I found myself without the slightest mental anxiety gently pressed and pushed out of the little end into a narrow passage, which I had scarcely entered when my "bright course to the occident" was suddenly

checked by two gentlemen in reddish-brown coats, with scarlet collars, scarlet edging, and scarlet stripes down their trowsers, (the colour of the latter I really had not time to discover), who politely asked for my ticket, tore a piece off it, and then, giving me the remainder, pointed to the one of the three large public rooms for first, second, and third class passengers, which I was authorized to enter.

The two latter waiting-rooms were nearly full of persons so respectably dressed that but a very slight shade of difference could be detected between them and the aristocratic chamber in which I had scarcely time to ruminate when all of a sudden a large double sliding door on my right was rolled open, and, like the lifting of a curtain at a theatre, were to be seen on the wooden stage before us a number of officials in uniform in front of a long train of railway carriages, headed by a glittering engine all hot, hissing, ready, and anxious to be off.

As soon as the inmates of waiting-room No. 1—thus enjoying the precedence they had purchased—had left their handsome chamber, a door communicating from it with waiting-room No. 2 was unbolted, and a loud trampling of great feet and little ones, of thick shoes and thin ones, through No. 1, and then all along the platform, had

scarcely subsided, when, by the withdrawal of a similar bolt in a similar door in the partition between waiting-rooms Nos. 2 and 3, the latter room, No. 2, having been also tapped, another rush of feet, of both sexes and of all ages, walking, trotting, and cantering, passed through Nos. 2 and 1, and along the platform, until, the whole of the passengers having, under the direction of three officers wearing scarlet collars richly embroidered (one of them I observed had on his breast the crimson riband of the Legion of Honour), taken their seats, a little flag, the emblem of liberty, fraternity, and equality, was slightly waved, the engine shrieked, gave a violent plunge, which made the heads of all passengers sitting towards it nod backwards, and the heads of those seated with their backs to it nod forwards, then a smaller one, after which, like a boat pushed from rough shingle into deep water, the train glided along, comparatively speaking, as smoothly as if its rails had been oiled.

Previous to starting I asked the superintendent why the first, second, and third class passengers had been cooped up in different waiting-rooms, instead of being allowed, as in England, to roam about the platform, and take their own places in their own way?

"If," said he, "they were to be permitted to congregate on the platform, they would never take their places."

"What, then, would they do?" I asked.

"*Talk*," he replied, "and the train would go off without them!"

In the carriage in which to my great satisfaction I found myself, by myself, was appended a list of commandments I was especially directed not to break. I was not to enter without a ticket, or remain in it with a wrong ticket: I was not to smoke in it: I was not to jump out of it while it was in motion, or get out of it except by the door next to the station: I was not on any account to lie at full length on the cushion: lastly, I was not to do, or carry with me, anything hurtful or disagreeable to other passengers.

As Paris has no suburbs, we were almost immediately in the open country, and, as I glided along, I soon perceived that the non-observance of the Sabbath was not confined to the metropolis from which I was flying, or to Versailles, to which I was proceeding, for in the fields and nursery-gardens through which we flitted we not only passed several carts at work, but I saw on the roof of a white house, as I rapidly

glided close to it, several men employed in covering it with red tiles.

Between the countenances of a Frenchman and of an Englishman there exists only a trifling difference, but between the faces of France and Great Britain, said I to myself, there is no resemblance whatever!

The country was divided into little patches and long strips, in which nothing seemed to grow as it was growing in England; besides which, there were small vineyards so full of little sticks,—in fact, displaying so much more dry wood than green leaves,—that one might have fancied they were intended to grow barrels as well as wine. Excepting a young railway hedge close to Paris, and after that a lath barrier, hardly strong enough to keep out chickens, nowhere, in any direction, was a fence of any sort to be seen. Even the roads, which, excepting the great pavé, all appeared as crooked as if they had been traced by a tipsy surveyor, were so destitute of boundary of any description whatever, that, on riding fast along them on a shying horse, a man would inevitably sometimes suddenly find himself galloping across a bed of spinach, sometimes through a row of peas, and sometimes over young asparagus, kidney beans, early rye, &c. In the immense plain nothing was conspicuous but the

acropolis of Montmartre. Every now and then there flitted before my eyes, as if it were a living milestone or direction post, the figure of a railway guardian dressed in a blouse with a scarlet collar, with a scarlet stripe down the legs of his blue trowsers, and with a hairy old cloak of deer-skin hanging negligently but picturesquely on his shoulders. As the train rushed past him, his right hand, with its fingers extended, was invariably placed flat on his heart, the forefinger of the other extended arm pointing to us,—upon his honour,—the way we were to go.

As we flew along, here and there I saw labouring in the fields one or two women, in carnation-coloured bonnets, with lappets of the same covering their necks. The houses were mostly white with green Venetian blinds. The station men were dressed in blouses of a beautiful blue with crimson collars. Their whistles had silver chains. Their caps black peaks edged with brass.

The four leagues we had to travel were very soon accomplished, and accordingly, almost before I had begun to enjoy my journey it was over, and I found myself walking among a dense well-behaved, well-dressed crowd, all going I knew not where, to see I knew not what; for

although I had heard over and over again there was to be a "fête," and had come to witness it, of how many dishes, or of what description of cookery, it was to be composed, I had totally neglected to inquire; indeed, as I was sure I should be perfectly satisfied with the repast, whatever it was made out of, I did not even care to know.

Nearly forty years ago I had been quartered for a few days at Versailles, but it or I was so altered; it recollected so little of me or I of it; that, as I walked in procession up its streets, I could recognise nothing I had ever seen before. The shops were all open, and, as nobody within them appeared to take the slightest notice of the ascending crowd of which I was an atom, it was evident to me that the arrival of a flock of visitors from Paris on Sunday was an object of very common occurrence.

After crossing a square we at last reached the limit of the upper portion of the town, and I was intently looking over a moving mass of hats, parasols, and beautiful bonnets, at the wild, magnificent glimpse I caught of the palace, when I found a considerable portion of my companions turning to the left, through some splendid iron gates, over which were inscribed, on a temporary board, in very large letters—

"REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.
CONCOURS NATIONAL
D'ANIMAUX REPRODUCTEURS
MALES,
D'INSTRUMENTS, MACHINES,
ET PRODUITS AGRICOLES." [1]

Immediately within the gate sat a man with an immense pile of pamphlets before him, and, as everybody seemed to take one, when I reached the table I took up one too. In doing so, as a matter of course, I rapidly ejaculated the word stereotyped in the mind of every English traveller, and which of its own accord comes out of his mouth whenever, wherever, and by whomsoever he is stopped, "Combien?" [2]

Without even raising his eyes to look at me, and yet slightly bowing to his own table, the man replied, "Rien à payer, Monsieur!" [3] and I thus found myself the proprietor of a large well-printed pamphlet of seventy-nine pages, containing the regulations and contents of the national show which all of a sudden I found myself gratuitously invited to witness.

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[1] FRENCH REPUBLIC.
NATIONAL CONGREGATION
OF REPRODUCING ANIMALS
MALES,
OF INSTRUMENTS, MACHINES,
AND AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE.

[2] How much? [3] Nothing to pay, Sir!

It appears that on the 22nd of January of the present year (1851) the minister of agriculture and of commerce, in concurrence with the report of a commission authorized to inquire into the subject, ordered—

1. That a public exposition of male animals (d'animaux reproducteurs mâles) shall take place every year at Versailles, under the direction of the National Agronomic Institution.

2. That at the same time and in the same establishment there shall be every year an exposition, also public, of instruments, machines, implements, and apparatus for the use of agricultural industry.

3. An exposition of the different products of agriculture or of agricultural industry.

The railings I had entered, the large open space in which I stood, and the magnificent buildings around me, formed the northern half of what were formerly the royal stables of the palace, to which they still belong. The other half, also enclosed by similar lofty iron railings, the tops of which are gilt, and which, on the other side of the "Avenue de Paris," forms a corresponding set of stables, are now occupied by troops.

Following a crowd of people, each of whom, besides a stick, umbrella, or parasol, had the

large white pamphlet in hand, I entered a magnificent arched stable 210 feet long, as high as a church, the walls coloured yellow, the floor covered with bright yellow sand, the lofty windows all open. On a litter of straw, as white and clean as if it had been just thrashed, and bounded by an exceedingly neat plaited border of straw, a yard broad, there lay in line throughout the whole length of this once royal and now republican stable—in the full enjoyment of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality—seventy-six bulls, so fat and so full that they were evidently careless not only of the numerous human eyes gazing at them, but of the heap of loose, coarse, fresh hay lying before them, close to the wall to which their long halters were affixed; in fact, they cared for nothing and for nobody. Everybody, however, appeared to care a great deal about them; and as moreover everybody—ladies and all—appeared first of all to look at a bull and then very inquisitively into the pamphlet for his history, I of course did the same.

My eyes rested on a red and white one my book told me was called "Vert-galant;" that he was of the Durham breed "race;" that his "father" was Vespucius; his "mother" Martinette; that his great-great-great-great-great

great-great-grandmother, by Favourite, had been sold for one thousand guineas at the sale of Charles Colling, in 1810; and finally that by his father, the son of Europa, he belonged to a family of remarkable milkers, "une famille de laitières remarquables." Another Durham bull, called "Va-de-bon-cœur," was the son of "Willy, par Young Wellington, par Sir Thomas." His great-great-great-great-great-great-grandmother had—the book said—been a cow of excellent character. The bull "Canning," who lay chewing his cud all the time I was looking at him, had, I found, a pedigree as bright as his eyes, and almost as long as his tail. After remaining for some time in this magnificent stable, in which not the slightest odour of bulls or of anything disagreeable was perceptible, I wandered with the crowd into a very spacious yard, full of ploughs, implements, instruments, and agricultural inventions of every sort.

Among the latter there stood, performing the double duty of a scarecrow and a weather-cock, the figure of a stout man, seven feet high, wearing green gloves, a blouse, a black glazed hat, an immense black beard, with long curling mustachios; and although the very sight of such a being would be sufficient, one would conceive, to throw a cock-sparrow or robin-redbreast

at once into hysterics, the fellow, as he kept turning with the wind, presented a gun which, by machinery, exploded at intervals.

There were winnowing machines, scarifying machines, "extirpateurs," carts, waggons, machines for brick-making, tile-making, and for the construction of draining-pipes. Also new inventions of harness, with one of collars for heavy draft which appeared very likely to answer.

I next visited a yard in which were standing 126 rams, horned and hornless. The first on the list, a powerful white ram called "Robert Peel," was the son of a ram which for the sum of 355 francs had been purchased by "M. le Directeur de la Colonie de Petit-Bourg." The genealogy, which I could not understand, of another personage, whose crumpled horns had attracted my attention, was described as follows:—"Ce belier appartient à la sous-race créée à la Charmoise par la réunion du sang New-Kent, du côté des pères, et des sangs solognots, berrichons, tourangeaux, et mérinos par les mères.[1] In another compartment I found a quantity of boars, so dreadfully fat, that as they lay on

[1] This ram belongs to the cross breed created at Charmoise by the reunion of the blood New-Kent on the side of the fathers, and of the breeds of the Sologne, of Touraine, of Berry, and merinos on the mothers' side.

the ground on their sides, with their upper legs sticking out as helplessly as if they had been frozen, it was almost impossible for any one to succeed in making them exert themselves enough even to wink. I pulled at one of the ears of the son of "Wiley et Dulcinea del Toboso," imported from England, with nearly all my force, but in vain; he looked at me, breathed very short, but could do no more. The only exception was a lean creature, whose head was not only curved concavely, but was literally half as long as his body; his snout turned upwards, his ears were bent, and so was his back. I never before saw such a crooked creature, and, indeed, he was surrounded by so great a crowd of people, that I could succeed in getting only a glimpse of his extraordinary outline.

I now entered another stable, as large and as high as a church, full of bulls and stallions. The latter, a lot of coarse, half-bred brutes for harness, were making a vast deal of unnecessary noise; and as it was evident to me at a glance they were fit for nothing else, I left them alone in their glory. In the catalogue, which had nothing to say in their favour, the colour of each, called in French his "*robe*," were as follows:—"Gris clair, gris de fer, bai-rouge, rouan, gris pommelé, rouge clair, bai châtain, bai-

brun marqué de feu, gris foncé, gris blanc, bringée, rouge et blanche, &c. &c.

In France everything is licked by the tongue of science into a magnificent shape, and accordingly, instead of using homely names, the "show" I had just witnessed was described on a long piece of canvas, surmounted by a tricolour flag, as "Institut Agronomique."

The prizes and medals it annually bestows for the improvement of the breed of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs, and which amount to 69,024 francs, are distributed equally among eight districts ("circonscriptions régionales") as follows:—

Prizes for animals acknowledged to be the most perfect for the uses for which they are respectively destined:—

Espèce Chevaline (draft stallions), not less than 2 years old.

	Fr.	
1st Prize	1000	2200
2nd do.	700	
3rd do.	500	

Espèce Bovine (bulls), not less than 1 year old.

1st Prize	2000	4400
2nd do.	1000	
3rd do.	800	
4th do.	600	

Espèce Ovine (rams), not less than 8 months.

1st Prize	500	
2nd do.	300	1000
3rd do.	200	

Espèce Porcine (boars), not less than 6 months.

1st Prize	300	
2nd do.	200	600
3rd do.	100	

All the first prizes are accompanied by a gold medal, the others by a silver one. The sum of 500 francs for each of the eight regions is awarded with a medal to farm servants distinguished by the care and intelligence they have bestowed on animals. Medals of gold, silver, and copper, are also given to the inventors of the best description of agricultural instruments, machines, and utensils; moreover to the foremen and workmen who have most distinguished themselves in the construction and execution of the machinery, and of those implements that gained the prizes.

On coming out of the iron gate, which, with a corresponding range of iron railings, gilt at top and at bottom, enclose the magnificent stables and yards I had been perambulating, I found myself in front of the palace of Versailles, on the great Place d'Armes, a noble esplanade, 800

feet broad, formed by the concentration of the Avenue de St. Cloud, 98 yards broad; the Avenue de Paris, and the Avenue de Sceaux, each 77 yards broad.

On approaching the parapet and iron railings, which separate this esplanade from the Cour d'Honneur, I mingled with, and stood for some minutes among, a crowd of gentlemen, ladies, and children, watching a large covered van, choke-full of fireworks some men were tumbling very roughly to the ground, upon which there already lay several loads; and while labourers in blouses were hauling at these fireworks, by pulleys, to raise, adjust, and fix them to the lofty temporary scaffoldings which had been constructed to receive them, soldiers were indolently smoking all round.

In the upper part of the Cour d'Honneur, surrounded by various groups of figures in stone, and by sixteen marble statues, removed in 1837 from the Pont de Concorde at Paris, I observed a splendid colossal equestrian statue of Louis XIV.: on the frieze of a pediment, supported by four Corinthian columns, and at the base of which, seated on a bench, were a number of soldiers in red trousers, listening to a brass-band playing beside them, there was inscribed, in large letters—

"A toutes les Gloirés de la France."[1]

I now proceeded with a stream of people, who, regardless of fireworks, music, soldiers, or statues, were flowing—and ever since I had been on the Cour d'Honneur had been flowing—towards a door on the left of the palace, which I had scarcely entered when a person in uniform, pointing with his open right hand to a small chamber, said to me very gravely, but with a slight bow, "Votre bâton, s'il vous plaît, Monsieur."[2] The little hooked stick of which he spoke was a gnarled, knotted piece of common English oak, for which I had paid in London fourpence; and as at almost every institution at Paris open to the public visitors are prevented from entering with umbrellas, or sticks of any sort, and as two sous are invariably charged for taking care of the inadmissible article, I had already paid ten or twenty times as much for my stick as it had cost; and as I naturally felt proud of the noble *ad valorem* revenue it was continually conferring upon the French people, with great pleasure I handed it and a penny to an elderly lady, whose daughter in return gave me, as she gently shook her curls, an infinitesimal portion

[1] To all the Glories of France.

[2] Your stick, Sir, if you please.

of a smile and a blue card; and as everybody who entered this chamber left it stickless, umbrellaless, but with a blue card, I instinctively followed them into the first of a magnificent suite of rooms, with polished oak floors, full of living people, gazing at, crowding around, and gliding past, most beautiful pictures of the dead.

Almost the first that attracted my attention was a very exciting one, representing General Augereau at the battle and on the bridge of Arcole. At the head of the grenadiers of the guard, who, dressed in high fur caps, with their muskets in front of them, were impetuously leaning forward as they advanced, was to be seen the General most gallantly leading them on to glory and victory. As a contrast, however, to his excessive valour, or rather as a representation of that discretion with which it is said the virtue should be accompanied, the painter had very ingeniously inserted a short sturdy drummer, who, leaning backwards the opposite way, in the attitude of a man holding a wilful pig by the tail, was tugging with all his force at the skirt-tails of the coat of General Augereau. A little farther on was a picture of Napoleon's marriage with Marie Louise, both being blessed before the altar by the Pope. I now found I had entered a labyrinth of

wonders, of a very small portion of which I could only enjoy a passing glance. Indeed, for hours I went through one splendid suite of apartments after another, containing the armorial bearings of French knights. who had fought in the Holy Land; colossal pictures of battles during the Crusades; portraits of the Kings of France, from Pharamond down to Louis Philippe, King of the French; pictures illustrating all the most remarkable historical events; all the principal battles, naval and military, which have, from the earliest periods, characterised the arms of France under the monarchy, the empire, and the republic.

To attempt to delineate all I saw would be as impossible as it would be to depict every leaf of a forest. I can therefore only say, that I followed the crowd through the interior of the palace of Versailles, with very little more knowledge than is experienced by a log of timber passing through the mazes of the block-machine at Portsmouth.

Of the historical pictures, as might naturally be expected, a vast number represent the progress of Napoleon, who, not only in all his battles, but often in different attitudes, and in various positions in each, is represented with a spirit and effect which must be highly exciting

to the French people, and which, indeed, I felt could not be witnessed even by a stranger without emotion. As his extraordinary history approached its climax, a whole room was, and occasionally two rooms were, devoted to the victories of each year of his life. On entering room 1812 I began to feel curious and anxious to know in what manner the termination of his victories would be recorded on canvas. On entering room 1813 these feelings increased. On entering room 1814 they became intense, inasmuch as I felt that in the next room, 1815; I should see and know all! The historian, however, had it appeared suddenly broken his wand of office; for from room 1814, when I entered what I expected to be room 1815, I was altogether bewildered at finding myself in a chamber, the last but one of the whole suite, entitled 1823, containing, among a chance-medley of pictures, an unusually large one of "Louis XVIII. aux Tuileries."[1] At any other moment, and in any other place, the subject might have been highly interesting to me; but when the human mind is in full cry on any one scent, it cannot suddenly run riot on another. Instead, therefore, of looking at the large picture, around which almost every other spectator was crowding, for a considerable

[1] Louis XVIII. at the Tuileries.

time my eyes wandered vacantly from one wall to another, until, all of a sudden, they pounced upon a small insignificant space, not only over and between the windows, but devoid of light, in which there was affixed a picture simply representing a large flagstone,—some willows weeping over it,—some figures I could scarcely decipher standing beside it,—and above the whole the brief inscription,—

"SÉPULTURE DE NAPOLÉON À ST. HÉLÈNE, 1821."[1]

The moral it offered was so overwhelming that, to prevent observation, I deemed it right immediately to walk away into the last room, where, without a possibility of wounding the high, sensitive feelings of any one, I was enabled to rest and reflect on the beginning, the middle, and the end of the career of that extraordinary man, whose pictorial history, like a distempered dream, had for nearly two hours been rumbling and tumbling before my eyes.

But besides Napoleon's history, I had seen represented in sculpture as well as in painting the chief events of the Empire, of the reign of Louis XVIII., of Charles X., and of the battles fought in Algeria; with portraits not only of the Grand Admirals, Constables, Marshals, and

[1] The Grave of Napoleon at St. Helena, 1821.

celebrated warriors, who, individually and collectively, have reflected honour on the annals of France, but of persons of note (including portraits of Pitt, Fox, George IV., and Duke of York) of all ages and countries.

In the "grands appartements," which occupy the whole of the first floor of the central projecting building facing the garden, I had seen the salons d'Hercule, de Diane, de Vénus, de l'Abondance, des Etats Généraux, de Mars, de Mercure, d'Apollon, de la Guerre, du Conseil, &c. &c. I had beheld ceilings, paintings, and sculpture of great beauty; and in the "chambre à coucher"[1] of Louis XIV. I had seen opposite to the windows—the light from which shines directly upon it—the bed in which that despotic King had died. Its canopy and counterpane are of ancient tapestry; but, with very questionable taste, the ceilings and walls of the room have lately been completely covered with bright gold, which, like

> "The gay stream of lightsome day,
> Gilds but to flout the ruins grey."

From the balcony of this chamber, which had never been slept in by any sovereign since the death of the monarch whose name it bears, on

[1] Bedchamber.

the 6th of October, 1789, Louis XVI., attended by his wife and children, addressed the infuriated mob, who, notwithstanding his remonstrances, forced him from them to his prison in Paris.

In "the chambre à coucher de Marie Antoinette" I beheld the room not only in which that unfortunate Queen gave birth to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, but from which, on the fatal night of the 5th of October, above referred to, she was aroused from her bed to escape, by a small corridor leading to the "œil de bœuf," from the mob which had burst into the palace.

As I had followed the stream here, there, and everywhere—sometimes along a gallery, sometimes up a staircase, then into a chapel, then up another staircase, and then down one—I often observed with pleasure the interest which men in blouses, accompanied by their wives and daughters, seemed to take in the historical pictures, portraits, busts, statues, and monumental effigies, &c., which not only gave them a pretty good idea of the meaning of the superscription outside the Museum—namely, "A toutes les Gloires de la France,"—but which must have the effect of elevating their ideas. At all events, I can truly say that nothing could be better behaved than the con-

duct and demeanour of the various grades of people with whom, in my peregrinations through the galleries, I had the pleasure to associate.

After I had feasted on infinitely more pictures and works of sculpture than I had power to digest, from one of the central western windows of the palace I gazed through the massive walls at various circles and a long, narrow, rectangular piece of water, ornamenting gardens, terraces, lawns, shrubberies, and walks, all swarming alive with people; and the busy scene on the foreground of the picture was strongly, strangely, and beautifully contrasted with the woodland scenery which, in its new May dress, bounded the horizon at a great distance.

On descending I found a contrast equally remarkable, for, while nothing could exceed the ease with which the various groups of people were harmoniously enjoying themselves, it is scarcely possible to describe the stiff, rigid formality of the vegetable world they inhabited.

Not only was every border in the garden as full of sharp, uncomfortable angles as an old maid, but the high, broad, luxuriant box hedge which bounded it was chopped as flat as a table. The trees—even the cypresses—were all cut into cones and pyramids; the lawns were rect-

angular, every path was straight; in short, lawns, paths, trees, and shrubs all looked as if, instead of being under the mild, gentle care of Nature and a Republic, they were subjected to the domination of a tyrannical sergeant-major, who, just as I had entered the garden, had vociferated to them the word "Attention!" in obedience to which nothing moved, nothing even fluttered.

After walking, or rather marching, for some minutes, I reached the commencement of the "tapis vert,"[1] a long lawn of grass beautifully green, but in substance as inferior to English turf as a transparent Venetian carpet is to one of those thick luxurious ones from Axminster. On this space, at all times the principal rendezvous of the little world that surrounds it, I witnessed one of the most pleasing, quiet, orderly, tranquil scenes that can possibly be conceived.

At the head of the lawn, attended by three sentinels, slowly pacing around them, was a brass band, holding in various attitudes all sorts and shapes of wind instruments, pot-bellied, straight, crooked, and serpentine. In the middle of this society of odd fellows, whose cheeks sometimes appeared as plump as those of cherubim, and

[1] Green carpet.

sometimes as concave as if they had suddenly become "sans teeth, sans everything," stood erect and conspicuous to the assembled multitude the band-master, beating time with his key-bugle, which he kept continually waving through the air, as if, besides giving lessons in music, he was slowly performing the six cuts of the broadsword exercise.

Although this magic circle was surrounded by people of all classes in various attitudes of attention and of placid enjoyment, no one pressed either upon the band or upon each other, and accordingly the sentinels continued to pace to and fro, uninterrupting and uninterrupted. The music, executed with great taste, was usually soft, and consequently its occasional bursts produced a very striking effect. Among the crowd, who either stood silently around, or slowly sauntering in the vicinity, were a number of women in clean crimped white caps, and men in blouses—the national costume of Frenchmen out of Paris—clean neckcloths, and good waistcoats. About one-third of the ladies had bonnets and parasols. Moving among this mass I observed here and there a hussar, whose bright blue jacket, silver helmet, and scarlet trousers flashed like a tropical bird or a fire-fly.

On the tapis vert were to be seen a congrega-

tion of people of all descriptions and all ages, worming their way among each other with the greatest propriety; indeed, to tell the truth, I repeatedly felt the propriety of the children to be quite painful; and as I looked at little girls of ten years old, dressed as if they were "out," looking as if they believed it, and walking under parasols, with little boys of four and five years of age, one of whom, gently brandishing a cane, wore spectacles—another had a cross and scarlet ribbon at his breast—I longed to set them all together by the ears; make them cast aside their good behaviour; thump each other's faces; spoil each other's clothes;—in short, do anything rather than continue such artificial patterns of politeness.

On each side of the lawn, seated in groups, on chairs hired for a penny, and of which the number appeared to be infinite, were a number of people, young and old, the former eagerly and sometimes rather ardently conversing with each other, the latter placidly enjoying the happy scene before them.

From the "tapis vert" I strolled in various directions into the woods on either side; but, go where I would, it was always in a straight line. In fact, it appeared to me that, inasmuch as the flower-borders of Versailles have

evidently been contrived by a geometrician instead of a gardener, so have the woods been intersected by broad paths for the object of demonstrating some of those simple theorems of Euclid which begin with "Let A B C be a triangle, A B C D a rectangle," &c. &c.

On reaching the row of iron rails which separate the tapis vert and fountain of Apollo from the "grand canal," I came to a house or lodge, over which was inscribed "Secours aux Noyés,"[1] at the door of which there appeared—sometimes separately and sometimes together—a landlord and a landlady, grinning, happy, and in a state of violent perspiration, not so much from assisting drowning persons, as from selling innumerable bottles of beer and unwholesome-looking cakes (it was Sunday) to a group of joyous, thirsty people, seated on chairs all round their door.

In one of the magnificent, broad, green hunting rides into which the wood is here divided, I found about two hundred of the young soldiers of St. Cyr, an establishment for the instruction of officers for the French army, dressed in blue coats, scarlet trousers, blue shakos, and knapsacks, surmounted with a great-coat. While they were gambolling in a variety of ways, their muskets

[1] Assistance to drowning people.

with fixed bayonets were piled on the grass. Just as I arrived a drum beat, on which, running towards their respective piles, they grasped their weapons, fell in, in less than a minute with trailed arms marched away, and they were thus proceeding up a green road, when all of a sudden they broke out into a loud manly song, which, keeping time with their feet, echoed and re-echoed through the woods.

On returning through the forest to the palace, I found, just arrived from Paris by the train, apparently as great a crowd as ever of people who, in endless succession, first of all deposit their sticks and umbrellas at the little door, and then, over oak floors as slippery as glass, make the grand tour of those pictures, statues, &c., which the living world, animal and vegetable, I had just left, had already almost obliterated from my memory.

On passing through the iron gates in my way to the railway station, I found on the "Place d'Armes" swarms of people watching the hoisting up of large wooden frames bristling with the fireworks, which were to conclude the fête.

In the town of Versailles, at the insertion of four large paved streets, I came to a dodecagonal grande place, in the centre of which, on

a pedestal, appeared the statue of an officer in uniform, without any hat, leaning on his sword; beneath him was inscribed—

Hoche,
né a Versailles
le 24 Juin, 1768,
Soldat à 16 ans,
Général en Chef à 25,
Mort à 29,
Pacificateur de la Vendée.[1]

On reaching the railway station, the Paris train, heavily laden with people, almost all of whom were evidently quite full and quite happy, started, and in less than an hour those who had been enjoying the fête of Versailles, and those who, on the same Sabbath-day, had been enjoying the fête of Paris, were once again mingled together.

As I was strolling towards my dinner through the Champs Elysées, I found reposing beneath the shade of the trees, at some distance from the promenade, a congregation of rush-bottomed

[1] Hoche,
born at Versailles
the 24th June, 1768,
a Soldier at 16 years of age,
a General-in-Chief at 25,
Died at 29,
The Pacificator of La Vendée.

chairs, almost new, waiting to be hired. In front of them, and along the whole length of the avenue, on similar chairs, were seated in groups leaning towards each other, and puffing into one another's faces, gentlemen dressed in the very height of the fashion: behind whom, on the cold hard stone benches of the avenue, sat ruminating, with their chins resting on their sticks, several veterans clothed in the respected uniform of the Invalides. The object of the assembled multitude was to gaze at the endless chain of carriages of all descriptions that still kept continually rolling backwards and forwards. What, however, most attracted my attention were the equestrians.

I am quite unable to account for it, but it is a fact which must, I think, strike every stranger in Paris, namely, that the French, who excel us all in walking, dancing, and fencing, are, without exception, the worst riders in Europe. In all other countries, a man, grasping more or less firmly with his knees his saddle-flaps, allows his body freely to partake of the motion of the horse, until, with our best riders, the two, as they skim together over rough ground, appear to form one animal.

In France, however, the rule is diametrically the reverse, for, the moment the horse begins to

canter, the rider's legs become like a pair of scissors astride an iron poker, and, while they appear useless, his back assumes the shape of a new moon. In fact, the French have no more seat on a horse than a parched pea has on a shovel; and as they trot along, hopping up and down at one pace, while their fine English quadruped is boldly striding onwards at another, I have constantly expected to see, even a dragoon trotting along with a despatch, hop, hop, hop, over the tail, to his mother earth. In short, their uncomfortable appearance always reminded me of the toast proposed by an inhabitant of the State of Mississippi:—

"Gentlemen, I give ye 'A high-trotting horse, cobweb breeches, and a porcupine saddle, for the enemies of our glorious institutions!'"

While the spectators in the Champs Elysées were, like myself, each indolently employed in making his own observations on the moving objects that in delightful succession passed before his eyes, workmen were employing their Sunday in taking down the ornaments of the bygone fête of the preceding Sabbath. Three I observed busily occupied in undoing the magnificent colossal statue which had been constructed at the "Rond-Point." The arms of "FRANCE," with a crown of laurels in each hand,

were still extended, and yet one man in a blouse, seated on her shoulders, and looking by comparison like a pigmy, was hammering at her neck; another was destroying her middle; of her legs nothing remained but bare poles. On the pedestal there, however, still survived the inscription:—

"Aux Gloires de la France!"

While the lower labourer, without remorse, was pulling the straw out of France's belly, with my little English oak stick I pointed at this inscription to a couple of Frenchmen who were at my side, and, with that good humour which distinguishes their race, they laughed at it as heartily as I did.

INSTITUTION NATIONALE DES JEUNES AVEUGLES.

On arriving at the corner of the Boulevart and Rue de Sèvres I saw before me a large handsome building, forming three sides of a square, of which the middle compartment contained fifteen windows in front, the two ends six windows each—total of windows facing the Boulevart, twenty-seven.

In the year 1784 a Monsieur Havy, who was himself sightless, benevolently established for blind children a school, which, in 1791, was created by Louis XVI. a Royal Institution. In 1843 it was removed from the Séminaire St. Firman in the Rue St. Victor to the locality above described. The day on which the public are admitted to this admirable institution is Wednesday, from one to five.

Not being aware of this arrangement, I unfortunately went there on a Tuesday at two o'clock. As, however, I had received from a person in authority in Paris a note of general recommendation in my favour, to be used if

requisite, I determined to avail myself of my firman, and I accordingly informed the concierge, whose face, on my tolling the bell over which she presided, had appeared peeping through a gate which she continued to hold in her hand, that I wanted to see the governor of the establishment, and I had scarcely entered his apartment when the door opened, and in he walked. I found Monsieur Dufau, for such was his name, an exceedingly intelligent man. He was the author of a very able work on the treatment of the blind, which has been translated into German and Russian; besides which he wore in the button-hole of his coat the riband of the Legion of Honour.

The first part of the establishment to which he was so good as to conduct me was a small airy room, in which the parents and friends of the blind are allowed to see and converse with them. Beyond it we entered the boys' dining-room, containing two long tables, at the end of which, placed transversely, was a table for the professors, all of whom are blind. Beneath these tables was a row of small pigeon-holes, in each of which was a napkin, knife, and fork, scientifically adjusted so as, when he was seated, to be exactly opposite the stomach of the person to whom they belonged. In another part of the

establishment there existed a similar dining-room for the girls.

We next proceeded into a nice garden, which we had scarcely entered when four blind boys, all walking together, arm-in-arm, passed us. The grounds were divided into two compartments, one for lads and big boys, the other for little ones. In both, the blind were amusing themselves by playing at ninepins, set up in a circular space of about five feet in diameter, which, as well as a passage along which they threw the balls, were sunk about a foot beneath the surface of the ground. Beneath the shade of trees many of the lads were exercising themselves at gymnastics.

On entering the first hall of study I found a gentleman, with eyes, reading to several benches of blind boys history, the taste of which they certainly did not appear very particularly to relish: however, the good labourer in the vineyard was diligently sowing the seeds of knowledge, and I felt was only to be pitied if they fell, as I fear they did, on a sterile ground.

We next entered a very large room, beautifully lighted, and, what was much more useful to those that could not see, admirably ventilated, in which there sat four blind professors, distinguished from their scholars by a uniform, the collars of

which, for the purpose of distinction—lucus à non lucendo—were slightly embroidered.

On their right and left stood, indolently leaning against the wall, two large tall double-basses; before them, in rows on long benches, sat, dressed in blouses, the blind pupils they were in the habit of teaching to sing. We afterwards entered three other lecture-rooms, in which blind professors were teaching blind pupils reading, arithmetic, and knowledge of various sorts.

While we were in a long healthy passage, communicating with these halls, all of a sudden, a bell rang, when up jumped the whole of the 120 students in order to proceed to their respective workshops. Several, with as much confidence as if they could see, ran by us; a few—those, probably, who had lately joined—held out their hands; but the rest, without any such precaution, walked along the passage until they came to their respective staircases, down which they instantly disappeared from our view. Four or five I observed walking close along the side of the wall, at a particular part of which they not only stopped, but remained so closely packed that the breast of every boy, excepting the first, seemed to press against the back of the lad before him. Monsieur Dufau told me that the point at which they had halted was the door of

the "Principal" Professor, and their object in doing so was to speak to him.

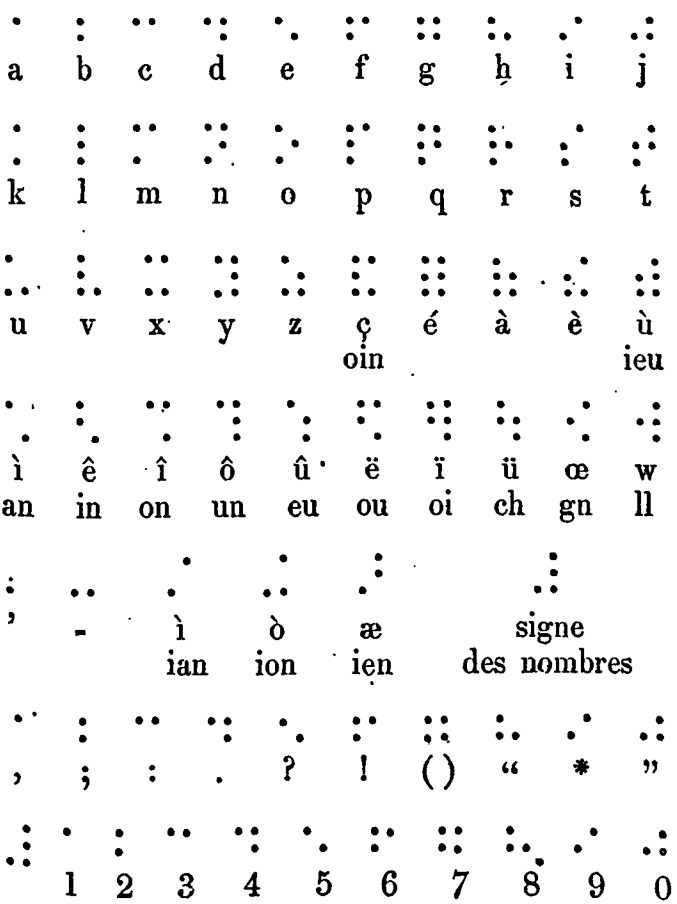
After sufficient time had elapsed to allow the blind to reach the different points of their destination, we proceeded to a room containing compositors' frames, fitted in the usual way with type, and several small printing-presses.

By desire of Monsieur Dufau two or three blind lads and boys set up some type very adroitly; but what most attracted my attention was a simple alphabet, invented by a blind professor of the establishment about ten years ago.

In England the blind are, I believe, required by *touch* to read symbols invented for the *eyes*, and which, because they are perfectly well adapted for one sense, have not very logically been deemed equally valid for another, the two not having together an idea in common: for instance, to the eye gifted with the power of looking over, almost at a glance, a territory of many miles' extent, it is but little trouble to observe the difference between the diphthongs œ and æ, or between long-tailed and short-tailed letters of equally complicated forms. To the touch, however, which is stone blind, the operation is difficult, tedious, and, after all, unnecessary.

The following will, I believe, explain the practical invention to which I have alluded:—

Ecriture à l'usage des Aveugles, procédé de L. Braille, Professeur à l'Institut Nl des Jnes Aveugles.


a b c d e f g h i j
k l m n o p q r s t
u v x y z ç é à è ù
oin ieu
ì ê î ô û ë ï ü œ w
an in on un eu ou oi ch gn ll
, - ì ò æ signe
ian ion ien des nombres
, ; : . ? ! ( ) “ * ”
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

Now, not only are Monsieur Braille's embossed symbols evidently better adapted to the *touch* than the letters and figures which have been so cleverly invented for *eyesight*, but to the blind they possess an additional superiority of inestimable value, namely, that they, the blind, can not only read this type, but with the greatest possible ease *make it*; and as I witnessed this very interesting operation, I will endeavour briefly to describe it.

A blind boy was required to write down before me, from the dictation of his blind professor, a long sentence.

With a common awl, not only kept in line, but within narrow limits, by a brass groove, which the writer had the power to lower at the termination of each line, the little fellow very rapidly poked holes tallying with the letters he wished to represent. There was no twisting of his head sideways—no contortion of face—no lifting up of his right heel—no screwing up of his mouth—no turning his tongue from beneath the nose towards one ear, and then towards the other, in sympathy with the tails of crooked letters, which, in great pain and difficulty, in ordinary writing, the schoolboy may be seen successively endeavouring to transcribe. On the contrary, as the little fellow punched his holes he sat on

his stool as upright as a cobbler hammering at the sole of a shoe. On the completion of the last letter he threw down his awl, took up his paper, and then, like a young author proudly correcting his press, with his forefinger instead of his eyes,—which, poor fellow, looked like a pair of plover's eggs boiled hard,—he touched in succession every letter, and, all proving to be correct, he stretched out his little hand and delivered to me his paper.

To test the practical utility of the operation, a blind boy was sent for from another room. The embossed paper (for what was a hole on one side was, of course, a little mountain on the other) was put into his hands, and, exactly as fast as his finger could pass over the protuberances made by his comrade, he read aloud the awled sentence which I had heard dictated.

I may observe that, besides letters and figures, notes of music are also done by the awl.

In the room in which we stood, besides the printing-presses, were frames for the construction of embossed maps, not only showing the positions and relative heights of mountains, but by various distinctions of surface denoting the difference between the aqueous and terrestrial portions of the globe; and as all these divisions are originally traced from ordinary maps, it was,

of course, found that, when by the moistening of the paper the mountains, &c., were embossed, a proportionate contraction of the superficial area of the paper unavoidably ensued.

This inconvenience has been remedied by the very ingenious invention of a blind man, which stretches the paper exactly sufficient to compensate for its contraction by embossment.

After witnessing the various processes in the art of book-binding executed by boys who had never seen a book, bound or unbound, we proceeded to a shop, where I found several engaged in making brushes, under the direction of a tradesman of Paris, to whom they had all been apprenticed. In another room I found a gang of blind carpenters, one of whom was working with his foot a vertical saw, which, every moment, as I stood beside him, I expected would cut his fingers off; he, however, managed it with great dexterity. In the next shop, full of turning-lathes at work, it was really astonishing to see boys stone-blind not only using, but with great rapidity continually selecting, the variety of edged tools requisite for lumps of ebony and ivory whirling beneath their faces. In a long room several were employed in weaving, others in knitting.

Monsieur Dufau now led me to a part of the

building, in a room of which I found, seated at a pianoforte, a blind teacher, before whom sat ten sightless boys, listening to the air he played. In a small chamber adjoining I saw a blind professor of music, with a boy at his side, every half-hour exchanged for a fresh pupil. Several adjoining rooms contained a pianoforte and a blind boy with his mouth wide open, and the combined results of all their labours were to my ears anything but pleasing; indeed, it appeared to me that all the boys in the universe were discordantly singing together. However, I was informed that those only were being instructed who had a "disposition pour la musique"[1]—namely, about one-third.

I was going—I did not exactly know where—when, on entering a large and lofty door, I found myself in the chapel of the establishment, in the middle of which stood a large organ. Before me was the altar, painted blue, with pillars on each side; in front of it was burning a solitary lamp, surrounded by a quantity of candles, above which was a picture which, including angels, was composed of thirty-four persons; on the ceiling I observed a variety of gilt rosettes. Immediately in front of, and beneath, all these decorations and ornaments, in

[1] Taste for music.

two galleries—one for boys, the other for girls —are to be seen arranged in tiers, one above another, the dull inanimate eyeballs of the blind inhabitants of the asylum. Every inmate is allowed to follow the religion in which he or she were educated by their parents. With the exception, however, of one Jew and one Protestant, all are Catholics of the Church of Rome.

We now proceeded to the opposite wing of the establishment, exclusively occupied by inmates of the gentler sex. In walking down a long passage I observed through a glass door a blind girl of about fourteen playing on the pianoforte; she was in a small room, entirely by herself. As I was looking at her; a young person in black approached and passed me. It was a blind professor, in the garb of her office. Through another glass door I saw a blind teacher, reading from an awled book to a girl of about sixteen, who, from her dictation, was writing with her awl very fast. I then entered a large school, full of young persons knitting or plaiting straw; but, although I was much interested in their behalf, it was painful to me to witness in the rows of young faces before me how dull, sodden, and unintellectual the human countenance becomes when the mind of which it is the reflection has been immured—

ab initio—in total darkness. Unlike the deaf and dumb I had visited, they could neither see what they themselves were doing, nor what those around them were doing; there was, therefore, no emulation; in fact, they were engaged in occupations which, though useful to the community at large, appeared to afford *them* no mental enjoyment. They are, however, all deeply indebted to the charitable institution into which they have been admitted for the absence of various sufferings to which they might otherwise have been exposed.

Their three dormitories—into which I was next conducted—are exceedingly clean, airy, healthy rooms, teeming with iron bedsteads without curtains, divided from each other by a chair. Each girl has a separate bed, which she makes herself, and as it was covered with a nankeen counterpane, ornamented with two scarlet stripes, the appearance of the whole was very pleasing. For the boys, there are, in their department of the building, five large, healthy dormitories similarly arranged.

We next entered the girls' washing-room, a light and well-ventilated apartment, on each side of which there protruded from the wall ten water-taps, all of which flowed simultaneously into a leaden trough beneath.

On entering the infirmary, which was beautifully arranged, and which contained clean beds with white cotton curtains, we were received by one of the four Sisters of Charity who benevolently attend it.

On descending to the ground-floor I was led into an airy kitchen, larger than that of the Hôtel des Invalides, which, as I have stated, is capable of cooking for 6000 persons. It contained, however, only one hot plate, composed of ovens and caldrons, with a variety of bright copper saucepans, of various depths—indeed, some appeared to have no depth at all—which are daily in requisition. The blind inmates of the establishment breakfast at eight, generally on soup; at twelve they dine, sometimes on meat, and sometimes on eggs and vegetables; at half-past three they have each a bit of bread; at seven they have supper, and shortly afterwards go to bed.

As I fancied I had now seen everything, I endeavoured to express to M. Dufau my gratitude for the very obliging attention he had shown me. He stopped me, however, by observing, almost in the words of Portia—

"Tarry a little, there is something yet!"

and he accordingly led me into a large chamber

in the vicinity of the kitchen, in which I beheld sixteen large zinc baths, besides which there were scattered over the floor thirty large round iron pots, about 18 inches in diameter, with a small hole in the bottom like a garden flower-pot; to each was attached a wooden stool. I could not conceive what these vessels and their satellite attendants could possibly be for. The utter darkness of my mind was, however, suddenly illuminated by M. Dufau kindly explaining to me that, with the assistance of the stools, the iron pots were baths for the feet; and accordingly, on M. Dufau turning one of two cocks, marked hot and cold water, there arose in all the thirty pots at once the fluid to whatever height might be desired. When the blind bathers have left their stools, by turning another cock the whole of the water they have been using disappears.

Between the bath-room and kitchen I observed two large courts, for the admission not only of provisions, coals, &c., for the use of the establishment, but of plenty of good air.

Into this well-conducted institution pauper children, between the ages of eight and fifteen, are received gratuitously on the production of certificates of their birth, freedom from contagious disorders and from idiotcy. Children of persons capable of paying are received as

boarders. On the last Saturday of every month there is an examination of the pupils of both sexes, at which foreigners are allowed to be present; and four or five times a year public concerts are held in the chapel, to which any person is admitted.

After taking leave of M. Dufau, on coming out I proceeded, as I thought, towards an institution I was desirous to visit; but somehow or somewhere taking a wrong turn, I went astray a little, then a little more, and then—as is usual—a great deal more, until I felt not only very hot and tired, but quite bewildered.

"Madame!" I said to a nice, comfortable-looking lady, of about forty years of age, who, grasping the handle of a parasol she held so perpendicularly that it prevented her seeing me, happened to be passing at the moment I was pitying myself, "will you be so kind as to inform me of the road to the Couvent des Lazaristes?"

"Monsieur," she replied, lowering her parasol to the ground as if it had been the colours of her regiment and I her sovereign—"Monsieur," she replied, with a look of general benevolence, "vous prendrez la première rue à droite, la seconde à gauche, vous la suivrez jus-

qu'à ce que vous arrivez à une statue à moitié nue ; c'est presque vis-a-vis." [1]

I thanked her, bowed, and, implicitly following her prescription, in due time I reached, first the statue, and then the building in its vicinity.

[1] Sir, you must take the first turning to the right, then the second to the left until you come to a statue half-naked: it is nearly opposite.

MONT DE PIÉTÉ.

In the yard of that portion of the building appriated for the reception of pawned goods, "engagemens," there appeared before me four covered hand-carts, just trundled in, laden with effects that had been pledged at the branch establishments.

On entering the portion of the department headed "Engagemens," I proceeded up stairs, and along a rather crooked passage, to its "bureau," a little room in which I found a stove, a large open sort of window with a broad counter before it, and round the other three sides of the apartment a wooden bench, on which were sitting in mute silence, with baskets or bundles on their laps, ten very poor people, of whom the greater portion were women. As I entered I was followed by an old man with a parcel in his hand; and without noticing or being noticed by any of those who had come before us, we sat down together side by side on the bench, where we remained as silent as if we had been corpses.

Before me was the back of a poor woman, looking upwards into the face of an employé

wearing large long mustachios, who was untying the bundle she had humbly laid on the counter before him. In about a minute, like a spider running away with a fly, he disappeared with it; very shortly, however, after the poor woman had returned to her hard seat, he reappeared, looking as if he had forgotten all about it, and received from a man a parcel of old wearing apparel—"most probably," said I to myself, "to be converted into food for a starving family!" The scene altogether was so simple and yet so sad, that I felt anxious to decamp from it; however, before doing so I was determined, whatever might be the penalty, I would peep into the window; and accordingly, walking up to it, and to the broad counter before it, I saw on the right of the gentleman in mustachios a large magazine fitted up from ceiling to floor with shelves, upon which were arranged the heterogeneous goods as fast as they were pledged. In hurrying from the scene of misery I had witnessed I almost ran against a man in the passage holding in his hand a frying-pan he was about to pledge, and into which I managed to drop a small piece of silver which fortunately for him happened to be lying loose in my waistcoat pocket.

In an adjoining still smaller room, the furni-

ture of which also consisted solely of a stove and wooden benches against the walls, and which was devoted, I believe, entirely to "bijouterie," or jewellery, I found a similar window and broad lattice, at which a poor woman was pledging a ring. After she had left it, there walked up to the pawning hole, leading a thin dog by a very old bit of string, a young girl, who deposited a spoon. There were four or five other women, all of whom, as well as myself, became cognizant of every article that was brought to be pawned.

Within the window before me, as well as within that of the chamber I had just left, there existed, out of sight of us all, an appraiser, whose duty it is to estimate everything offered, in order that the regulated proportion, namely, four-fifths of the value of gold and silver articles, and two-thirds of that of all other effects, might be offered to the owner of each.

"Huit francs, Madame!"[1] said the man at the window who had received the ring; the poor woman, whose heart had no doubt erred in over-estimating its value, began to grumble a little. Without a moment's delay a voice from within called the next number (for every article as it is taken is numbered), and the clerk in the win-

[1] Eight francs, Ma'am!

dow briefly informed the woman to whose property it had applied the amount of money she might obtain. Those satisfied with the sums they were to receive had to appear before a little door on which was written the word "Caisse,"[1] and underneath it "Le public n'entre qu'à l'appel de son numéro."[2] Accordingly, on the calling out of each number, I saw a poor person open it, disappear for a few seconds, and then come out with a yellow ticket, an acknowledgment by the Mont de Piété of the effects held in pawn, and for which, from the hands of the cashier within, at a wire-work grating, covered with green dingy stuff, upon which is inscribed "Parlez bas, S. V. P.,"[3] she received her money. There exist several bureaux similar to those above described.

Having very cursorily witnessed the manner in which, with the assistance of one "succursale," two other auxiliary offices, and twenty-two commissions, established in different quarters of the city, the Mont de Piété of Paris has received, on an average of the last fifteen years, 1,313,000 articles, on which it has advanced per annum 22,860,000 francs, averaging 17 francs 40 cen-

[1] Cashier's office.

[2] No one to enter until his number is called.

[3] Speak softly, if you please!

times for each, I proceeded to a different part of the building, upon which is inscribed "Comptoir de la Délivrance,"[1] in which I entered a large gloomy room, full of benches, separated by an iron rail from a narrow passage leading close round the walls of two sides of the apartment to a small window. By this simple arrangement no one can take his seat on the parterre of benches until he has received from this little window, in acknowledgment of the repayment of the money he had borrowed, a small ticket, on which is inscribed his "numéro," and which forms his passport through a narrow wicket-gate, sufficient only for the passage of one person to the benches, in front of which is a long square opening, which can be closed by a sliding shutter.

On the right of the benches, on which were seated in mute silence about twenty persons, many of whom were very respectably dressed (one was a poor woman with a baby fast asleep on her lap, or rather, on the brink of her knees, for although her eyes were fixed upon it, she did not touch it with either of her hands), was inscribed on the walls the following notice:—

"Toute personne qui aura attendu pendant trois quarts d'heure la remise d'un nantissement est priée de se plaindre

[1] Delivering department.

de ce retard à Messieurs les Chefs du Service du Magasin."[1]

At the large open window stood an employé, who successively called out the numéro of each person seated before him. In obedience to his voice, I saw one respectably dressed woman rise from a bench, walk up to him, produce her numéro, in return for which he handed over to her a bundle of clothing and a cigar-case. To another woman, on the production of her numéro-paper, he professionally rolled out upon the counter about a dozen silver spoons; in short, as in the case of the act of pawning, everybody saw what everybody received.

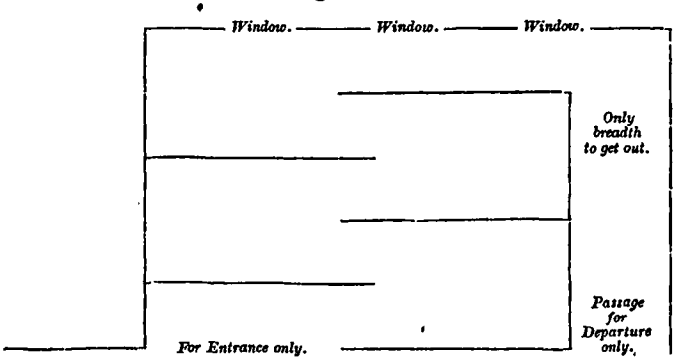
One respectable-looking woman of about forty, dressed in deep mourning and in a clean cap, on untying the bundle of linen she had just redeemed, and which, in the moment of adversity, she had negligently huddled together, carefully folded up every article, and then packed it in a clean basket, the lid of which was held open for the purpose by a nice little girl at her side:—the storm had blown over and sunshine had returned!

As soon as each transaction was concluded,

[1] Any person who shall have waited three-quarters of an hour for the restoration of his pawned goods is requested to make a complaint of the same to the Superintendents.

the recipient of the goods departed with them through a door pointed out by the words "Dégagemens sortie." In the vicinity is another hall, similar to that just described.

For the redemption of articles of jewellery a rather different arrangement is pursued. At the end of a long passage I observed written upon the wall the words "Délivrance des effets."[1] Close to this inscription appeared three windows, over which were respectively written—1ère Division, 2me Division, 3me Division. To prevent applicants from crowding before these windows there had been constructed in front of them a labyrinth of barriers reaching to the ceiling, of the following form:—



By this simple sort of sheepfold management, characteristic of the arrangements which at Paris in all congregations for business or amusement

[1] The delivery of articles.

are made to ensure the public from rude pressure, every person in the order in which he arrives successively reaches the line of windows, from which, on the presentation of his number-paper, is restored to him the articles of jewellery he had pledged. There exist seven bureaux of this description.

In another portion of the building, on the ground-floor, I visited the department for "Renouvellemens," in which in a number of very little rooms I found a quantity of mustachioed clerks writing. The approach to this department, the principal duty of which is to renew the duplicates of those unable to redeem goods according to their engagements, is guarded from pressure by a series of barriers such as have just been delineated.

There are throughout France forty-five Monts de Piété, conducted on the principles above described. In 1847 there were pledged therein 3,400,087 articles, valued at 48,922,251 francs.

A system of such extensive operation must, of course, be liable to error, and occasionally to fraud. I must own, however, that although the interior of the Mont de Piété was repulsive to witness, I left its central establishment with an impression which reflection has strengthened rather than removed—that that portion of the

community of any country, whose necessities force them occasionally to pawn their effects, have infinitely less to fear from an establishment guided by fixed principles and open every day from nine till four to the public, than they would be—and in England are—in transacting the same business in private, cooped with an individual who, to say the least, may encourage the act which nothing but cruel necessity can authorize.

THE CHIFFONNIER.

At both sides of every street in Paris, at a distance of a few feet from the foot-pavement, and at intervals of twenty or thirty yards, are deposited, from about five to seven o'clock in the morning, a series of small heaps of rubbish, which it is not at all fashionable to look at. Every here and there, stooping over one of these little mounds, there stands a human figure, that nobody cares about. By nearly eight o'clock the rubbish and the figures have all vanished. By the above process twenty thousand people, termed chiffonniers, maintain themselves and their families; and as I therefore, notwithstanding the furious part they have taken in the various revolutions, could not help feeling some interest in the subject of their avocation, in my early walks I occasionally for a few seconds watched the process.

As soon as the heaps begin to be deposited, for they are ejected from the various houses very irregularly, there are to be seen in each street two or three men and women walking upright

with, at their backs, a long narrow basket, rising a few inches above their shoulders. In their right hand they carry—swinging it as they walk—a little thin stick, about a yard long, with an iron pointed hook at the end of it. Bending over a heap, each chiffonnier first of all rakes it open with his stick, and then, with great dexterity, striking the sharp hook into whatever he deems to be of value, he whisks it high over his right shoulder into the basket on his back. The object is to get the first choice of every heap; and accordingly, while the chiffonnier is greedily hastening from one to another, the heaps he or she has scratched abroad are often almost immediately afterwards again overhauled by another. The contention is one of considerable excitement; and although it was apparently conducted by the chiffonniers under certain rules of their own, I one morning saw an old woman, wearing black gloves, bright gold ear-rings, and a handkerchief wound round her head, like a vulture at its prey, drive away with great fury from the heap she was scratching at a young chiffonnier boy of about fourteen, who, at a few yards distance, stood, wolf-like, eyeing and longing to approach it.

As their time was valuable, I did not like to trouble them while they were at work with

any questions, but I told a commissionnaire to select one of experience and good character, and to bring him to my lodgings after his work was done. Accordingly, two or three days afterwards, as I was sitting in my room writing, a hard lean knuckle struck my door, and, on my calling out "Entrez,"[1] there appeared at it my commissionnaire, dressed in his usual suit of blue velvet, and a slight, thin, erect old man, in a blouse, whom he informed me was the chiffonnier I wanted. The introducer, with a slight bow, instantly retired, shutting the door, close to which the poor man remained standing.

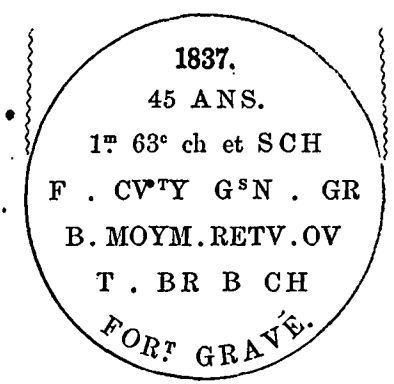
"Avancez, mon ami!"[2] I said to him, pointing to a chair beside me. For some time he seemed very unwilling to do so: at last I prevailed upon him to sit down; and, as he was evidently alarmed at the sight of me, my papers, my pens, and my ink, I talked to him about the weather and about the fête, until by degrees he became comparatively at his ease.

His manner was exceedingly modest, mild, and gentle; and although he was very poorly dressed, he had under his faded blouse a white and almost a clean shirt.

He told me he was fifty-nine years of age —he looked seventy—and that fourteen years

[1] Come in! [2] Come forward, my friend!

ago, having sustained an injury which incapacitated him from heavy work, he purchased from the police, for forty sous, the plaquet of a chiffonnier, which was on his breast, and to which he pointed. It was a round brass plate, bearing in hieroglyphics—which, although he could not decipher them, were no doubt well enough understood by the police—the following description of his person, &c.:—



With reference to his vocation, he informed me that, by a law among themselves, the heap from every house is considered to belong to the first chiffonnier that reaches it, but that they usually work constantly in the same districts, where they are known.

My principal object was to ascertain what were the articles they obtained, and, although I

fully expected my friend would be exceedingly eloquent and well informed on this subject, I had the greatest possible difficulty in extracting it from him.

"But what do you *get* from these heaps?" I repeated to him for the third time.

"Tout ce qu'il y a! Monsieur,"[1] he replied, in a faint, gentle voice.

"And of what is that composed?" I repeated, also for the third time.

"Toutes sortes de choses,"[2] he answered; and when pressed for an explanation he again added, with a shrug of despair, as if I was torturing him with most difficult questions, "Enfin, Monsieur, je ramasse *tout ce qu'*il y a!"[3]

At last, by slow degrees, I extracted from him that "toutes sortes de choses" was composed of the following articles, sold by the chiffonniers at the undermentioned prices:—

Bones	8 francs	per 100 kilos.
Scraps of paper	9	,,
Chiffons (rags) of linen	30	,,
Ditto of cloth	2½	,,
Bits of iron	8	,,
Broken glass	2½	,,
Brass	120	,,

[1] All that there is! [2] All sorts of things!
[3] In short, Sir, I pick up all that there is!

Broken china	20 francs per 100 kilos.
Old shoes Old clothes	according to their value.
Corks of wine-bottles sold to the chemists, who cut them into phial corks	2½

The rest of the rubbish, consisting principally of salad, cabbage, beans, refuse of vegetables, straw, ashes, cinders, &c., considered by chiffonniers to be of no value, is, at about eight o'clock, carried away in the carts of the police.

He told me that sometimes the chiffonniers pick up articles of great value, which they are required to return to the houses from which the rubbish had proceeded, in failure of which the police deprives them of their plaquet. A few weeks since he himself had restored to a lady a silver spoon, thrown away with the salad in which it had lain concealed. Some years ago a chiffonnier, he said, found and restored to its owner a portfolio containing bank bills amounting in value to 20,000 francs. If they find coin, they keep it. He informed me that on an average he found a silver ten-sous piece about once a fortnight; "Mais!" said he, very mildly, with a slight shrug, "ça dépend de la Providence."[1] He added that the chiffonniers of Paris worked during the hours at which people put out their

[1] But that depends on Providence!

rubbish, namely, from five in the morning till ten; and at night from sunset till eleven; that the latter hours were contrary to the regulations of the police, but that, as it was the habit, they were always in attendance. Lastly, he informed me that the unmarried chiffonniers principally lodge in the Faubourg St. Marcel, where they obtain half a bed for from two to four sous a night, which they are required to pay in advance.

I asked him how much the chiffonniers obtained per day. He replied that the value of the refuse depended a good deal on the district, and that accordingly they gained from ten to thirty sous per day, according to the localities in which they worked. He added that for several years he himself had gained thirty sous a day, but that since the departure of Louis Philippe he had not, on an average, gained fifteen. "In the month of February," he said, "we did nothing, parceque le monde s'était retiré."[1]

"But now that tranquillity is restored," said I, "how comes it that you do not gain your thirty sous as before?"

"Monsieur," he replied, "depuis la révolution le monde est plus économe; la consommation est moins grande dans les cuisines; on

[1] Because everybody had left.

jette moins d'os et de papier dans les rues."[1] He added that some families that used to consume ten pounds of meat a day subsisted now on only four, and consequently that the chiffonnier loses like the butcher.

"Si la tranquillité vient, nous ferons peut-être quelque chose; mais," he added, very pensively, and apparently without the slightest idea of the important moral contained in the words he was about to utter, "quand il n'y a pas de luxe, on ne fait rien!"[2] (a shrug).

"What a lesson," said I to myself,—looking at his brass plaquet, faded blouse, and pale, sunken cheeks, which, beneath his thin whiskers, kept quivering as he talked,—"am I receiving in the Capital of the Republic of France from a poor, half-starved chiffonnier! What would the Radical Members of both Houses of the British Parliament, who unintentionally would level the distinction and wealth they themselves are enjoying, say, if they could but hear from the lips of this street scavenger the practical truth that, when they shall have succeeded, they will deprive, not

[1] Sir, since the revolution people have become more economical; the consumption in their kitchens is less; people throw less bones and paper into the streets.

[2] If tranquillity comes, we shall, perhaps, do something; but when there is no luxury we can do nothing.

only the lower, but the very lowest classes of their community, of one half of the sustenance they are now receiving from the 'luxury' of the rich!"

END OF VOL. I.

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